New York's Child-Care Scandal, by Nicholas Pileggi

How Governor Carey's Oilman Brother Lost It All

ONE DOLLAR DECEMBER 18, 1978

NEW YORK

STEAK WARS!

It's Steakhouse vs. Steakhouse vs. Steakhouse… Gael Greene Picks the Winner

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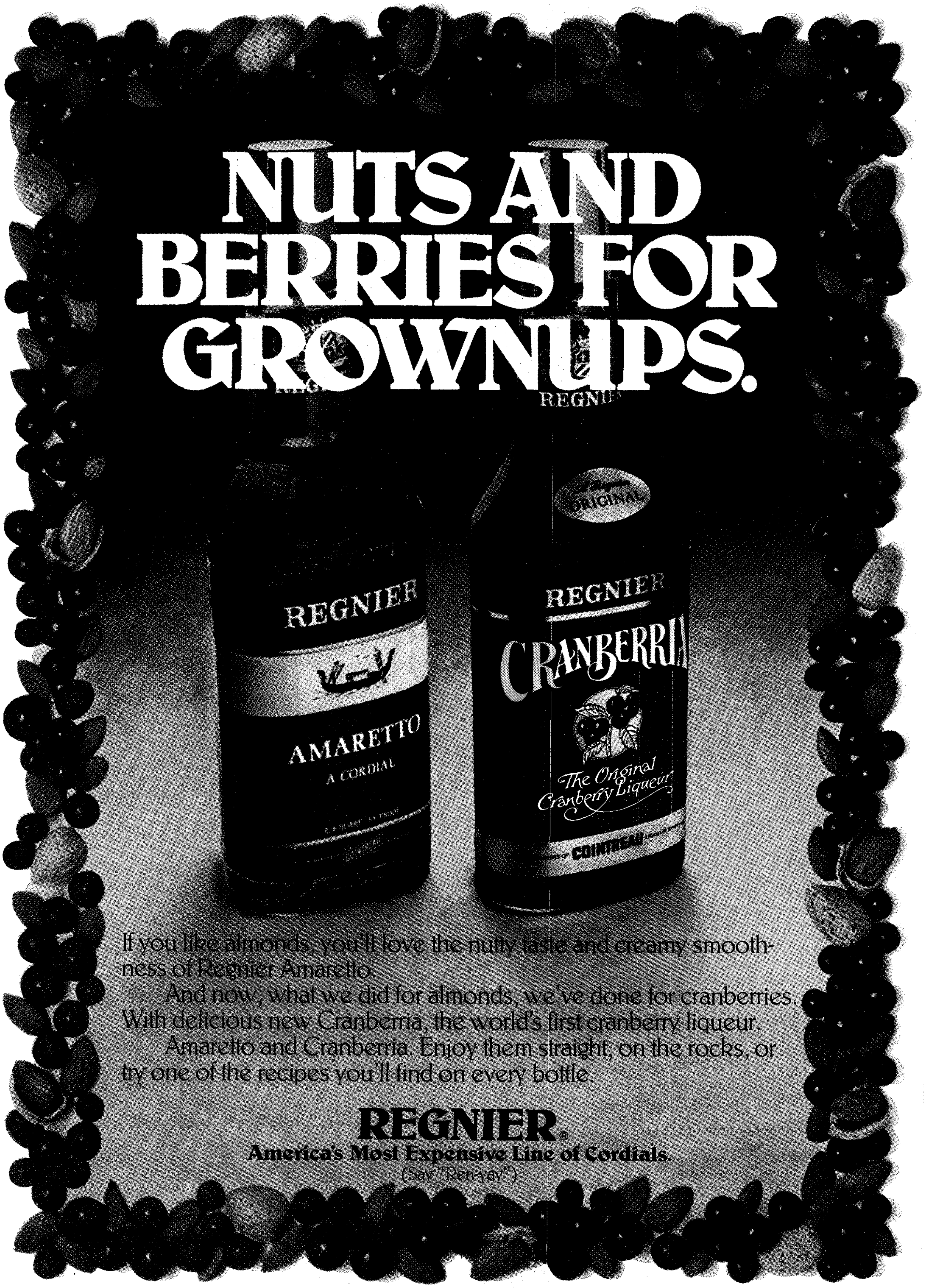
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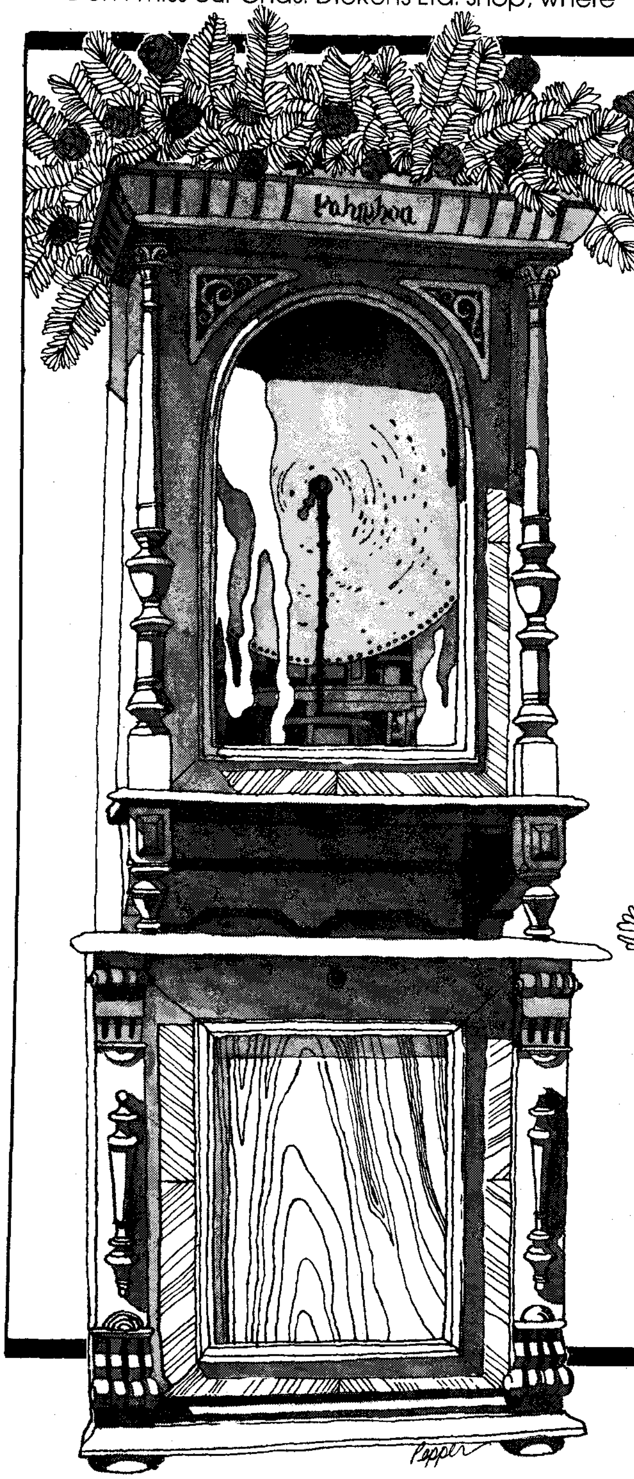
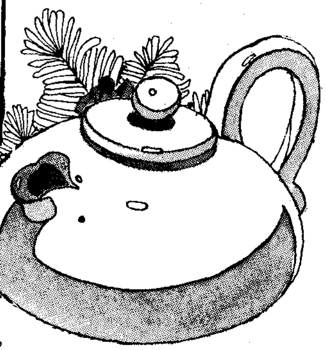


19th century
German music box,
$20,000



Lip tea pot, from
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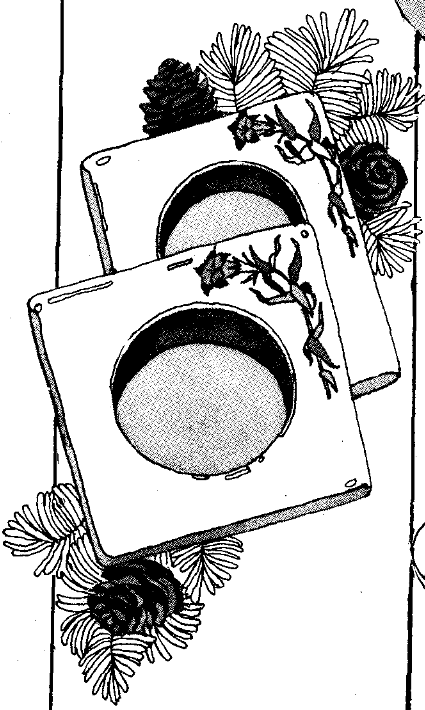

Enamel picture frames,
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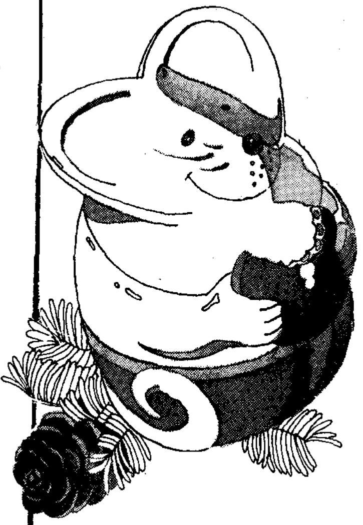

Mouse cookie jar,
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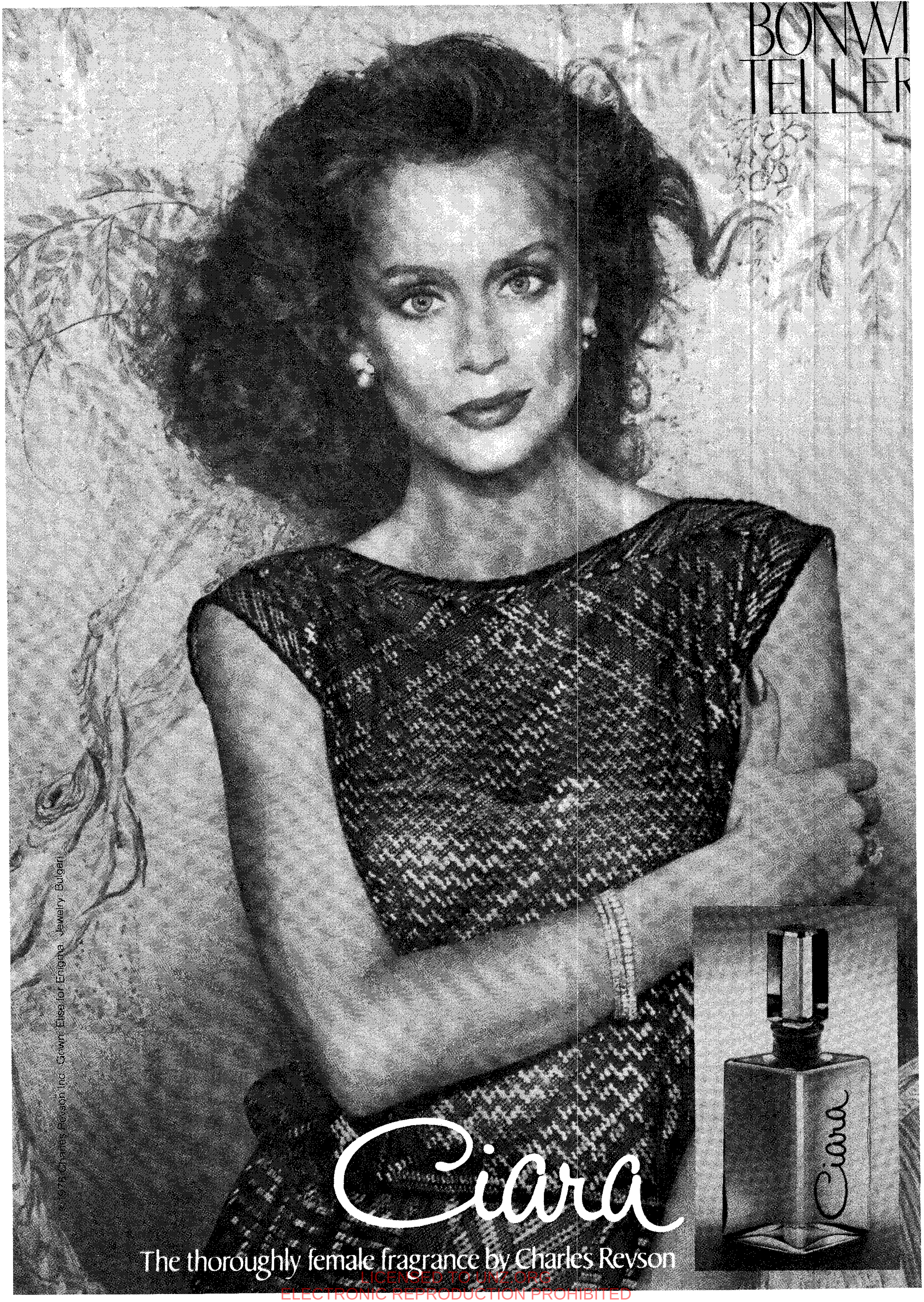
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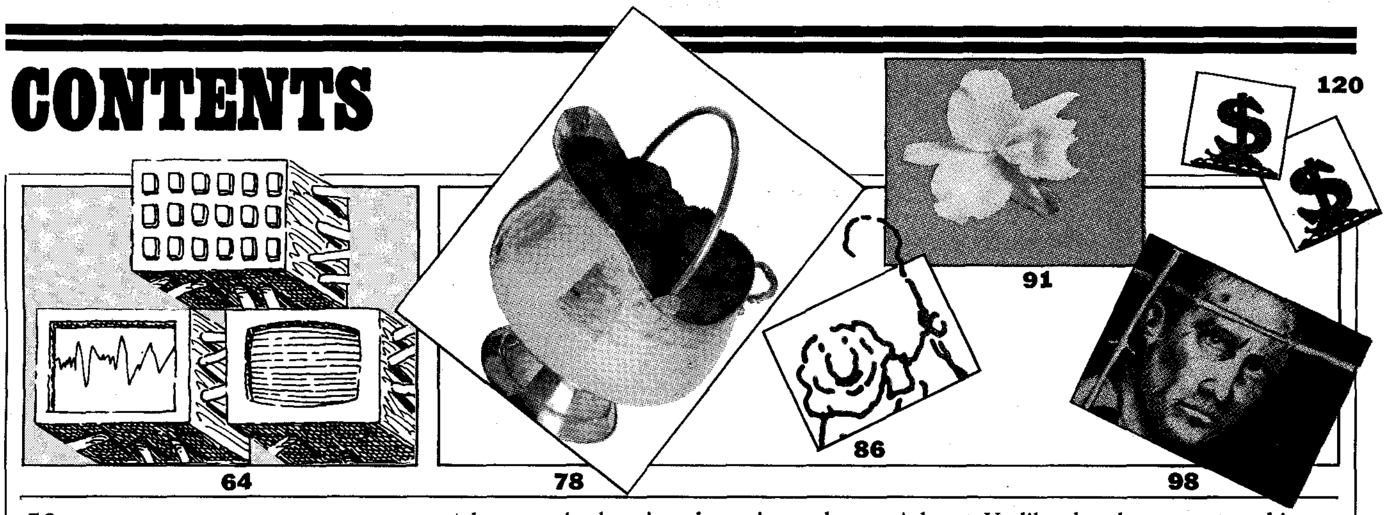

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Who'll Save the Children?

By Nicholas Pileggi

New York City spends some $300 million annually on child care, and a shocking percentage of that sum is being misspent. A scandal is about to explode that involves virtually every element in the city's child-care system, in which neglect and mistreatment of children and personal fortunes amassed at public expense are but two parts of the story. How has this situation come about? And how has it been kept under wraps until now? Nicholas Pileggi reveals some devastating answers.

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By Ned Potter

You may think that today's telephone is a fairly handy device, but today's gadgetry is so much smoke signaling compared to the oncoming technology. Ned Potter reports on the time—any day now—when busy signals become obsolete, along with shopping and mail, and when the telephone of the future may literally remake the nature of civilization.

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Prime Time: The Best Steak in Town

By Gael Greene

Never mind the pie in the sky; what about the meat on the table? As you may have noticed, prices have jumped over the moon of late, prompting our Insatiable Critic to visit ten steak places and determine where your money is best spent. Herewith, then, her personal choices for the highest steaks at the lowest risk, and some insight into why not all prime tastes as it used to.

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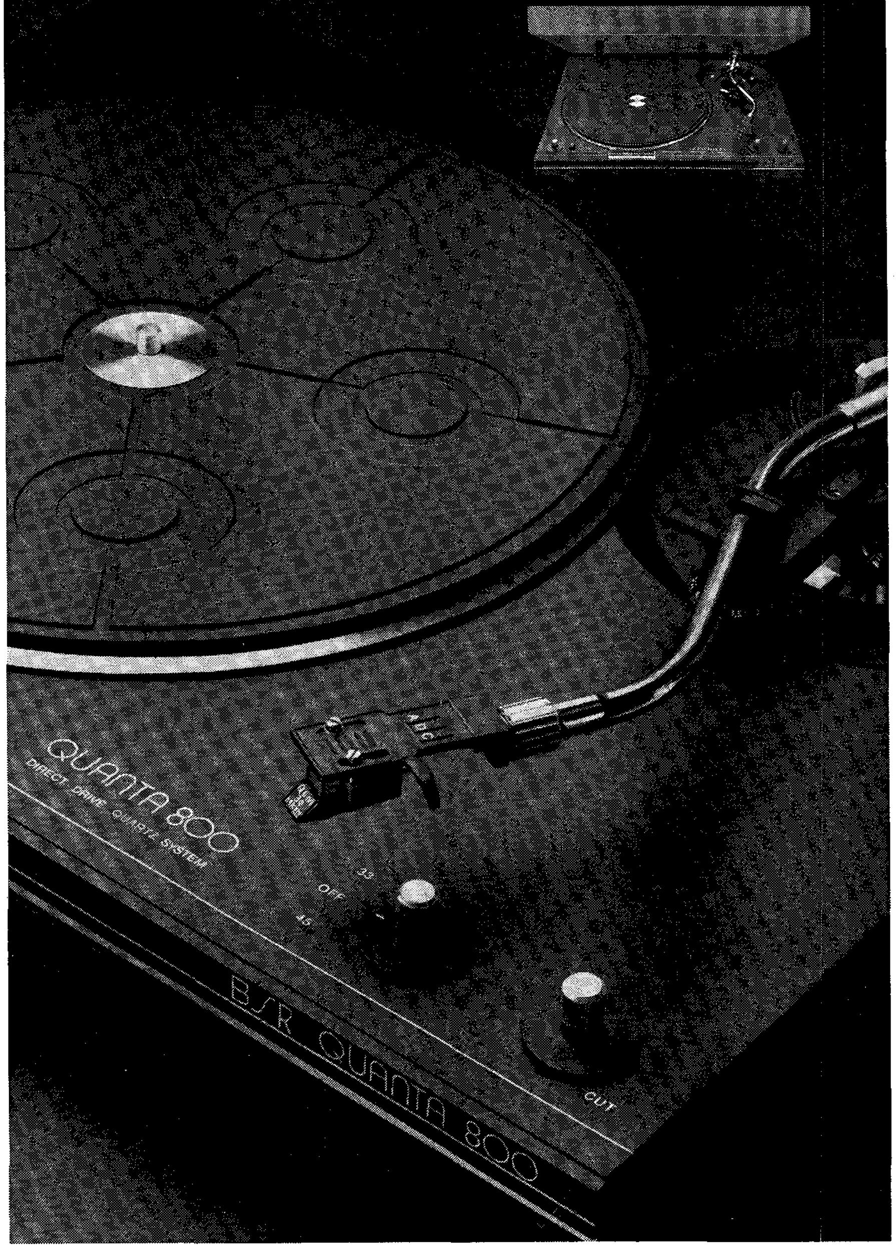

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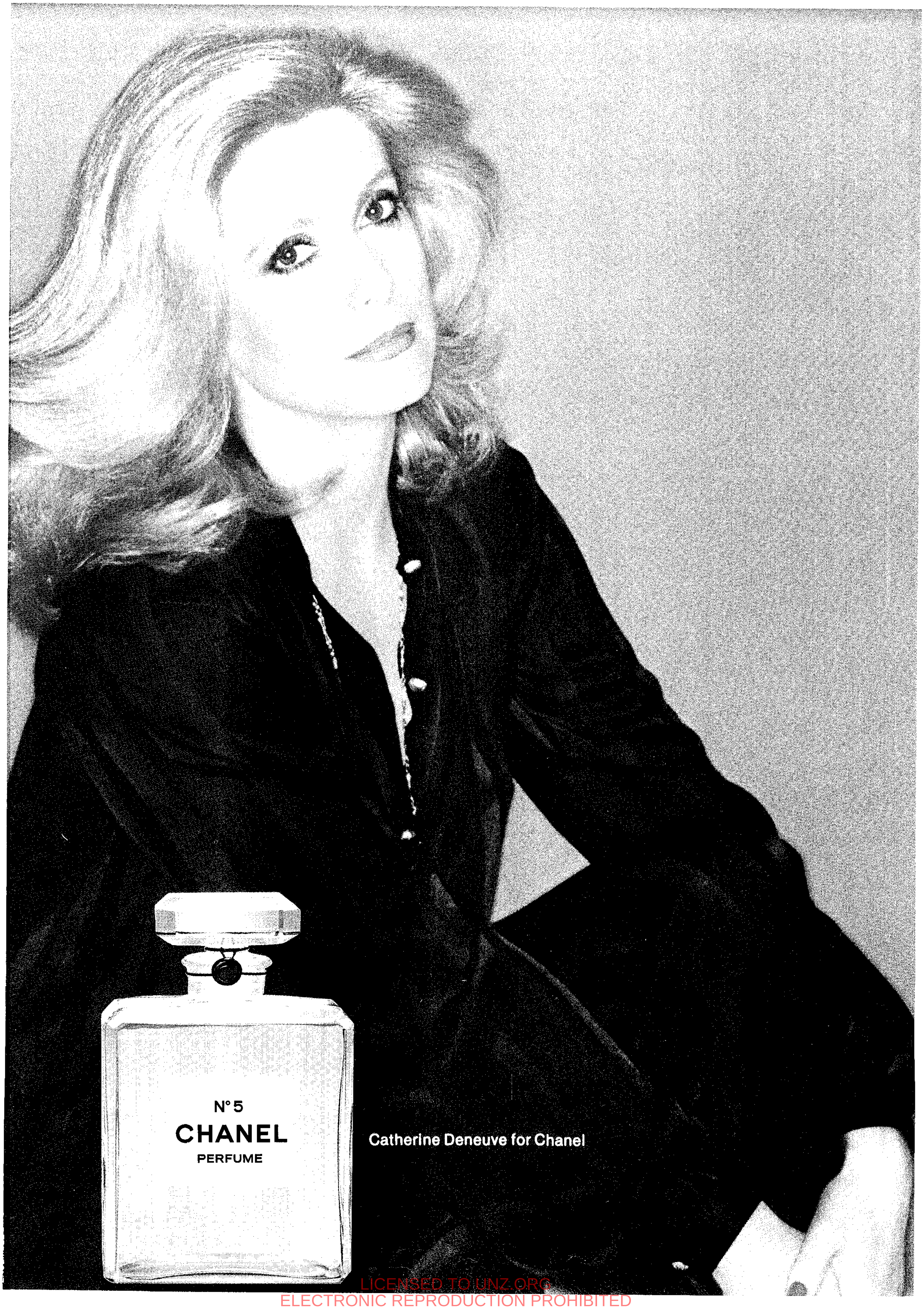

N°5
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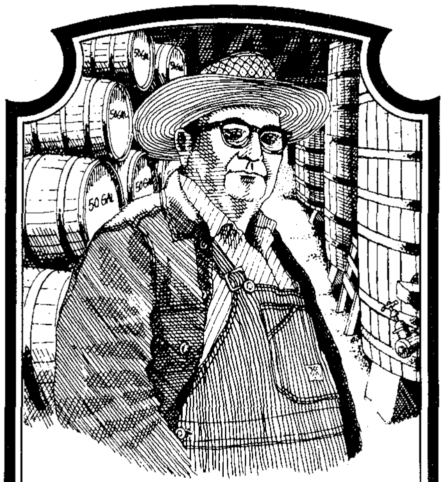
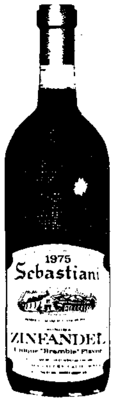
PERFUME
Catherine Deneuve for Chanel





August in December

Many people think that during December, my father, August Sebastiani, spends his time settled before a warm fire with a glass of his famous Zinfandel, reflecting on the harvest past. Such is not the case. December is actually one of our busiest months during which many operations, crucial to successful winemaking are performed. By far the biggest job we have is the second "racking" of all our wines. Racking is the movement of wine from one container to another leaving behind unwanted sediment. This is a natural and traditional means of wine clarification.

In addition to this cellar work, we are doing a great deal of tasting for this is the time the young wines "make themselves known". Through tasting, we determine to what extent each should be aged so their full potential can be achieved.

In the vineyards, the annual pruning of the now dormant vines is well underway for my dad believes, as do many older vintners, that "a prompt pruning is good for crops and healthy vines".

You can see now that looking after a great many chores leaves very little time for a warm fire and relaxation — at least not for August Sebastiani in December.

Please write for our free monthly newsletter.

Sam J. Sebastiani

Sam J. Sebastiani

Sebastiani
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LETTERS

What's the Name of the Game?

I was happy to see Douglas Bartholomew's article "The Curious Origin of the Game of Monopoly" [December 4].

Did you know that Monopoly isn't the only game with a bogus history? A current example is the game Othello. It's really an English game named Reversi that was invented in the nineteenth century. It reappears every 30 years or so, and each time someone new claims to have invented it. The latest "inventor" is a Japanese, and Gabriel, the manufacturer of the game here, states this in its publicity releases.

Another example is baseball. Abner Doubleday had nothing to do with it. *The Man Who Invented Baseball,* by Harold Peterson, explains that this story was fabricated by the Spalding company: Mr. Spalding couldn't stand the idea that baseball had developed out of the English game of rounders.

Robert Abbott
Manhattan

Relative Values

On page 70 of "The New York Art Establishment" [by Carter Ratcliff, November 27], the work by Donald Judd which is reproduced was recently exhibited at my gallery and is valued at $7,500, not $25,000.

On page 71, the work by Dan Flavin, *monument for V. Tatlin,* 1969, was in an edition of five, not three. The current price is $15,000, not $25,000.

Heiner Friedrich
Manhattan

Boo!

Robert Hofler, in his list "Ten Memorable Curtain Calls" [November 27], misses the most dramatic of all.

It was the opening night of *The City* on December 21, 1919. The play's author, Clyde Fitch, had died of appendicitis a few months before. *The City* was this fashionable American playwright's great effort at stark realism, and it included the shocking oath "God damn!" heard for the first time on a Broadway stage. At the end, a charged-up audience clapped through nineteen curtain calls. Then the ghost of Clyde Fitch, impeccably attired, seemed to materialize and walk to the footlights to bend low in an appreciative bow. There was pandemonium, with hysterical cries of "I saw him, I saw him!" Women fainted and men felt weak at the knees.

Allen Churchill
Manhattan

Blood for Sale

The statement by Dr. Harry Wallerstein in "Blood Money" [by Arthur Levin, November 6] that "at the 1975 AMA convention, 1,192 doctors were tested. Eighteen percent of them were positive [as hepatitis carriers]" was in error. This referred to the study carried out by the AMA and the Center for Disease Control.

The study was a good one, but it did *not* measure the presence of the hepatitis B virus in doctors. The study measured the presence of *antibodies* only. Surgeons and many other physicians treating patients with hepatitis B are frequently exposed to the virus and develop antibodies to it. Many are therefore immune because of the presence of antibody B in their blood.

This means that anyone whose blood contains antibodies against the hepatitis B virus is not only immune to subsequent exposures to the virus but his blood, if given as transfusions to non-immune patients, in all probability does not produce hepatitis. Instead of being a source of hepatitis, physicians with these antibodies are among the safest blood donors available.

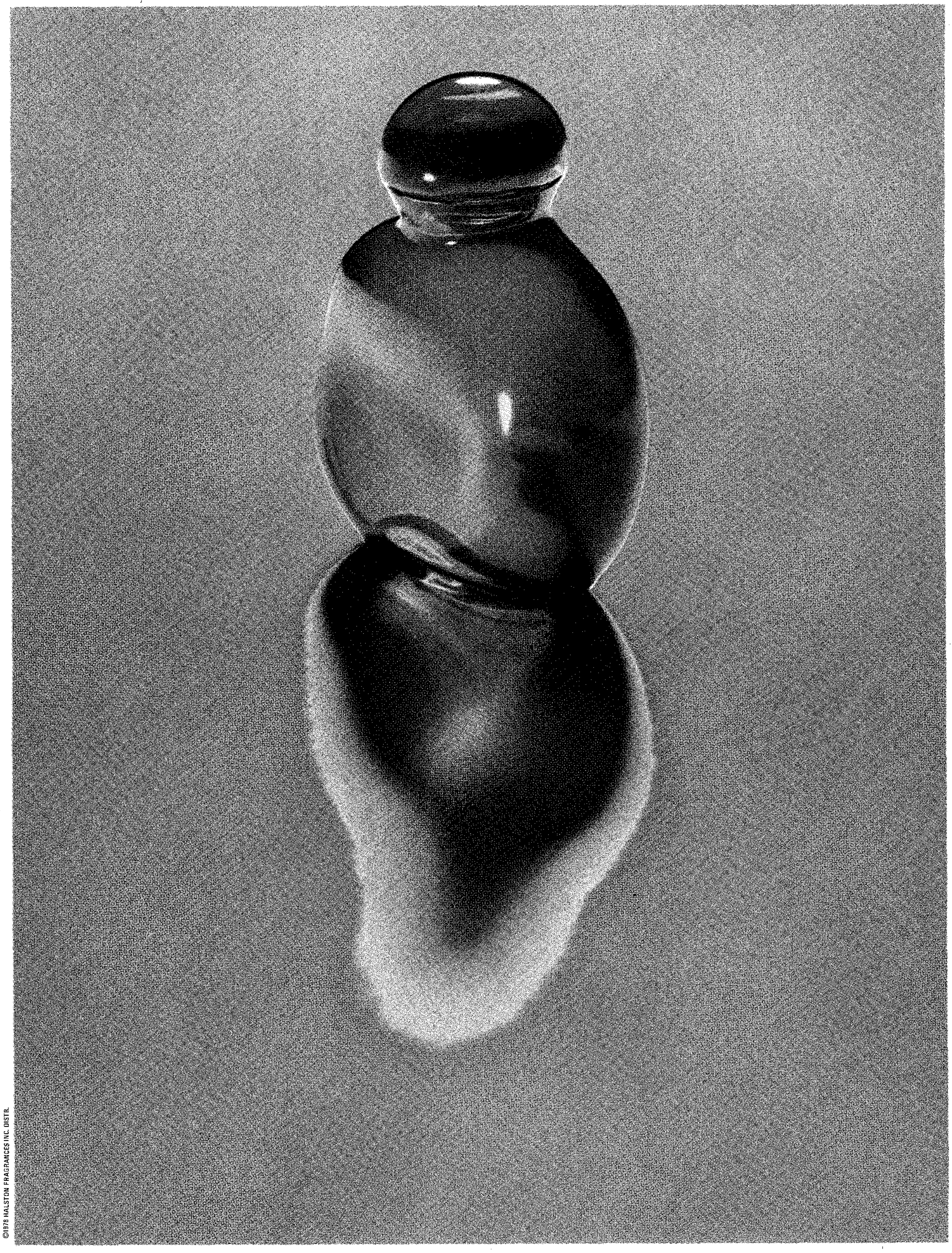
J. Garrott Allen, M.D.
Professor of surgery
Stanford University School of Medicine
Stanford, Calif.

In the Public Service

I read with dismay the surprisingly uninformed article ["Levitt, Lefkowitz, and the Politics of Caution," by David Rosenthal, November 27] belittling Louis Lefkowitz's service as non-activist and reactive. Nothing could be farther from the truth.

The public record shows that Lefkowitz's office widely pioneered in new approaches, establishing the first bureaus in any attorney general's office on consumer protection, environmental protection, monitoring of charitable foundations against fraud, real-estate financing, civil rights, and others, all of which have been effective in great service to the public. Over 100 laws on the statute books today were recommended by Attorney General Lefkowitz for the protection of the consumer, the investor, and the legitimate businessman. This record decisively belies the statements in your article as to non-ideology and non-action.

Samuel A. Hirshowitz
First assistant attorney general
Manhattan



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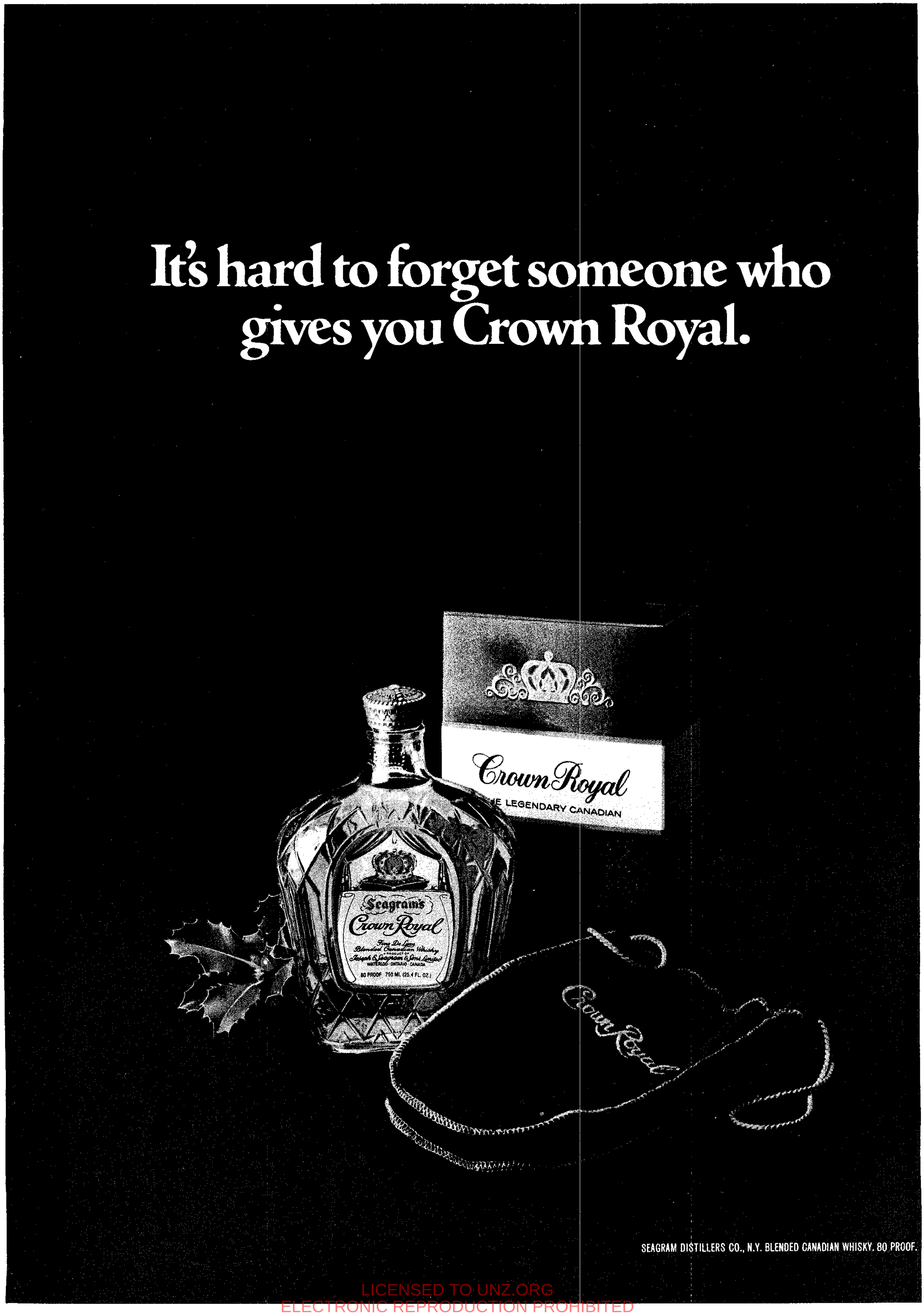
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INTELLIGENCER

Suit Against Ford Gathers Strength

Ford: Did he have a hit list?

Bad news for Henry Ford. Alejandro de Tomaso, who owns 11,000 shares of Ford stock, just joined Roy Cohn's suit against the automaker. De Tomaso, owner of Maserati Italy, was made a vice-president of Ford in 1970 and was fired by Henry a year later. People close to the action say de Tomaso will claim that Henry Ford had a "hit list" of executives he wanted fired. The list allegedly included many of Ford's best people—like Hal Sperlich, who ended up at Chrysler after Ford fired him. The list came to include Lee Iacocca and de Tomaso himself. The de Tomaso suit claims that the Ford hit list damaged the company and strengthened a competitor in Chrysler.

Bacon Story All Baloney

The things you say in print come back to haunt you. Take James Bacon, the Hollywood scribe. A couple of years ago, in his best-seller *Made in Hollywood*, Bacon proudly recounted how he had persuaded *Confidential* magazine not to do a story on Joan Crawford's mistreatment of her children. "Joan didn't spoil her children like most Hollywood mothers," Bacon wrote. But "she was a loving and kind mother. I know that for a fact." That's an insider for you.

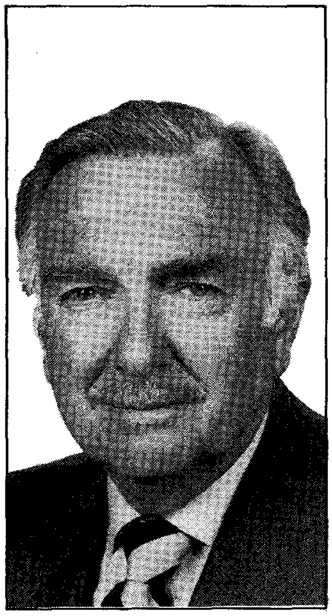
All Is Okay With 'Us'

Porter Bibb, publisher of *Us* magazine, is really upset at all those reports about his product being for sale. "Every magazine broker in town is running around saying he can swing the deal," says Bibb. "In fact, the magazine is staying right where it is. We are moving the rate base up to 850,000, we've increased the price to 75 cents, ads are up 60 percent. No one else owns a piece of us—it's totally New York *Times*. I don't know where such gossip starts." One bit of gossip Bibb won't yet confirm: *Us* will go weekly in 1979, thus taking on Time Inc.'s *People* head to head in the supermarkets.

Peres Forecasts Mideast Treaty

While Barbara Walters's dinner for the Shimon Pereses got all the attention, a more private gathering was held the same day. The Artists and Writers for Peace in the Mideast gave a lunch for Peres during which he said that he expected an Israeli-Egyptian peace treaty to be signed within two months. The leader of the Israeli opposition party also said he didn't think the treaty would automatically ensure the re-election of Menachem Begin. His party had supported Begin and the peace initiative, said Peres, because they didn't want to be the one object in the path of what might be history.

New Faces at Network News Shows



Cronkite: CBS waived the rules.

The big song on Broadcasting Row in 1979 is going to be "Anchors Aweigh." All three networks are secretly planning major changes in their news formats. At CBS, the venerable Walter Cronkite has been told by owner Bill Paley that he can stay as long as he likes. Cronkite is the only CBS employee (apart from Paley himself) for whom the boss is willing to waive the retire-at-65 rule. But Walter better get ready to share that anchor seat, either with Dan Rather, his heir apparent, or with a woman anchor. Lesley Stahl has faded from contention, and Susan Spencer, out of the Washington bureau, is now the favored one. NBC, too, is looking for a team to replace John Chancellor. Tom Brokaw may be the male half, with Tom Snyder the other possibility. Either way, the female half will be the very professional Jessica Savitch. Over at high-riding ABC, the feeling is that while the new format's doing well, there is still the need to have a sole anchor. It could be Frank Reynolds, who now dominates the on-camera team, or it could be any one of the other networks' stars who might have reason to make a new-year change.

Olympic Towers Now All Onassis

Christina Onassis now owns all of Olympic Towers, the swanky shop/office complex her father built on Fifth Avenue. Onassis has bought the 50 percent holding Arlen Realty had in the project. Arlen is selling many of its assets in an effort to get solvent. (The company sold its 51 percent holding in Korvettes to a French group for more than $50 million.) But Arlen has suffered one setback: It won't be the developer if and when a tower is built atop the Museum of Modern Art. That troubled project is now likely to go to a foreign firm.

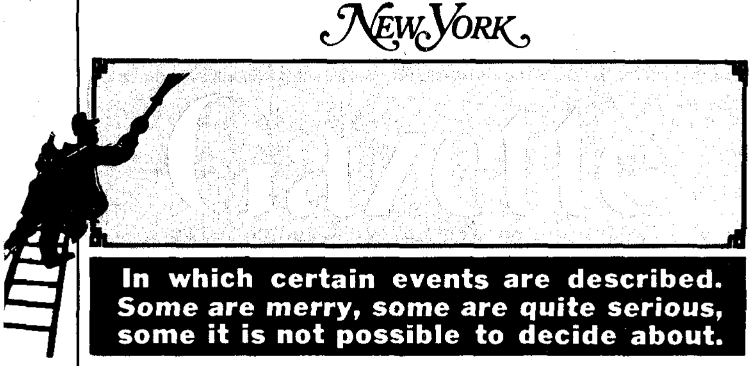
Radio City Still In the Red

Rockefeller Center has given all its Radio City Music Hall employees pink slips for April 1, which means we are exactly where we were a year ago—except that in that time the state has spent $200,000 doing a study for the Rockefellers. Those who believe that Rockefeller Center, Inc., would do almost anything to close the Music Hall claim that the losses RCI is showing were deliberately incurred. They say that RCI suddenly pulled out of a deal with the Urban Development Corporation because the UDC was beginning to make money running the Music Hall. UDC sources say that body had negotiated a contract for Frank Sinatra's concerts that guaranteed a $500,000 profit. Then RCI took back the hall, negotiated a new contract, and managed to lose money on the sold-out series. Some light may be shed when Bill Sargent finally gets into court. Sargent, who thought his SEE Theater Network had a deal to lease the Music Hall, is suing RCI and is taking depositions from all parties.

BY NEAL TRAVIS

Photos: top, Wide World ; bottom, CBS News

The First Week of December



In which certain events are described. Some are merry, some are quite serious, some it is not possible to decide about.

President Carter came to town last week, hitting the cultural high spots but leaving no hint of further aid. The sounds of renewal came, instead, from upper Manhattan, with the news that construction would resume on the Cathedral of St. John the Divine. The Board of Education, noting the drop in school enrollment to below a million, announced the possible closing of up to 60 schools. The city lost 470,000 residents—6 percent of its population—but it was hard to tell, from holiday shopping crowds.

Actor Beats High Cost of Renting

By Taylor Mead

Nineteen months ago, I gave up my minuscule loft on Bleecker Street, found what I hope are good homes for my eight cats, and threw myself on the mercy of friends. I had just returned from a few months in Rome, appearing in minor roles in Roman spectaculars and visiting a movie-star friend who promised to aid me in obtaining a larger, grander abode. A few years before, he had given me one of Andy Warhol's "factories" as a present—rent $900 a month—and now I expected even better quarters.

The day before I was to leave Rome he said he was strapped for money and asked if $100 would help! The next morning, his chauffeur came to my hotel in a brand-new Mercedes limo to drive me to the airport. I was suddenly without great expectations. I had become an Urban Gypsy.

Once back in New York, I had to decide (more or less) whether to become a bag lady or lean against a building on the Bowery and sleep dangerously in the men's shelter. Between me and this was a few hundred a month from a rather well-heeled family in Grosse Pointe—the most that could be spared—and friends whose patience I had already tested with my Taylor Mead Lives attitude, persona, modus vivendi (no one can quite name it, especially me).

In these past nineteen months, I have gone from mansions to raw lofts to brief sojourns in a YMCA and the Chelsea Hotel. In all I've paid about four weeks' rent; the rest has been a rococo existence, not only in the houses but in the lives of what I now consider not just friends but Great Friends!

I understand there are many more people living this way, or sometimes barely living, or dying, or having fantastic times dancing precariously on the boom-time dollar. Whether it's boom time for the dollar or for the people I'm not quite certain.

I have to stop now: The maid is here to clean out (up?) the guest room.

This is not my typewriter, either.

'I Love New York, but...'

We all love New York, and we all have "buts" about it. We asked some prominent folks about their reservations.

I hate all those office buildings that look like Kleenex boxes. I hate all those high-rise luxury apartments that look like welfare housing with balconies added. I hate the fact that the skyline of lower Manhattan, which once resembled the needles of the Alps, now is a facsimile of the corporation monoliths of Dallas. I loathe the real-estate ripoff of the beauties of New York. It is the shame of our city and ultimately the reason for our bankruptcy.

Norman Mailer

Oreos taste very funny in New York. Not to others, just to me. I've lived on Oreos before going to bed all my life, but I've given up buying them here because they taste funny. Maybe the National Biscuit Company has some sinister plan for New York.

Edward Gorey

I love New York except for the holes in the streets. Don't touch anything else.

George Burns

I hate only New York's noontime crosstown traffic, and, confidentially, I've decided not to do anything about it.

Earl Wilson

New York needs more Lent, more Yom Kippur, and less New Year's Eve.

Barry Farber

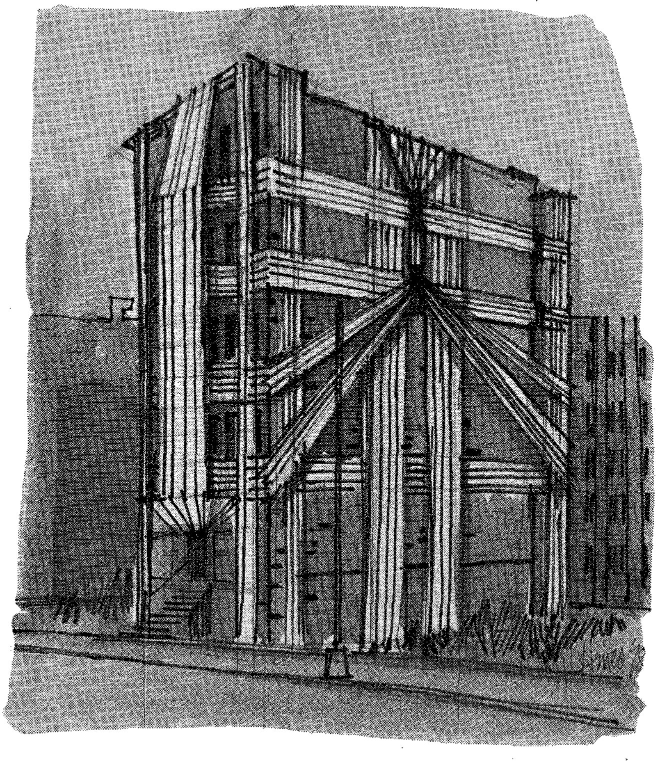
I wish taxis lined up at corner stands, and so did customers, and you got 'em in an orderly fashion!
But I love New York and have learned to cope.

Mary Martin

Perhaps ask New York City what it dislikes about us?

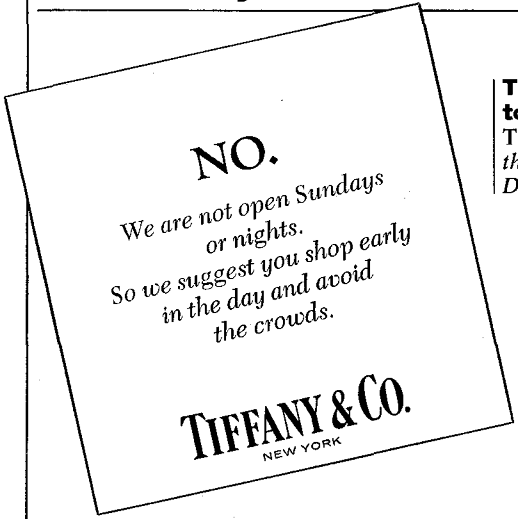
Merce Cunningham

Artist to Bandage Building



A derelict building at 605 East 6th Street will be artist Francis Hines's next sculpture, when he "bandages" another of the city's "neglected wounds" by wrapping it in gauze next May. Last month Hines wrapped a tenement at 369 East 10th Street.

Tiffany: Never on Sunday



NO.

We are not open Sundays
or nights.
So we suggest you shop early
in the day and avoid
the crowds.

TIFFANY & CO.
NEW YORK

Tiffany touch: *The* Times *ran this ad on December 1.*

By Walter Hoving

Why the 35-hour workweek at Tiffany? Why don't we stay open nights to accommodate our customers who work; why don't we follow the trend and open on Sundays?

I've been in retailing for 60 years—at places as different as Macy's, Montgomery Ward, Lord & Taylor, and Bonwit Teller. I've been the chairman of Tiffany's for 23 years. And as far as I'm concerned, there ought to be a day of rest. Samuel Gompers got us out of the sweatshop era—we retailers shouldn't be trying to get back in.

If this becomes an industry that demands a seven-day workweek, where are we going to find young, intelligent people to enter the field? Certainly, young buyers and junior executives will always be willing to work hard to make their way. But at some point they are going to take a look at the hours this business demands and go elsewhere. As for the sales personnel, in most stores they already have to work some evenings and Saturdays. They should be able to spend Sunday with their families, not with their customers.

Ending the week with a day of rest still seems like a good idea to me.

Hottest Gifts of the Season

1977 was the year of the Cuisinart, though we all weren't so lucky. For those who were, what about *this* year?

For the hottest items, we turned to ten of our favorite holiday-shopping hot spots:

1. **Macy's Cellar:** Gourmet baskets made to order, $10 and up (the Market, or 695-4400, ext. 2138).
2. **Bloomingdale's:** Sequin-covered disco accessories (from strapless tube tops to evening bags), $14–$200.
3. **Saks Perfumery:** Opium, $100 an ounce or ⅛-ounce flask on black silk cord, $35.
4. **Pottery Barn:** Mexican flute champagne glasses, $2. Red, white, and green Primavera pasta in assorted shapes, $1.40.
5. **F. A. O. Schwarz:** "Sir Galaxy" (a fifteen-inch radio-controlled robot), $100.
6. **Crazy Eddie:** Atiré computerized video games, $150–$200.
7. **Korvettes Photo Department:** Polaroid "One-Step" camera, $30.
8. **Fortunoff:** 14K stickpins with diamonds, $20–$400.
9. **Paragon:** Casio F-100 runner's digital stopwatch, $40.
10. **Hammacher Schlemmer:** Invento ultrasonic jewelry cleaner, $29.95.

Sanitmen May Weigh Farrah

Norman Steisel
Commissioner of Sanitation
Department of Sanitation
125 Worth Street
NYC 10013

Dear Commissioner Steisel:

You and your department face a tough job dealing with the garbage of New York, especially since the private sanitationmen went on strike, but I believe I've come up with a few ideas.

Part of the problem seems to be raising the public's garbage consciousness. If each New Yorker could think garbage, if he could have garbage at the back of his mind or at the tip of his tongue, we would be that much closer to solving the problem. This means education and advertising. A key point here is the sheer bulk of our daily garbage: 22,000 tons. Perhaps a series of TV commercials could get across, in terms people can understand, just how much garbage that is.

For example, that mass is equivalent to 400,000 times the weight of Farrah Fawcett. If your TV spots showed 400,000 Farrahs strewn around the gutters, people could get a grip on the problem. Alternatively, it is equivalent to the weight of 3 million nine-banded armadillos.

Another angle is to promote public identification with the Sanitation Department. Like many New Yorkers, I was sorry to see the MTA abandon the "Miss Subways" campaign. However, that loss could be your gain. Why not try a "Ms. Garbage" and "Mr. Garbage" contest? The monthly winners would have their pictures and personality profiles displayed on the sides of sanitation trucks and trash cans.

I am sure that after an initial period of skepticism and bad jokes, these titles will become sought-after distinctions. I, for one, would be proud to serve.

Yours,
Randy Cohen

Dear Mr. Cohen:

I have reviewed your suggestions and agree with you that dramatizing to the public the impact of 22,000 tons of refuse daily is important.

Whether or not we draw the analogy between refuse and Ms. Majors is something I cannot project at this time. However, I have requested my staff to begin work on a similar project, one that could better explain to the public the serious impact that such an extraordinary amount of trash actually brings to bear on their life-styles.

Sincerely,
Vito A. Turso
Director of Public Affairs

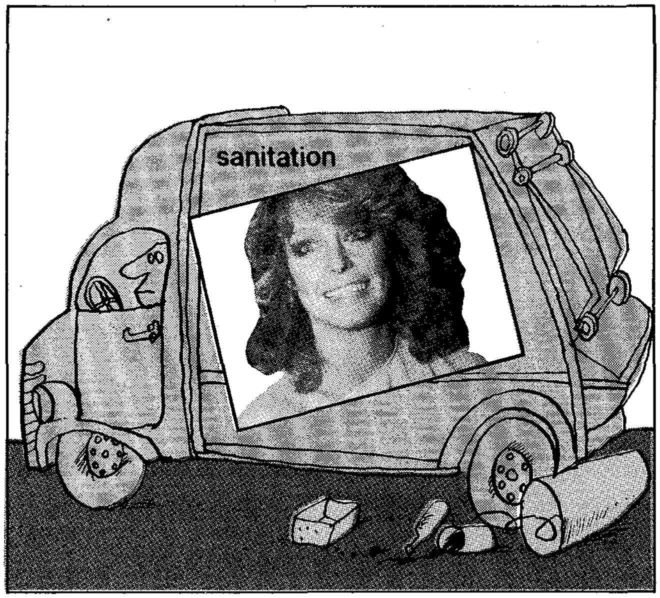
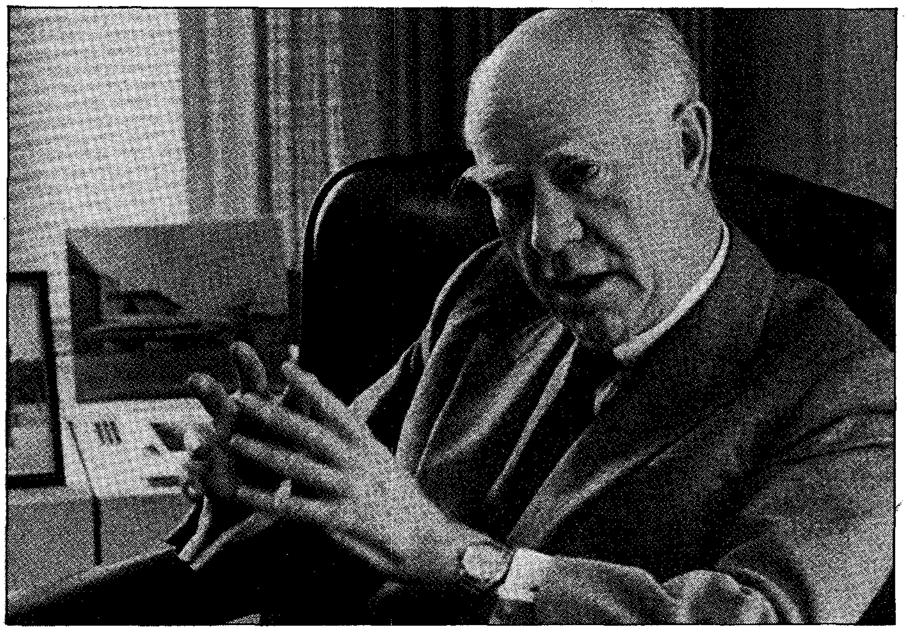


Illustration by Jo Teodorescu; inset photo, Pictorial Parade

The City Politic / Ron Scherer

ED CAREY'S WELL RUNS DRY

Skidding on Oil



The governor's brother: *Ed Carey's huge petroleum firm has run into dire trouble.*

For Ed Carey, it had to be one of the toughest moments of his life.

He had flown from New York to San Francisco to meet with H. J. Haynes, the crusty chairman of the board of Standard Oil of California (SOCAL), on Tuesday, November 28. Haynes had given it to him straight: Carey's 500,000-barrel-per-day Grand Bahamas refinery was being taken over by Haynes's giant oil company—and there was nothing Ed Carey could do to stop it.

For Governor Hugh Carey's brother and bankroller, it meant the game was up. Three years late on his company's mortgage payments and facing a mounting pile of IOU's, Carey had to relinquish his Bahamas refinery, the hub in the wheel that made his New England Petroleum (NEPCO) and its parent company, Carey Energy, roll.

It wasn't just the fact that NEPCO couldn't make the payments on its $130-million mortgage that made SOCAL pull the plug. It was another, larger debt: $137 million plus $29 million (and counting) in interest that a Bahamian judge said was owed the National Oil Corporation of Libya for oil received but not paid for.

The Libyans' lawyers were fast closing in, and last Thursday a Bahamian judge, saying "the ax must now fall," appointed a liquidator to raise cash. SOCAL, trying to keep from losing control, told Carey during that San Francisco meeting that it was appointing its own receiver to watch its own interest, so to speak.

For New Yorkers just facing the onslaught of winter—and the beginning of the home-heating season—Ed Carey's problems became their own. The Bahamas refinery produces at least 200,000 barrels of fuel oil per day: low-sulfur oil that is burned by Con Ed, LILCO, Niagara Mohawk Power Corporation, Orange & Rockland Utilities, and New England Power Company, among others. And what NEPCO doesn't refine it produces from other sources. For example, some 3.2 million barrels of low-sulfur oil per year are tankered up from the Bahamas refinery for LILCO, and NEPCO also sells LILCO 7.5 million barrels of high-sulfur oil obtained elsewhere. For the record, LILCO says it is not worried. The utility believes it can get the oil elsewhere if it needs to, although it won't say from where or from whom.

At the same time, problems could mount for about 5,000 homes, apartments, hospitals, schools, and businesses which count on getting their fuel deliveries from Burns Brothers, another Carey subsidiary.

Also, upstate Niagara Mohawk buys 12 million barrels of oil per year from NEPCO and is building a new generating station in Oswego that would burn even more NEPCO-supplied fuel.

However, Niagara Mohawk last week received a jolt when it found itself in supreme court in Syracuse, facing a request from one of NEPCO's creditors that it not pay NEPCO for the oil it was receiving. The suit was the direct result of a court victory by Asiatic Petroleum, on March 22, 1977, that awarded the Asiatic company $14.7-million. Asiatic, attempting to collect the money which was due it in 1975, asked the sheriff in Onondaga County to seize money that Niagara owed NEPCO. First National Bank of Boston, which was factoring the same money, hit the panic button and asked that the utility not send the money anywhere. The problem was resolved out of court, on December 6, when Carey posted an $8.6-million certificate of deposit to cover the debt that NEPCO owed.

Although most of the utilities won't publicly state they are concerned, sources in San Francisco say SOCAL has already heard from power companies wanting to know if SOCAL will supply them with fuel. SOCAL, in a scarcely read press release, said it would meet the NEPCO refinery's contractual agreements. But privately it was not so sure. For the oil buyers who had already seen the "spot" market tighten up like a vice during the riots in Iran, SOCAL's reply was not reassuring.

In fact, some of the utilities are already lining up new supplies. New England Power, the second-largest utility in New England, was told that NEPCO will not be able to meet its agreement to supply three cargoes of fuel oil this month. "We were told that we don't have a contract," said a spokeswoman at the utility. In November, she pointed out, Carey had delivered only one of three cargoes contracted for. New England went to the "spot" market to replace the fuel.

If NEPCO can't supply the fuel oil, it is pretty much agreed that the spot market this winter will get extremely tight. And, when that happens, prices rise for both the utilities and their customers.

For the home owner faced with a higher electric bill—or a cold hearth—the logical question is: How could this happen? How could a billion-dollar corporation, run by a governor's broth-

Photo: Newsday

A Perfume named 1000

1000
de
JEAN PATOU
PARIS
arfum a été mis en flacon
sous le № 27
JEAN PATOU
PARIS

The Limited Edition Perfume by Jean Patou

Because "1000 de Jean Patou"®
is so rare and available to so few,
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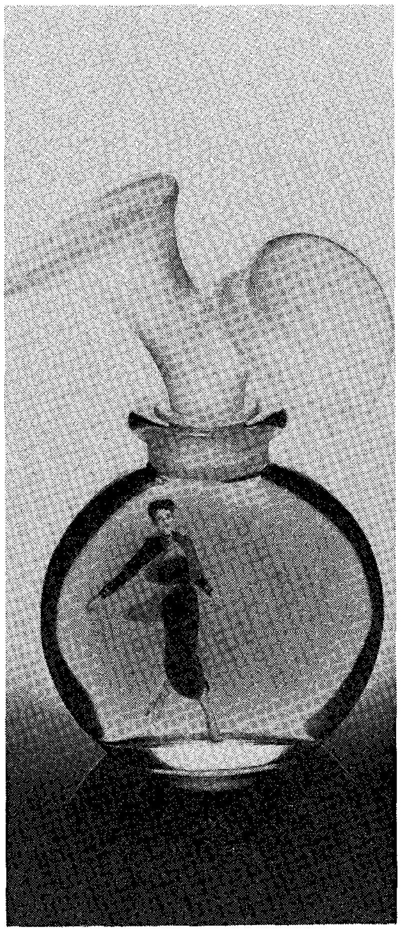
and rarest essences in the world today.



Give her the
"World of Chloe"
by Karl Lagerfeld

A fragrance as eclectic
and intense as the man
who designed it.
And as individual as
the woman who wears it.
Chloe Perfume. 1oz. **$70.**
½oz. **$40.** ¼oz. **$25.**
Eau de Toilette.
4oz. **$20.** 8oz. **$30.**
Body Lotion. 8oz. **$15.**
Powder Perfume. 6oz. **$15.**
Soap in a very, very
luxurious case. 3.5oz. **$6.**
Cosmetics, Street Floor

GIMBELS
A Christmas Tradition

Gimbels Broadway at 33rd Street,
PE6-5100; Gimbels East at 86th Street;
also at all suburban stores
except Bay Shore.

er, find itself in such a mess?

The answer can be traced back to the late 1960s in the deserts of Libya. There, under the sands, two U.S. oil companies, Texaco and Standard Oil of California, through their subsidiaries, were extracting a low-sulfur crude oil called "Amna crude." This oil, which was ideal for environmentally conscious northeast utilities, was marketed by the Chevron Oil Trading Company (COT), another SOCAL subsidiary.

Late in 1968, SOCAL and NEPCO met and agreed to establish the Bahamas Oil Refining Company (BORCO), which in turn would operate a $60-million refinery to process this Amna crude. NEPCO would own 65 percent of the refinery and SOCAL 35 percent. However, SOCAL would guarantee the financing of NEPCO's share of the mortgage, which, because of U.S. currency laws, came from foreign sources—in this case, the Italian government. Carey, in the meantime, got the Bahamian government to agree to a business-tax exemption lasting until 1990.

At first the marriage of the giant and the dwarf went smoothly. PETCO, as the refinery became known, contracted with Chevron Oil Trading to buy 60,000 barrels of oil per day at a price of $1.8335 per barrel. Their contract stipulated this arrangement would last until September 1980.

Even before the refinery opened, the amount of oil was increased, and by September 1973 the refinery was receiving 104,000 barrels of Amna crude per day. As the refinery expanded, so did NEPCO's debt.

However, as the world's appetite for Middle Eastern oil increased, prices rose and Middle Eastern oil-producing countries started to nationalize foreign oil companies operating within their boundaries. Libya was no exception, and on the first of September 1973, the "revolutionary" government nationalized 51 percent of the oil concessions.

Texaco and SOCAL decided to fight the Libyan takeover. They told their customers, including Carey, they could not meet their contracts. NEPCO, unwilling to accept their pronouncement, approached the Libyans on its own and contracted to buy enough oil to keep the refinery going. Needless to say, Texaco and SOCAL were irate.

It was the Libyan contracts that became the subject of Bahamian litigation. The first contract, dated September 10, 1973, was to expire February 28, 1974, while the second, dated September 12, 1973, was to commence on January 1, 1974, and last until June 30, 1974. An additional contract was signed on January 29, 1974, but the parties differed on whether this new contract superseded the old ones.

Carey believed NEPCO was still owed oil under the old contracts at the old prices. So NEPCO refused to pay for oil delivered in late 1975 and early 1976. Although the Bahamian judge figured there might be some merit to Carey's arguments, he also figured NEPCO was owed a lot less oil than that represented by the $137 million owed to the Libyans.

The Bahamas case itself presents an interesting insight into Carey's method of doing business. Scoffed the judge, Harvey Lloyd da Costa:

> Experienced businessmen meet in the sophisticated atmosphere of Claridges, discuss matters where millions are involved but sign no agreed memorandum of what was discussed, let alone what was decided. Indeed, they do not even thereafter exchange letters setting out their understanding of what they agreed or failed to agree. In the result when they come to swear affidavits they each give different and irreconcilable accounts of what transpired at a particular meeting.

Thus it was left to Judge da Costa to sort it out himself: Relying strictly on documentary evidence, he agreed with the Libyans. The decision is being appealed.

During the course of the hearing the judge was shown balance sheets by the

Owing to Circumstances

Because oil is such a highly leveraged industry, the opportunities for losing a mint loom large. Listed below are Ed Carey's New England Petroleum Company's key creditors and the amount of money owed them.

National Oil Corporation of Libya	$137 million*
	29 million**
Standard Oil of California	130 million
Iranian National Oil Company	50 million
Asiatic Petroleum (N.Y.)	8.9 million
Total	$354.9 million
First National Bank of Boston	Unknown

**Payment for oil.*
***Interest on late payments.*

THE NEW YORK 4-DAY CLOSE MEANS YOU CAN STILL GET IN THE BIG DECEMBER 25 YEAR-END ISSUE

ON THE NEWSSTANDS TWO IMPORTANT WEEKS

From December 18 through December 31

The New York Quiz . . . what happened in 1978. Sixteen pages of full color review the excitement and events of the year in politics, fashion, entertainment, sports, and city living through a series of provocative and funny questions.

Give us your material by 5 P.M. Wednesday—
you're on the newsstand Monday.
No premium. No plates necessary.
Full pages only. Black-and-white, two-color, and four-color.
Limited space — call today.

Call Cathleen Black, 986-4600.

NEW YORK

You won't find any junk food at Gillies. It goes against our grains.

At Gillies 1840, we try to maintain a healthy attitude. But we don't stop there. We can feed you properly, bathe you luxuriously, wake you up with the finest of coffees, even peel you a dried grape. There's no other store in the city like it. Except for our other location.

Gillies 1840

Everything from soap to nuts.

160 Bleecker at Sullivan St./1494 3rd Ave. at 84th St.

Your Holiday Present is worth twice as much with an Andrew Pallack Gift Certificate

I, Andrew Pallack, am the only name menswear designer selling direct to the public at wholesale prices. Normal retail markups in menswear are at least double the wholesale price.

At Andrew Pallack you can purchase my designer clothing at approximately 50% off retail. That means a $100 gift certificate becomes the equivalent of $200 of the same quality clothing in the stores.

For over twenty years I've set the men's fashion trends that others followed. My exclusively designed clothing has been sold in the finest men's fashion stores, here and abroad.

As the prices of my clothing in the stores climbed higher and higher, only the rich and the famous could afford to buy them. Which is good for them but bad for me, because I can't afford to sell to just a few select people. Factory and sales overhead are much too high.

That's why this past spring, I cut out the middleman by opening the doors of my factory to the general public.

The response was overwhelming. Discerning men were able to purchase, at wholesale prices, my no. 4 plus make suits.

A no. 4 plus suit retails for $340-$400.* At my factory it's $159.50-$189.50.

I extend to you my personal invitation to come to my factory and see the finest in contemporary and traditional clothing as it comes from the presser's hands.

Andrew Pallack gift certificates may be purchased in any denomination. And, gift certificates may be charged to Visa or Master Charge.

SEASON'S GREETINGS TO ALL OUR OLD AND NEW FRIENDS.

Andrew Pallack

ANDREW PALLACK 120 Fifth Ave (17th St), 9th Floor
New York, New York 10011 Tel: (212) 243-2420
Mon-Fri 8:30 A.M.-5:30 P.M. Sat 9:00 A.M.-4:00 P.M.

*Based on normal retail mark-ups.

You can purchase this $340.00* suggested retail price suit for $159.50. You'll find similar savings on other suits, sportscoats, slacks, tuxedos and overcoats, too.

We Accept Visa and Master Charge.

Libyans that indicated PETCO was practically insolvent. Squeezing the refinery was a new entitlements program—a complicated system devised to even out the cost difference between domestic oil and foreign oil. However, offshore refiners, such as PETCO, could not participate fully in the entitlements program. Thus his refinery could not compete with the independent refineries operating in the Gulf states. For NEPCO, it was rumored, the losses because of the entitlements program came to $8 million to $10 million per month. At one point, in 1975, the then Federal Energy Administration granted NEPCO a "hardship" entitlement, but when competing refineries complained, the entitlement was withdrawn.

This year, Congress once again tried to bail out NEPCO, by changing the entitlements law to allow offshore refiners to share in the booty. But for NEPCO, it was too little too late.

One of the first tasks of the court-appointed liquidator is to sort out all the claims. SOCAL says it is a "secured" creditor and should get first crack at getting its money back. But the Iranians who have been supplying 100,000 barrels of crude oil per day to the Bahamian refinery will also have to be paid if they are to keep the oil flowing. Of course, the Libyans who initiated the suit want their money first.

One thing seems certain: NEPCO doesn't have the money. Although SOCAL hasn't taken any legal actions to take over the U.S. operations, it has kept one hand on the company's wallet.

Also, Carey might soon find himself pressed from another direction. PETCO still owes Asiatic Petroleum $8.9 million for oil that was delivered in 1975. And lawyers familiar with the Bahamas lawsuit are looking over the structure of Carey Energy with the eyes of hungry men. It is a strong possibility that the Bahamian receivers will show up on these shores to press for payment of NEPCO's debts. It's also possible SOCAL will join the crowd. At any rate, it will become "open season" on Ed Carey.

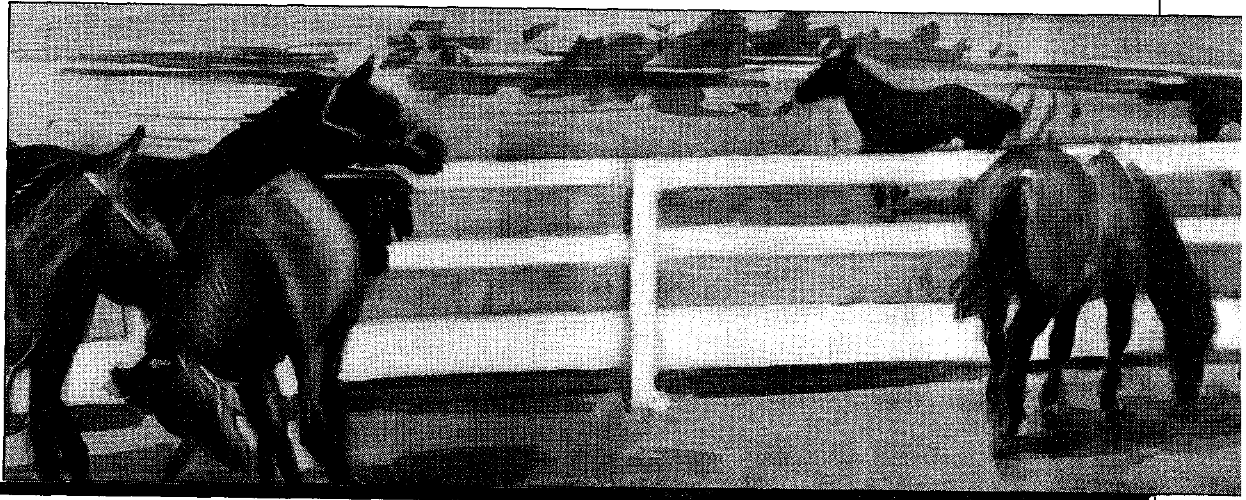
And Carey can't go to the banks—the traditional source of funds. Citibank, the risk-taking bank in New York, has already refused to roll over a loan. Another chief method of obtaining cash has been through the First National Bank of Boston, but if NEPCO starts breaking its contracts with the utilities, that avenue will dry up as well.

People who know Ed Carey can't believe this is the end. Financial obits have been written about NEPCO before, they point out, and Carey has always found a way to keep the operation alive. This time, however, it could be different. ▬

Vera Lockwood *and* **Gina Battist** *in* **Sacraments,** *opening on December 11 at Theatre St. Peters.*

A scene from **Oliver's Story,** *opening December 15 at Loews State II, Trans-Lux East, and 34th Street East.*

John Sheridan *and* **Kelly Ellen Collins** *in* **Jimmy & Billy,** *now at the Westside Theater.*



Just Crazy About Horses *opens December 15 at the Guild.*

IN AND AROUND TOWN

EDITED BY RUTH GILBERT

December 11 thru 19

M	T	W	T	F	S	S	M	T
11	12	13	14	15	16	17	18	19

MOVIES

THE MOVIE HOUSES

Schedules change constantly; phone ahead and avoid rage and disappointment.

EAST SIDE

Art, 36 E 8th (GR 3-7014). *Bread and Chocolate.*

St Marks Cinema, 2nd Ave at 8th (533-9292). 12/10-12, *The Turning Point; Loves of Theodora.* 12/13, 14, *The Wild Ones; Easy Rider.* 12/15-21, *Foul Play; Car Wash.*

Cinema Village, 22 E 12th (924-3363). 12/10, 11, *The Third Man; Odd Man Out.* 12/12, *Macbeth* (Polanski); *Hamlet* (Nicol Williamson). 12/13, 14, *The Fox; Oscar Wilde.* 12/15, 16, *The Man Who Fell to Earth; Slaughterhouse Five.* 12/17, 18, *Strangers on a Train; Dial M for Murder.* 12/19, *Greetings; Hi, Mom!*

Gramercy, 23rd St nr Lexington (GR 5-1660). *Magic.*

Bay Cinema, Second Ave nr 32nd (679-0160). Thru 12/19, *Interiors.* From 12/20, *King of the Gypsies.*

Murray Hill, 34th St nr 3rd Ave (685-7652). Thru 12/14, *The Wiz.* From 12/15, *Superman.*

34th St East, nr Second Avenue (683-0255). Thru 12/14, *Death on the Nile.* From 12/15, *Oliver's Story.*

Eastside, 3rd Ave at 55th (755-3020). Thru 12/19, *Watership Down.* From 12/20, *Every Which Way But Loose.*

Sutton, 57th nr 3rd Ave (PL 9-1411). *Movie, Movie.*

Trans-Lux East, 3rd at 58th (PL 9-2262). Thru 12/14, *Comes a Horseman.* From 12/15, *Oliver's Story.*

Plaza, 58th St, E of Madison (EL 5-3320). *The Wiz.*

Baronet, 3rd Ave at 59th (355-1663). *Autumn Sonata.*

Coronet, 3rd Ave nr 59th (EL 5-1663). Thru 12/14, *The Boys From Brazil.* 12/15-21, *The Deer Hunter.* From 12/22, *Moment By Moment.*

D.W. Griffith, 59th Street East of 2nd Ave (759-4630). *Up in Smoke.*

Cinema I, 3rd Ave nr 60th (PL 3-6022). *Same Time, Next Year.*

Cinema II, 3rd nr 60th (PL 3-0774). *Slow Dancing in the Big City.*

Gemini I & II, 2nd Ave at 64th (832-1670). I. *The Brink's Job.* II. *A Dream of Passion.*

Beekman, 2nd Ave nr 65th (RE 7-2622). *Magic.*

68th St Playhouse, at 3rd Avenue (RE 4-0302). *Once in Paris.*

Loews Tower East, 3rd Ave nr 71st (TR 9-1313). *Death on the Nile.*

72nd St East, nr 1st Ave (BU 8-9304). Thru 12/12, *A Wedding.* 12/13-21, *Comes a Horseman.* From 12/22, *Midnight Express.*

Trans-Lux 85th, at Madison (BU 8-3180). *Bread and Chocolate.*

Illustration by Susan Stillman

UA East, 1st Ave at 85th (249-5100). *National Lampoon's Animal House.*

Loews Orpheum, 86th at 3rd (AT 9-4607). Thru 12/14, *The Wiz.* From 12/15, *Superman.*

Loews Ciné, 3rd Avenue near 86th Street (427-1332). *Paradise Alley.*

86th St East, off 3rd Ave (AG 9-1144). 12/11-21, *The Spy Who Loved Me; The Man With the Golden Gun.* From 12/22, *Invasion of the Body Snatchers.*

RKO 86th I & II, at Lexington (AT 9-8900). I. Thru 12/19, *Midnight Express.* From 12/20, *Every Which Way But Loose.* II. *Rituals.*

WEST SIDE

Film Forum, 15 Vandam St (989-2994). 12/14-17, *The Best of Ann Arbor 1978.*

Bleecker St Cinema, 144 Bleecker at LaGuardia Pl (674-2560). 12/11, *La Beau Serge; Lacombe, Lucien.* 12/12, *Dersu Urzala; A Story From Echijo.* 12/13, *False Movements; The Confessions of Winifred Wagner.* 12/14, *Memories of Underdevelopment; Last Supper.* 12/15, 16, *Valentino; The Boy Friend.* 12/17, *The Marvelous Visit; Beauty and the Beast.* 12/18, *The Picture of Dorian Gray; The Importance of Being Earnest.* 12/19, *Rashomon; Battle Cry.*

Waverly, 6th Ave at 3rd St (WA 9-8037). Thru 12/19, *National Lampoon's Animal House.* From 12/20, *Every Which Way But Loose.*

Greenwich, 12th at Greenwich (WA 9-3350). *Midnight Express*

Quad, four cinemas at 34 W 13th (255-8800). I. Thru 12/14, *Rituals.* From 12/15, *Foul Play.* II. Thru 12/12, *Who Is Killing The Great Chefs of Europe?* From 12/13, *The Big Fix.* III. *Interiors.* IV. *A Wedding.*

National, Bdway at 44th (869-0950). *Magic.*

Loews Astor Plaza, Bdway at 44th (869-8340). Thru 12/14, *The Wiz.* From 12/15, *Superman.*

Loews State I & II, Bdway at 45th (582-5070). I. *The Wild Geese.* II. Thru 12/14, *Message From Space.* From 12/15, *Oliver's Story.*

Criterion, Bdway nr 45th (JU 2-1796). *The Brink's Job.*

Victoria, Broadway & 46th (354-5636). Thru 12/21, *Goin' South.* From 12/22, *Brass Targets.*

Embassy I, Bdway at 46th (757-2408). *National Lampoon's Animal House.*

Embassy II, III, IV, Bdway at 47th (730-7262). II. *Death on the Nile.* III. To be announced. IV. *Grease.*

Forum, Bdway at 47th (757-8320). From 12/11, *The Wiz.*

RKO Cinerama I & II, Broadway at 47th (975-8366). I. *Up in Smoke.* II. Thru 12/19, *Midnight Express.* From 12/20, *Every Which Way But Loose.*

Rivoli, 49th & Bdway (CI 7-1635). *Paradise Alley.*

Radio City Music Hall, 6th Ave & 50th (246-4600). *Caravans.* On the stage: "The Nativity."

Guild, 33 W 50th (PL7-2406). Thru 12/14, *Watership Down.* From 12/15, *Just Crazy About Horses.*

Ziegfeld, 141 W 54th (765-7600). *Lord of the Rings.*

Festival, 57th nr 6th (757-2715). Thru 12/16, *Interiors.* From 12/17, *Uncle Joe Shannon.*

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave betw 56th & 57th (757-2131). 12/11, *Destroy, She Said; Lancelot du Lac.* 12/12, *My Life To Live; Pierrot Le Fou.* 12/13, *Rancho DeLuxe; 92 in the Shade.* 12/14, *A Woman of Paris; Design for Living.* 12/15, *Padre Padrone; La Terra Trema.* 12/16, *Brother Sun, Sister Moon; Romeo and Juliet.* 12/17, *The Magic Flute.* 12/18, *The Goalie's Anxiety at the Penalty Kick; The Scarlet Letter.* 12/19, *Bringing Up Baby; Stage Door.*

Little Carnegie, 57th St nr 7th (246-5123). *The Boys From Brazil.*

Paris, 4 W 58th (MU 8-2013). Thru 12/17, *Violette.* From 12/18, *Get Out Your Handkerchiefs.*

Cinema III, 59th at the Plaza (752-5959). *Days of Heaven.*

Paramount, 2 Gulf & Western Plaza (247-5070). *Magic.*

Cinema Studio I & II, Bdway at 66th (874-8989). I. From 12/13, *Dossier 51.* II. From 12/13, *Rain or Shine.*

Regency, Bdway at 67th (724-3700). 12/10-16, *Mister Roberts; The Wrong Man.* 12/17-19, *The Shop Around the Corner; Idiot's Delight.*

Embassy 72nd, at Bdway (SC 4-6745). Thru 12/21, *Bread and Chocolate.* From 12/22, *Days of Heaven.*

Loews Quad, Bdway at 83rd (877-3190). I. Thru 12/19, *Midnight Express.* From 12/20, *Every Which Way But Loose.* II. *A Wedding.* III. *National Lampoon's Animal House.* IV. *Up in Smoke.*

New Yorker, Bdway nr 88th (TR 4-9189). Thru 12/21, *Interiors.* From 12/22, *A Dream of Passion.*

Thalia, 250 W 95th (222-3370). 12/10, 11, *The Earrings of Madame De. . .; Liebelei.* 12/12, *Distant Drums; Colorado Territory.* 12/13, 14, *The Savage Messiah; Beethoven.* 12/15, 16, *Homebodies; Visit to a Chief's Son.* 12/17, 18, *The Chase; Little Big Man.* 12/19, *Red River; El Dorado.*

Olympia, Bdway at 107th (865-8128). Thru 12/12, *Dona Flor and Her Two Husbands; Outrageous!* 12/13-19, *Comes A Horseman; F.I.S.T.*

WHISTLE WHILE YOU WORK

Peter Falk *is seen busy as a bee in a scene from* **The Brink's Job,** a film directed by William Friedkin, and also starring Peter Boyle, Gena Rowlands, and Paul Sorvino. Criterion; Gemini I.

(Listings subject to last-minute change)

THE MOVIES

Autumn Sonata–In Ingmar Bergman's new film, Ingrid Bergman *(in a brave, fully rounded performance)* is a successful concert pianist, and Liv Ullmann is her 35ish daughter who is convinced that her mother's neglect of her as a child has ruined her life. She takes revenge in guilt-provoking accusations that are loathsome, fascinating, and ultimately baffling. A bald, untextured, tirade-film, in which Bergman seems lost in resentment and guilt that he hasn't quite comprehended or worked out. Baronet.

Beauty and the Beast–Jean Cocteau's sumptuous, emotionally satisfying retelling of the 18th century fairy tale is set in an enchanted world of ruined luxury: Statues gravely turn their heads and alabastered arms holding candelabras extend from the walls, the candles bursting into flames to light the way of the lost traveler. Jean Marais, magnificent in matted ruff and princely gowns, his claws smoking *after killing a doe, is the anguished Beast who is* redeemed by the love of Beauty (Josette Day). People who see this marvelous 1946 film return to it again and again without any loss of pleasure. 12/17, Bleecker St Cinema.

The Boys From Brazil–Gregory Peck barks Nazi rhetoric directly at the camera as a scientist-war-criminal plotting to re-establish the Third Reich, and Laurence Olivier, an aging Viennese Nazi hunter, struggles heroically to foil his plans. It might have been exciting and fun if directed by a Warner Brothers hack of 40 years ago, but Franklin J. Schaffner *(Patton)* kills it with his pompous, big-movie stodginess. Adapted from Ira Levin's novel. Little Carnegie; thru 12/14, Coronet.

Bread and Chocolate–Franco Brusati's poignant comedy (completed in 1974 and just opening here *now) is about an Italian worker who emigrates to* Switzerland in search of calm and order and finds that he can neither fit in nor give up his native identity. A meditation on homelessness, the movie tries to recapture the pathos-and-laughs mood of Chaplin's films but falls short: the hero is a lot less resourceful than the Tramp. Starring Nino Manfredi. Art; Trans-Lux 85th; thru 12/21, Embassy 72nd.

Caravans–A big, slow, old-fashioned adventure movie based on James Michener's novel and set in "Kashkhan, Zhadestahn. . . somewhere in the Mideast" but actually shot in the mountains and deserts of Iran. The desert landscape, captured in Douglas Slocombe's excellent, wide-screen photography, is often quite intriguing, but the rest of the movie isn't. Michael Sarrazin, looking like a Beverly Hills lawyer in his tailored bush jacket, wanders *around in a jeep searching for Jennifer O'Neill, a* rebellious girl who has "crossed the Khyber pass alone on a donkey" in pursuit of her husband (Behrooz Vosoughi), only to leave him for the aging leader of a nomadic tribe (Anthony Quinn). The story doesn't make any sense, but kids should enjoy the scenery. James Fargo directed—dully. On the Big Stage: "The Nativity." Radio City Music Hall.

Comes a Horseman–Every big-time director commits a grand folly sooner or later, and this movie is Alan J. Pakula's. It's a solemnly high-minded Western with *an ecology twist about two small ranchers* (Jane Fonda and James Caan) who fight off a greedy cattle baron (Jason Robards) while oil interests scheme to destroy the land. *The conflicts are* ludicrously stark and finally unbelievable, and the movie's style conforms to a misbegotten ideal of authenticity—parched, underplayed performances, barely audible dialogue, lighting that is often affectedly dim. After 90 minutes of rectitude Jane Fonda finally smiles at Caan and the effect is like that of the sun breaking through clouds. But most of the movie is gray. The muddled screenplay is by Dennis Lynton Clark. 12/13-19, Olympia; 12/13-21, 72nd St E; thru 12/14, Trans-Lux E.

Death on the Nile–A ponderous, slow-paced, unexciting adaptation of Agatha Christie. (If Christie wasn't a quick read, then what in the world was she?) *Peter Ustinov plays ace detective Hercule Poirot soberly,* which is a bore. Bette Davis and Maggie Smith are fun together, but no one else in the huge cast distinguishes himself. *What is the point of this* dreadnought approach to a basically frivolous genre? Loews Tower East; thru 12/14, 34th St E; from 12/11, Embassy II.

The Deer Hunter–Michael Cimino's amazingly vivid, large-scaled account of a community of Pennsylvania steelworkers during the Vietnam period begins with scenes of work, boozing, hunting, and a jubilant Russian Orthodox wedding celebration. Then three of the men (Robert De Niro, Christopher Walker, and John Savage) go off to Vietnam and suffer the *sheer dislocating* weirdness and uncontrollable savagery of the war. This section of the movie has scenes of devastation and terror that are without *equal in American cinema. Returning home, war-*hero De Niro tries to pull the shattered community together. It's an extraordinarily powerful work that alternates moods of joy and suffering, murderous realism and mystical exaltation. With Meryl Streep, George Dzundza, Chuck Aspegren, and, memorably, the late John Cazale. Written by Deric Washburn. 12/15-22 at the Coronet and then opens for continuous run in February.

Dossier 51–Michel Deville's film about the invasion of privacy on a grand technological scale, wherein we are given data on a French government official whom we glimpse only from hidden cameras. Opens December 13 at Cinema Studio I.

A Dream of Passion–Melina Mercouri rampages her way through the floridly written role of a famous Greek actress who returns home to play Medea on *stage. During the rehearsal period she meets an* imprisoned American woman (Ellen Burstyn) who has killed her own children in order to punish her adulterous husband—*a real Medea,* savage and desperate. The encounter should produce a change in Mercouri but instead it only produces an occasion for more self-display. The movie is a bit much. Written and directed by Mercouri's husband, Jules Dassin. Gemini II; from 12/22, New Yorker.

Get Out Your Handkerchiefs–Bertrand Blier's exhilarating high comedy is about a distraught young husband, Gérard Depardieu, whose heartbreakingly beautiful and delicate wife, Carol Laure, has gone into a mysterious funk. Depardieu picks up a Mozart-loving teacher, Patrick Dewaere, in a Paris restaurant and encourages him to go to bed with Carol—maybe *he* can cheer her up. Yet her depression *doesn't lift until she meets a 13-year-old boy*—a genius, a scoundrel, an actual Mozart—who understands exactly what she wants. Blier's conception of women as an utterly different species, blank and incomprehensible, offends a good many people. But why be offended? The man has turned his own bafflement and comedy into magic. Easily the most courageous and enjoyable foreign film of 1978. Opens December 18 at the Paris.

Grease–Why do kids love John Travolta so much? Perhaps because he's a romantic hero with a broad streak of silliness and self-parody, beautiful one moment and odd-looking the next. He never gets the chance to bust loose in this big, klutzy musical, *but he's still sensationally funny The rest of the* movie is an inflated pastiche of '50s musicals (calling it a parody doesn't help—it's still banal). Stockard Channing, as the class bad girl, displays some nifty comic timing, but Olivia Newton-John is so bland that you wish a juvenile delinquent would come along and stomp on her. Patricia Birch did the undistinguished choreography and Randall Kleiser directed. Embassy IV.

Interiors–Woody Allen's austere, utterly serious study of the emotional and spiritual exhaustion of a prosperous New York family is a bit pretentious and occasionally absurd, but by the end the despairing vision of life's inevitable tragedies takes hold, and you're impressed. Woody nearly out-Bergmans Bergman in scenes of frustration and self-hatred, but he has a power of his own, too. Excellently acted by Geraldine Page, Diane Keaton, Marybeth Hurt, Maureen Stapleton, E. G. Marshall, Richard Jordan and Sam Waterston. Quad; thru 12/16, Festival; thru 12/19, Bay Cinema; thru 12/21, New Yorker.

Lacombe, Lucien–Louis Malle's wonderfully intelligent investigation of the banality of evil, made in 1974. Lucien is a French farmboy who becomes a Gestapo torturer near the end of the war because he doesn't have much else to do and because the job makes him feel marginally important. A blank, incomprehensible boy, he cannot connect his acts to any likely result. In a word, he is terrifying. Malle wrote the screenplay himself with novelist Patrick Modiano, and the movie stars Pierre Blaise, a nonprofessional actor who has the perfect expressionless face for the role. Aurore Clement is a Jewish girl attracted to Lucien, and Holger Löwenadler is her haughty father. 12/11, Bleecker St Cinema.

Lord of the Rings–Parents planning to punish their children this holiday season should take them to see this confused, violent, charmless adaptation of J. R. R. Tolkien's classic narrative. Animator Ralph Bakshi, best known for his hellish urban comedies *(Fritz the Cat, Heavy Traffic),* has produced a battle epic in red and black that is often striking visually but impossible to get into emotionally. Stunned by a mess of mysterious names and creatures, the uninitiated viewer hasn't the slightest idea who is killing whom, or why any of it matters. Where is Tolkien's charm, his storyteller's clarity and sweep? Disney's animated features were often scary but they were always lucid, they didn't leave children suspended in the air, whereas Bakshi, too nihilistic to tell a story straight, frightens viewers without resolving anything. Ziegfeld.

Magic–A shallow, gimmicky thriller about a psychotic ventriloquist (Anthony Hopkins) and his demonic dummy. Who dominates whom? And who cares? Much of William Goldman's screenwriting is on the level of an old Rod Serling show; specifically, the plot seems stolen from the Michael Redgrave episode in the infinitely superior 1946 British horror film, *Dead of Night.* Ann-Margret is on hand as the owner of a Catskills resort (!?), and Burgess Meredith, also trying to be Jewish, plays a tough old talent agent based on "Swifty" Lazar. The movie works you up over nothing. Richard Attenborough has improved as a director and should find some decent material. With Ed Lauter. National; Beekman; Paramount; Gramercy.

The Magic Flute–Bergman's enchanting version of the Mozart opera suggests that he should take more frequent holidays from anxiety, despair, and "the God-question." Musically, the performance is a little stodgy, but Bergman's staging is fluid and intimate in a way that opera on stage could never be, and Mozart's drama of the trials of love emerges with clarity and force. Even people who have never stepped into an opera house have been enthralled by this film. 12/17, Carnegie Hall Cinema.

Memories of Underdevelopment–This marvelous Cuban film, made in 1968 and set in 1961, is about a very bourgeois Cuban intellectual (Sergio Corrieri) who feels out of place in a revolutionary society yet can't bring himself to head for Miami with his friends and relatives. Something holds him—curiosity about the future of his country and perhaps curiosity about himself, too. A funny, subtle, strikingly open-minded film, directed by Tomás Gutiérrez Alea. 12/14, Bleecker St Cinema.

Midnight Express–The true story of Billy Hayes, an American student arrested in Turkey in 1970 for drug possession (hash) and sentenced to years of torment in an Istanbul prison. Brutal, scary, and occasionally very exciting, the movie never overcomes the basic problem of glorifying a boy more foolish than heroic. It's also violently and irrationally anti-Turkish (without exception Billy's Turkish fellow prisoners, as well as the guards, are subhuman). It seems to be a gigantic cautionary tale for middle-class tourists: Don't get caught. Starring newcomer Brad Davis and featuring John Hurt, Randy Quaid, and Mike Kellin. Alan Parker directed. Greenwich; thru 12/19, RKO Cinerama II, Loews Quad, and RKO 86th St I; from 12/22, 72nd St E.

Movie, Movie–Stanley Donen's two-part film, which parodies the up-from-poverty boxing films and the Busby Berkeley backstage musicals of the thirties, is affectionate, funny, and often highly skilled, but it still seems hardly worth the trouble. Why spoof two genres that no one took very seriously in the first place? Why not put some fresh experience on the screen? As the earnest young boxer newcomer Harry Hamlin is aggressively sexless (no traces of William Holden or John Garfield here), but Barry Bostwick is sensational as the singing and dancing hero of the musical. Donen, a veteran director of musicals, is at his best in the gleaming production numbers: He and choreographer Michael Kidd honor the lyrical impulse at the heart of Berkeley's most garish inspirations. With George C. Scott, Trish Van Devere, Eli Wallach, Red Buttons, and, in the Ruby Keeler role, talented Rebecca York. Sutton.

National Lampoon's Animal House–A genial, uneven, intermittently hilarious celebration of frat-house pranks and raunchiness, set in a West Coast college in 1962. To dismiss it as infantile isn't saying much, since infantilism is precisely the point of frat-house humor. The movie has a tender sexiness that saves it. With John Belushi as a beer-guzzling roughneck and Tim Matheson as a young make-out artist. Directed by John Landis. U.A. East; Loews Quad; Embassy I; thru 12/19, Waverly.

Oliver's Story–Ryan O'Neal is numbed by the death of his young wife and in this sequel to *Love Story* tries to find forgetfulness. With Candice Bergen, Nicola Pagett, Edward Binns. Directed by John Korty. Opens December 15 at Loews State II, Trans-Lux East, and 34th St East.

Once in Paris–A surprisingly effective and enjoyable little movie by Frank D. Gilroy (he wrote, directed, produced) about a naive American screenwriter (Wayne Rogers) who goes to Paris to work and falls in with two people who have been around the track a few times—a tough, alarmingly versatile chauffeur (Jack Lenoir) and a beautiful English woman (Gayle Hunnicutt, who's from Texas, but you'd never know it) looking for a temporary bed partner. The movie might be called "bittersweet" (with an emphasis on bitter), but that sounds cliched, and there are no cliches here. 68th Street Playhouse.

Paradise Alley–Written and directed by Sylvester Stallone, and a bizarre ego trip it is. Set in the Italian section of Hell's kitchen in 1946, the movie is about love and rivalry among three brothers—half-witted Victor (Lee Canalito), who becomes a wrestler; sinister Lenny (Armand Assante, imitating Pacino), who serves as Victor's manager; and Cosmo (Stallone), the neighborhood loser, a boring garrulous man we are supposed to love solely because Stallone plays him (we don't). Trying for warmth and color, Stallone has written a script that sounds like a nagging, fake-chummy old radio show. In the upbeat ending he uses the fifth-rate sport of wrestling as an audience turn-on. But wrestling isn't boxing, and Victor isn't Rocky. The movie is both opportunistic and hopelessly out of it. Rivoli; Loews Cine.

Rain and Shine–A new Hungarian comedy film in which a family of wealthy country folk invite a bureaucrat from the city into their home for social reasons. Opens December 13th at Cinema Studio II.

Same Time, Next Year–Robert Mulligan's adaptation of Bernard Slade's play rather embarrassingly displays its Broadway origins. The basic plot gimmick—a housewife (Ellen Burstyn) and an accountant (Alan Alda), both married, meet once a year for twenty-six years—requires an audience that finds adultery endlessly titillating yet also believes in the sanctity of marriage. In this film, adultery functions as a kind of spiritual toning-up exercise for the greater rigors of marital boredom. The movie confines us to a single ugly motel room and features the kind of wardrobe-room ingenuity in costuming and aging techniques (we see the lovers at five-year intervals) that may be exhilirating on stage but looks phony in movies. Ellen Burstyn's charm occasionally breaks through the claustrophobic settings, but Alan Alda is disappointingly callow. Cinema I.

Slow Dancing in the Big City–"Why did you become a dancer?" the man asks, and without batting an eyelash the woman replies, "The sky always seemed a better place to be." Has there ever been so much high-flown gibberish in a single movie? Wind seems to be blowing through the empty spaces in the screenwriter's head. Written by Barra Grant and directed by John G. Avildsen *(Rocky),* this romance between a bathetic, man-of-the-people newspaper columnist (Paul Sorvino) and a high-strung, ailing ballet dancer (Anne Ditchburn), is probably the most shameless and synthetic tear-jerker since *Love Story.* Sitting through it is like watching all 18 hours of a Jerry Lewis telethon. Cinema II.

Superman–Marlon Brando and Gene Hackman head the cast. Christopher Reeve has the title role. Directed by Richard Donner from a story by Mario Puzo. From December 15 at Loews Astor Plaza, Loews Orpheum, and the Murray Hill.

Uncle Joe Shannon–Burt Young plays a once-successful musician whose life was destroyed by a family tragedy. Also in the cast are Doug McKeon, Madge Sinclair, and Jason Bernard. Directed by Joseph C. Hanwright. Opens December 17 at the Festival.

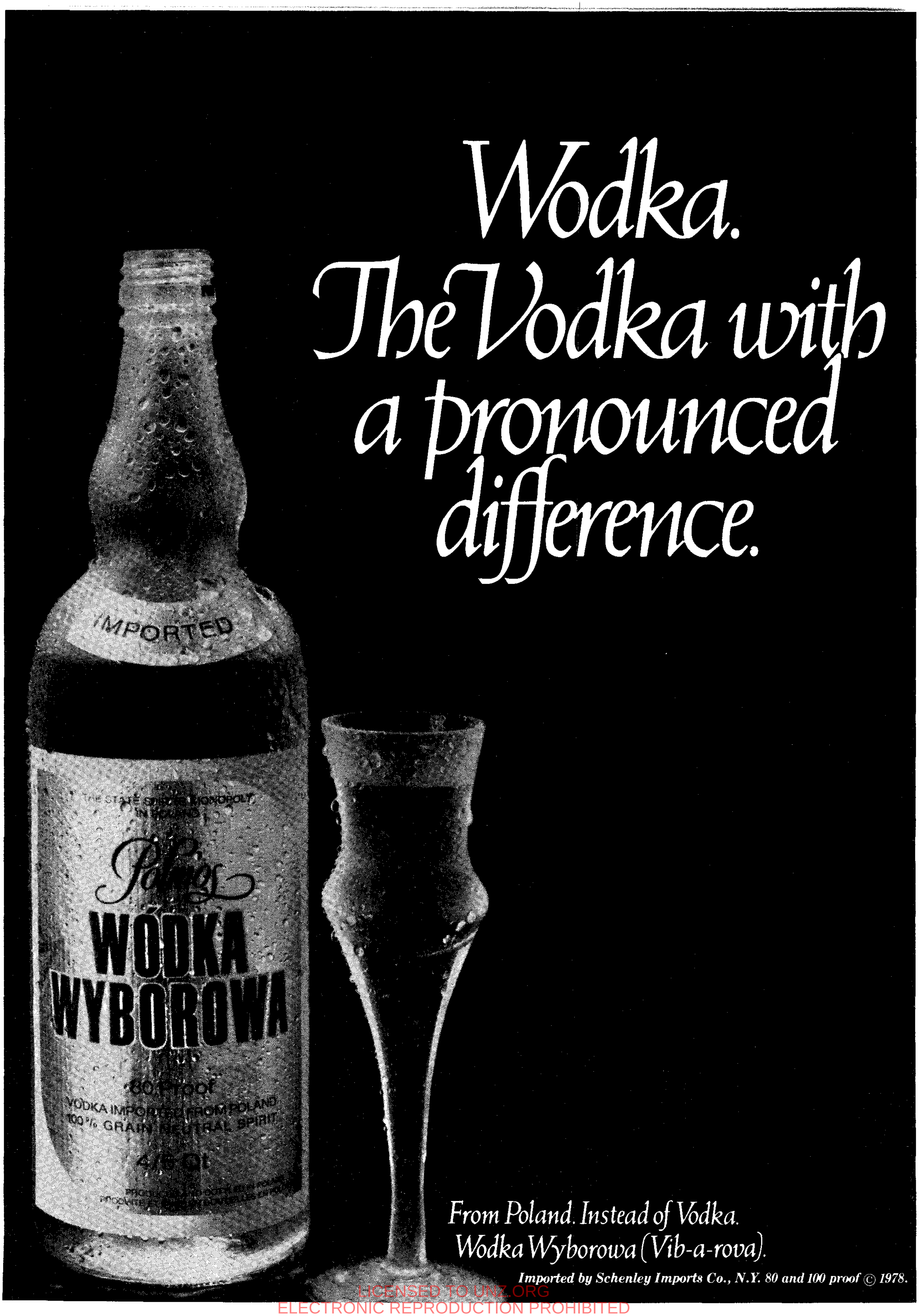
Up in Smoke–The comedy team of Cheech and Chong try to get high and stay high in a genial, casually lousy pothead farce set in Los Angeles. Without jobs, plans, ambitions, or responsibility, they devote themselves to dope and seem as happy as Henry Miller's scruffy expatriates in *Tropic of Cancer.* As you watch this often funny film, you sink into the disreputable comforts of slobbiness. Written by the stars and directed by record producer Lou Adler. D.W. Griffith; RKO Cinerama I; Loews Quad.

Violette–Based on a true story from the early thirties about an 18-year-old Parisienne who poisoned her father and stole his money. The child of repressed and hypocritical lower-middle-class parents, Violette sneaks out of the house at night in her lipstick and black furs (she looks like a hooker in a Brassai photograph) and searches for adventure. But in Claude Chabrol's perversely muted and ironic film, starring Isabelle Huppert, Violette doesn't have a good time even when she sins. With Stéphane Audran and Jean Carmet. Thru 12/17, Paris.

Watership Down–An enchanting animated version, in pastel blue-green watercolors, of Richard Adams's bestseller about a group of rabbits who are forced to leave their warren, brave the open fields, and find a new place to live. Hunted by men, birds, dogs, cats, and other rabbits, our heroes survive through speed, cunning, and heroic self-sacrifice. Whether you regard the movie as the ultimate exercise in anthropomorphism or as a parable of the fate of outcast peoples like the gypsies or the Jews, it's a heart-stirring tale. With the voices of Ralph Richardson, John Hurt, Harry Andrews, and, as a brutally sarcastic but helpful sea gull, the late Zero Mostel. Written and directed by Martin Rosen, an expatriate American and former talent agent and producer of *Women in Love,* now living in London. Here, here! Thru 12/19, Eastside; thru 12/14, Guild.

The Wild Geese–An adventure film about a group of mercenary soldiers who attempt to rescue the imprisoned leader of an emerging African nation. Roger Moore stars. Loews State I.

The Wiz–Monstrously overproduced and underfelt all-black musical version of *The Wizard of Oz.* Diana Ross, singing and acting well in a basically synthetic role, is Dorothy—not a teenage girl but a 24-year-old Harlem schoolteacher afraid of life. She travels through Oz (a half-realistic, half-fantastic New York) looking for the Wiz (Richard Pryor) and accompanied by the Scarecrow (high-voiced Michael Jackson), the Tin Man (Nipsey Russell), and the Lion (Ted Ross). Tony Walton's huge sets serve mainly as static backdrops, and director Sidney Lumet can't seem to find a place to put the camera. The gigantic production numbers are shot from so great a distance that we can't see dance movement. *The Wiz* is a Radio City Music Hall version of soul. With Lena Horne and Mabel King. Plaza; thru 12/14, Murray Hill, Loews Astor Plaza and Loews Orpheum; from 12/11, Forum.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Theater

ON BROADWAY

Monday, December 11

A Broadway Musical–With music and lyrics by Charles Strouse/Lee Adams, book by William F. Brown. With Warren Berlinger, Gwyda DonHowe, Irving Lee, and Alan Weeks. Previews now prior to a 12/21 opening. Lunt-Fontanne, 205 W 46th (JU 6-5555).

Thursday, December 14

Ballroom–Dorothy Loudon and Vincent Gardenia co-star in a new musical based on the TV play, "The Queen of the Stardust Ballroom," about a group of middle-aged people who spend a great deal of time at a public ballroom. Book by Jerome Kass; music by Billy Goldenberg; lyrics by Alan and Marilyn Bergman. Director/choreographer Michael Bennett. Majestic, 247 W 44th (246-0730).

Man and Superman–George Bernard Shaw's play, with George Grizzard, Ann Sachs, Philip Bosco, and Richard Woods. Directed by Stephen Porter. Runs thru 2/18/79. Circle in the Square, 1633 Bdway (581-0720).

CURRENT

Ain't Misbehavin'–Would the slapdash playfulness, the lovable smallness of this show survive the lure of self-aggrandizement, moving from Off- to On Broadway? Nothing to worry about; it did. The cast of five—Ken Page, Armelia McQueen, Andre De Shields, Charlaine Woodard, and Nell Carter—works together as nimbly and wickedly as five fingers in a piece of sleight of hand. The delicious songs by Fats Waller and his friends continue their joyous renaissance. Mon thru Sat at 8; mats Wed & Sat at 2 p.m. Longacre, 220 W 48th (246-5639).

Annie–*Oliver Twist* in drag, but — given such surefire ingredients as a chorus line of moppets, a Christmas tree, and a dog called Sandy — only a churl could cavil. Thomas Meehan's book is a far cry from Harold Grey's comic-strip *Annie,* as is Charles Strouse's score from his best work, but Shelley Bruce is touching in the title role. Tues thru Sat at 8; mats Sat at 2; Sun at 3 p.m. Alvin, 250 W 52nd (PL 7-8646).

The Best Little Whorehouse in Texas–Attempts to squeeze salaciousness out of a bordello setting are rather repellent, not because of the setting, but because it is like trying to squeeze blood out of stones. Every variation on the brothel theme has been worked into the ground. Mon thru Sat at 8 p.m.; mats Wed & Sat at 2 p.m. 46th St Theater, 226 W 46th (246-0246).

Chapter Two–Neil Simon attempts, in part at least, to be serious about the real-life romance, marriage, and problems of a couple and to pierce through to the troubling core of things. But he handles drama as if it could be constructed out of one-liners, only sticking laments where the laughs would normally go. There are some genuinely funny one-liners afloat, but the playwright's ultimate failure stems from his belief that you can build anything out of one-liners, from coffee tables to cathedrals. Mon, Tues, Wed, Sat at 8; mats Wed & Sat at 2 p.m.; Sun at 3 p.m. Imperial, 249 W 45th (265-4311).

A Chorus Line–Every generation needs its own backstage legend, and this one is a worthy descendant of *42nd St.* Out of the real words of chorus-line aspirants, James Kirkwood and Nicholas Dante have fashioned a shiny romance, and it bounces agreeably off Marvin Hamlisch's paper-thin score. Michael Bennett's direction covers a multitude of inadequacies. Mon thru Sat at 8; mats Wed & Sat at 2 p.m. Shubert, 225 W 44 (246-5990).

The Crucifer of Blood–A new Sherlock Holmes mystery play starring Paxton Whitehead, directed by Paul Giovanni who based it on Doyle's writings. Timothy Landfield plays Dr. Watson and Glenn Close the female lead as Irene St. Clair. Mon thru Sat at 8; mats Wed & Sat at 2 p.m. Helen Hayes Theater, 210 W 46th (246-6380).

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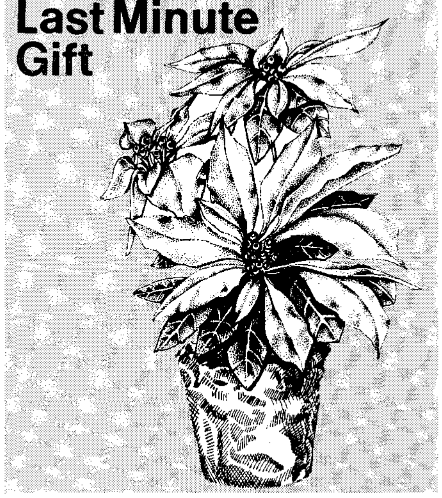

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AROUND TOWN

Da–On second seeing Hugh Leonard's bittersweet autobiographical comedy (transported almost intact to Broadway) is even more entertaining, endearing, and gently moving. And at the center of the production are three superlative performances—Sylvia O'Brien's, Brian Murray's, Barnard Hughes's. Mon thru Sat at 8; mats Wed & Sat at 2 p.m. Morosco, 217 W 45th (246-6230).

Dancin'–Director Bob Fosse has devised a heterogeneous choreography ranging from classical ballet through modern dance to every form of show-biz and disco dancin'. What doesn't work is the two side by side, like internecine Siamese twins. The proximity of popular dance gives ballet an air of pretentiousness; ballet retaliates by making pop dancing look facile, tawdry. *Dancin'* is sheer perfection for the vulgarians, anathema for the purists, and a mixed bag for the over-whelming rest of us. Tues thru Sat at 8; mats Wed & Sat at 2; Sun at 3 p.m. Broadhurst, 235 W 44th (247-0472).

Deathtrap–Ira Levin's play concerns a formerly successful playwright, a disciple who sends him a play clearly destined to become a Broadway smash, and the stale playwright's disapproving wife, who has strong scruples and a weak heart. There is a basic problem with the comedy mystery genre, wherein the laughs are supposed to lull you into a false security. The plot, however, is impossible. With John Wood, Marian Seldes, and Richard Woods. Mon thru Sat at 8; mats Wed & Sat at 2 p.m. Music Box, 239 W 45th (246-4636).

Dracula–Among Edward Gorey's impressive but inappropriate sets, this camped-up version of a trashy old play offers mostly cutenesses instead of thrills, and can at best impress if you sit far enough back so that the stage is reduced to the appropriate comic-strip (or Gorey drawing) dimensions. Dennis Rosa misdirected. Tues thru Sat at 8; mats Sat & Wed at 2; Sun at 3 p.m. Martin Beck Theater, 302 W 45th (246-6363).

Eubie!–Based on songs by Eubie Blake, revue is a nice old-fashioned black musical of the kind we could have seen with rapture on Broadway some four or five decades ago. There is talent here and there is fun to be had. But if you can get into *Ain't Misbehavin'* you can see the same sort of thing brought brilliantly up-to-date. Tues thru Sat at 8; mats Wed & Sat at 2; Sun at 3 p.m. Ambassador, 215 W 49th (541-6490).

Gemini–Albert Innaurato's saga of life in a Philadelphia backyard is, at once, a stupendous verbal circus and a touching story of people desperately needing to be noticed. Innaurato writes extremely well, and his control over simultaneously ongoing lines of action is somewhat akin to Bach's mastery over fugues. Peter Mark Schifter's direction is splendid. Mon thru Sat at 8; mats Wed & Sat at 2 p.m. Little Theater, 240 W 44th (221-6425).

The Gin Game–A first effort by D.L. Coburn concerns two inmates of an old folks' home. The man lives for gin rummy now; the woman is willing to learn the game. They play, and miraculously—or contrivedly—she keeps winning. It is staged with almost indecent expertise by Mike Nichols. With Maureen Stapleton and E.G. Marshall. Tues thru Sat at 8; mats Wed & Sat at 2; Sun at 3 p.m. John Golden, 252 W 45th (246-6740).

Grease–Broadway's senior musical, about high school shenanigans in the fifties, now seems as much a period piece as any Romberg operetta, but the energy of the original has been remarkably well preserved. Without a single memorable song or solo turn, the show holds onto an amusing, attractive ridiculousness, mostly due to Patricia Birch's lively choreography and Tom Moore's no-nonsense direction. Tues thru Sat at 8; mats Wed & Sat at 2; Sun at 3 p.m. Royale, 242 W 45th (245-5760).

I Love My Wife–The Smothers Brothers are now appearing in this tale of wife-swapping in Trenton, done as a series of skits, with a Cy Coleman score and the direction by Gene Saks that even brings the orchestra onstage to mess around in the action. Mon thru Sat at 8; mats Wed & Sat at 2 p.m. Ethel Barrymore, 243 W 47th (246-0390).

The King and I–Yul Brynner and Constance Towers as the king and Anna. Tues thru Sat at 8; mats Wed & Sat at 2; Sun at 3 p.m. Thru 12/30. Uris, 51st betw 7th & 8th (586-6510).

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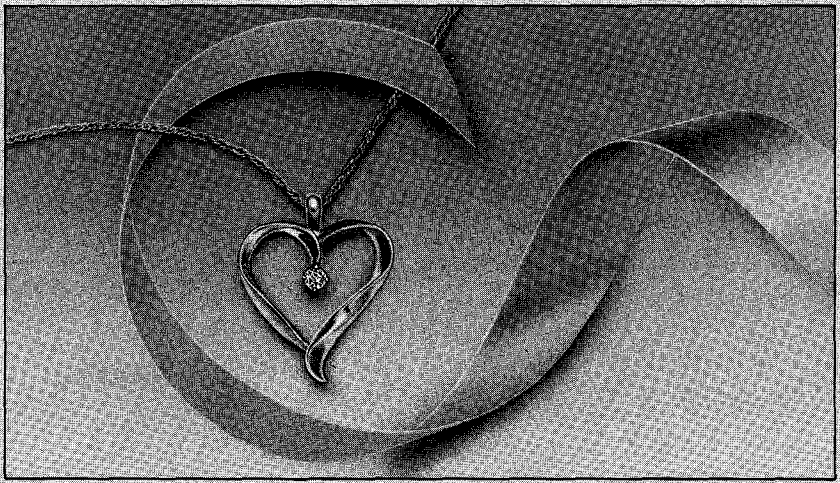

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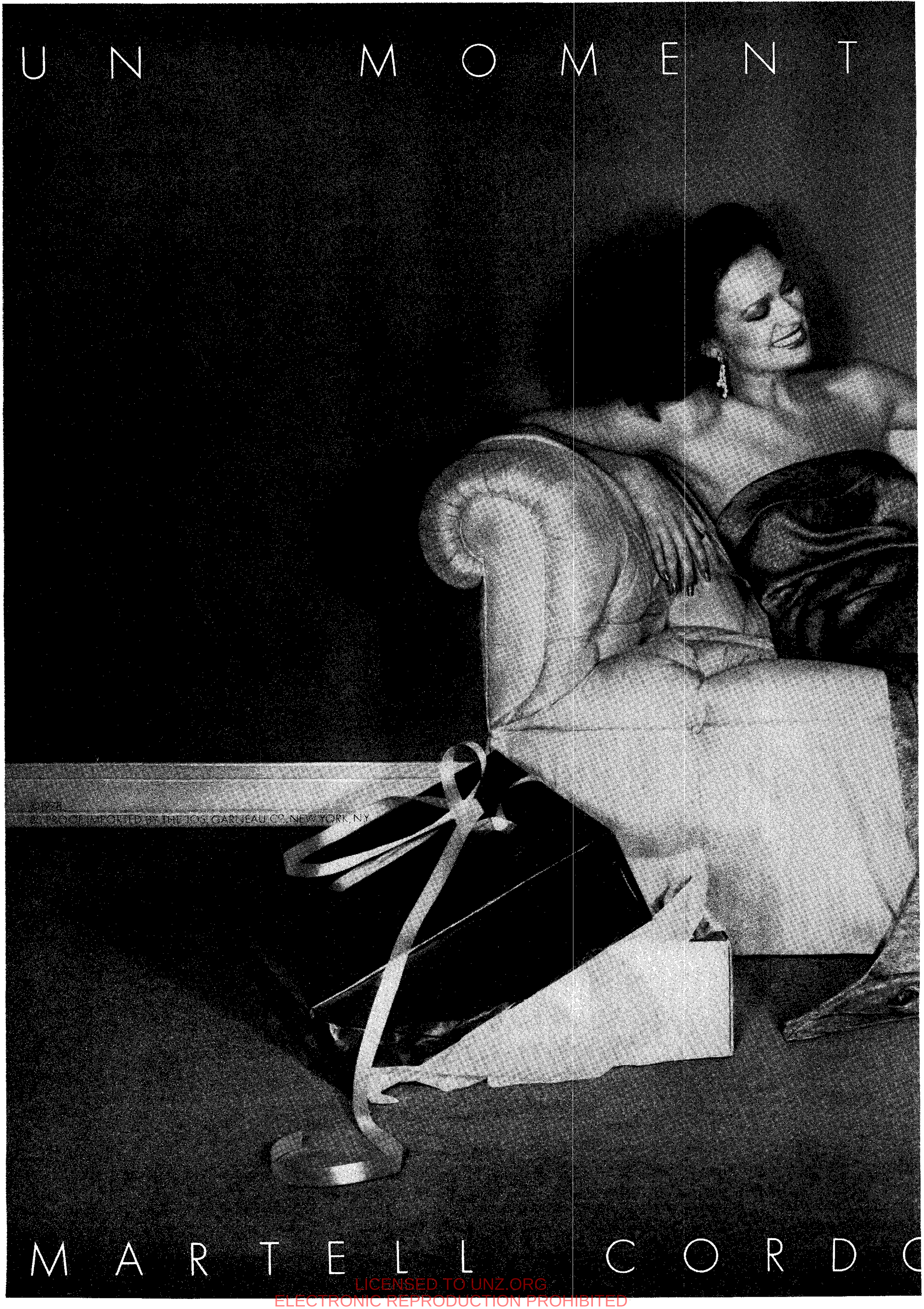
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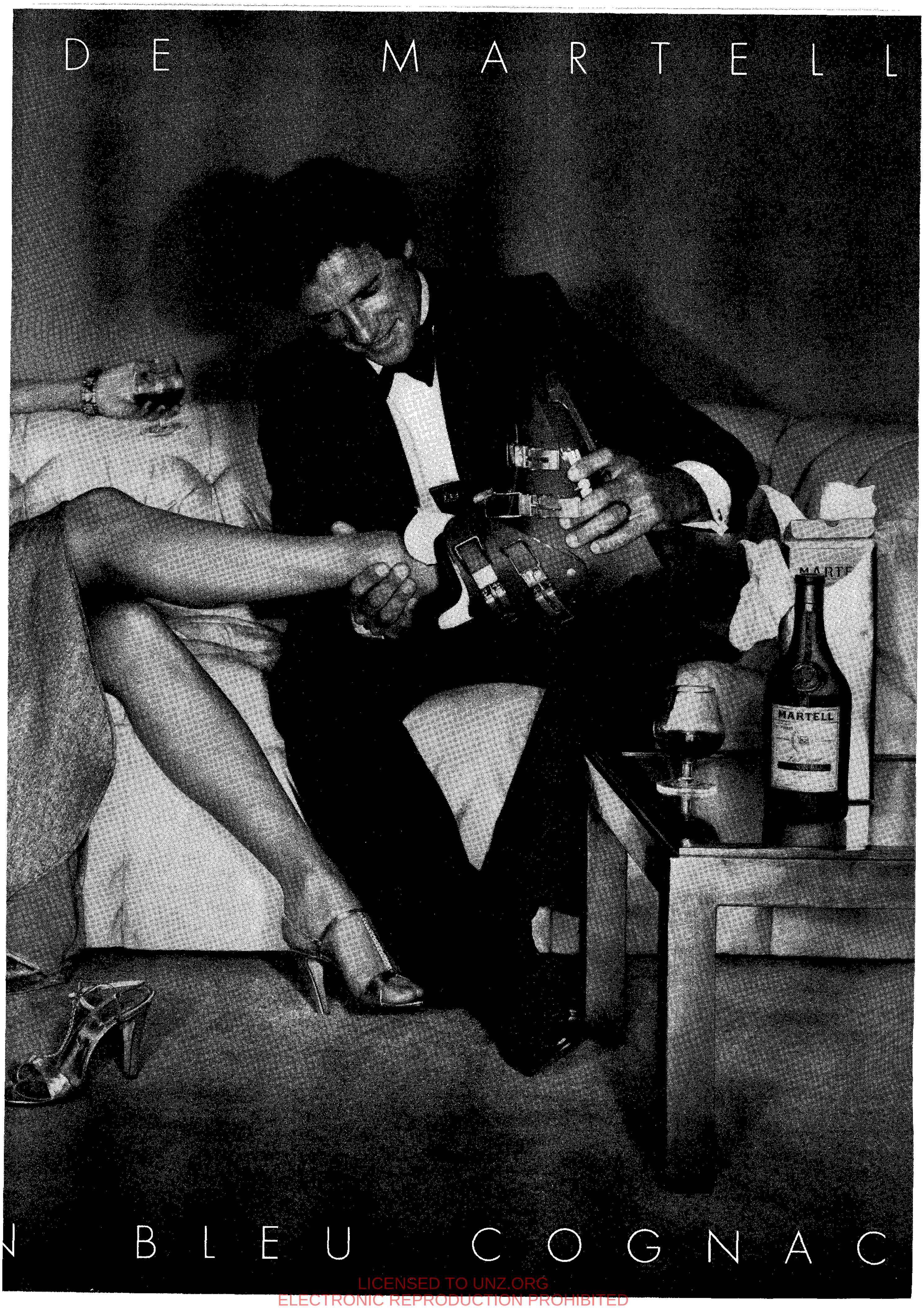
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AROUND TOWN

The Kingfisher–Claudette Colbert, Rex Harrison, and George Rose in a new play by William Douglas Home, about a famous novelist and a woman who become romantically involved again after a lapse of forty years. Directed by Lindsay Anderson. Mon thru Sat at 8; mats Wed & Sat at 2. Biltmore, 261 W 47th (JU 2-5340).

The Magic Show–A musical with book by Bob Randall; music and lyrics by Stephen Schwartz, directed and choreographed by Grover Dale. Joseph Abaldo is starred as a Magician. Wed thru Sat at 7:30; mats Wed, Sat & Sun at 2 p.m.; & a 5 p.m. perf on Sun. Thru 12/31. Cort, 138 W 48th (489-6392).

Oh! Calcutta!–Revival of the musical devised by Kenneth Tynan. Sketches by Jules Feiffer, Leonard Melfi, John Lennon, David Newman, Robert Benton, Dan Greenburg, Sam Shepard. Mon, Tues, Wed, Fri at 8; Sat at 7 & 9:30; Sun at 3 & 7 p.m. Edison, 240 W 47th (757-7164).

On the Twentieth Century–Harold Prince has provided lively direction and Robin Wagner has come up with grand designs in this musical which stars Judy Kaye, John Cullum, and Imogene Coca. It has pizzazz and razzle-dazzle, bursts of energy and invention, music and laughter, and good expensive production values. John Cullum gives his best performance to date. Book and lyrics by Betty Comden and Adolph Green; music by Cy Coleman. Mon thru Sat at 8; mats Sat & Wed at 2 p.m. St. James Theater, 246 W 44th (398-0280).

Platinum–A musical about a former movie star trying to make a comeback as a pop-recording artist (a likely story!), this show has the lovely Alexis Smith and a lot of nothing. It is expensive nothing—even the price of tinsel is up—but it is about as platinum as your average platinum blonde. The one attractive song comes right at the beginning; from then on it is downhill with Gary William Friedman's music, Joe Layton's staging and choreography, and specially Will Holt's book and lyrics. The supporting cast, too, is hard to support. Mon thru Sat at 8; mats Wed & Sat at 2 p.m. Mark Hellinger, 51st & Bdway (PL 7-7064).

Runaways–This entertainment, written, composed, and directed by Elizabeth Swados, is really about *growing up—absurdly, tragically, and sometimes,* despite everything, even triumphantly. The music, in all conceivable pop, folk, and ethnic modes, is fair to excellent. The performances, both by the four professionals and the fifteen semiprofessionals and neophytes are, at the very least, engaging; in many cases, enchanting. Tues thru Sat at 8; mats Sat & Wed at 2, Sun at 3 p.m. Plymouth, 236 W 45th (730-1760).

The Wiz–Oz with a black cast—Munchkins, Cowardly Lion, and all, with jivey dances choreographed by George Faison. Tues thru Sat at 7:30; mats Wed and Sat at 2 p.m.; Sun at 3 p.m. Broadway, 1681 Broadway (247-7992).

OFF and OFF-OFF BROADWAY

Academy Arts Repertory–Bill Manhoff's *The Owl and the Pussycat,* 12/15-17, 29-31, at 7 p.m. Emlyn Williams's *A Murder Has Been Arranged.* 12/15, 16, 29, 30. $3. Academy Arts, First Ave at 51st (486-1431).

Acme Repertory–G.B. Shaw's *Mrs. Warren's Profession;* Peter Shaffer's *Black Comedy.* Both run thru 12/30. The Cubiculo, 414 W 51st (279-9321).

Approaching Zero–Thom Thomas's play, based on Georg Kaiser's *The Gas Trilogy.* Tues thru Sun, thru 12/23. $5. La Mama, E.T.C., 74a E 4th St (475-7710).

Are You Now Or Have You Ever Been–Eric Bentley's play of the Hollywood witch-hunt of the 50s, directed by John Bettenbender. With Jerry Ver Dorn, David Barker, Benjamin Bettenbender, and Robert Nichols. Promenade Theater, Bdway at 76th (799-7690).

Black Medea–Vinnie Burrows stars in Ernest Ferlita's play, directed by Glenda Dickerson. Fri thru Mon, thru 12/17. $2.50. Henry St Settlement, 466 Grand St (766-9334).

OUT ON A LIMB

Christopher McCann stars in Sam Shepard's **Buried Child,** which was so good off-off-Broadway that they moved it to off-Broadway. It's now at the Theatre De Lys, 121 Christopher Street (WA 4-8782), Tues thru Fri at 8; Sat at 6 & 10 p.m. Sun at 3 & 7:30 p.m.

Cartoons for a Lunch Hour–A new musical by Loften Mitchell and Rudy Stevenson, with a company of 22 and an orchestra of seven. Perry St Theater, 31 Perry St (255-7190).

Choices–Adapted by Patricia Bosworth from the works of Colette, Joan Didion, Sylvia Plath, and Virginia Woolf, among others. Thurs thru Sun, thru 12/17. $3.50. Basement Space, American Place Theater, 111 W 46th (247-0393).

Colonnades Rep–Louis Phillips's *The Ballroom in St. Patrick's Cathedral* alternates with Moliere's *In Spite of Himself.* Colonnades Theater Lab, 428 Lafayette St (228-6640).

Cops–A play by Terry Curtis Fox, directed by Richard Schechner, set in an all-night diner in Chicago. Tues thru Thurs at 8:30, thru 1/4. $5. Performing Garage, 33 Wooster St (966-3651).

CSC Repertory–Shakespeare's **Hollow Crown Trilogy**—*Richard II, Henry IV,* Parts I & II, in rotating repertory thru 12/31. Tues thru Fri at 8; Sat at 7 & 10:15 p.m.; Sun at 3 & 7 p.m. CSC Repertory, 136 E 13th St (677-4210).

The Cup of Fury–Roland Wolf's play about Soviet treatment of Jewish and other minority citizens. 12/11-14, 16, 18-21. $5. Henry St Settlement, 466 Grand St (766-9334).

The Diary of Anne Frank–A revival of the Goodrich/Hackett play, with Eli Wallach, his wife Anne Jackson, and their two daughters, Roberta and Katherine. From 12/19. Theater Four, 424 W 55th (246-8545).

The Disposal–William Inge's drama, directed by Kathylee Hart. Thurs thru Sun at 8, thru 12/17. $3.50. Little Theater, 5 W 30th (564-0692).

Double Bill–James Pashalides's *Albert* and *Loose Ends,* directed by Dan Plucinski. 12/13-17, $3. AMDA Studio One, Hotel Ansonia, 2109 Bdway at 73rd (757-0076).

Double Bill–August Strindberg's *Playing With Fire,* and David Crawford's *Plumage.* Thurs thru Sat at 8; Sun at 3. Thru 12/23. $3.50. Provincetown Plyhse, 133 McDougal (777-2571).

Drama Committee Repertory–Stephen Crane's *The Blue Hotel* & *The Monster,* Sun, 5 & 8 p.m. Mon & Tues, 8 p.m. thru 12/31. Oscar Wilde's *Lady Windemere's Fan,* Fri & Sat at 8, Sun at 2. Thru 12/31. $3. 17 W 20th (929-8377).

Family Business–Dick Goldberg's play about infighting in a suburban Boston Jewish family is a fog of melodrama occasionally pierced by a ray of something resembling truth. Much of the violence stems from the revelation that one of the four loving but internecinely embattled sons is a homosexual. The acting of a cast of six is remarkable. Tues thru Fri at 8; Sat 7 & 10; Sun 3 & 7. Astor Place Theater, 434 Lafayette St (254-4370).

The Fantasticks–Musical based on the Rostand play, in its zillionth year and the end is not in sight. Has spawned plenty of on-Bdway talent. Tues thru Fri at 8 p.m. Sat at 7 & 10; Sun at 3 & 7:30. Sullivan St Playhouse at Bleecker (OR 4-3838).

The Flying Doctor–Moliere's play, adapted and directed by Gary Beck. 12/14-16, 21-23, 28-30, 1/4-6, 11-13, at 8 p.m. $3. Sidewalks Theater, 152 W 42nd St, 12th floor (450-9381).

4th Wall Rep–Joan Harvey's *In the Beginning.* Thurs thru Sat at 8 p.m. $3.50. *Off the Wall,* comedy-satire revue, Thurs thru Sat at 11:30 p.m. $2.50. Truck and Warehouse Theater, 79 E 4th St (254-5060).

Frankenstein's Rib–A new play about you-know-whom by Georgina Tolson. Thurs thru Sat at 7; Sun at 4:30. $4.50. 18th St Playhouse, 145 W 18th (861-7981).

The Friday Bench–Mario Fratti's play, directed by Richard Mason. Curtain time is 1:15 p.m. Tues thru Fri, thru 12/22. Bring your lunch. $1.50. Hotel Diplomat Mezzanine, 108 W 43rd (221-9088).

Gulliver's Travels–William M. Hoffman's version with music and lyrics by John Braden, directed by John Vaccaro. Thurs thru Sun at 7:30, thru 12/24. Free. La Mama, 74a E 4th St (475-7710).

The Halloween Bandit–Mark Medoff's drama, starring Paul Hecht and directed by J. Ranelli. Thru 12/17, Thurs and Sat at 8; Sun at 2 & 5:30. $3. Jewish Repertory Theater, 344 E 14th (674-7200).

Helen–Book by Lucia Victor with music and lyrics by Johnny Brandon, directed by Danny Holgate. Thurs thru Sat at 7:30; Sun at 3 p.m. thru 12/17. AMAS Rep, 1 E 104th (369-8000).

The Hollow–An Agatha Christie mystery comedy-melodrama. Thurs thru Sat at 8; Sun at 3 p.m. thru 12/17. $3. Meat and Potatoes Theater, 58 W 39th (391-2346).

Homebodies–Michael McClure's *The Button* and Nicholas Kažan's *Family Life,* directed by James Milton. Thurs thru Sun, thru 12/17. At 8 p.m. $2.50. Theater for the New City, 162 Second Ave (254-1109).

The Incredible World of Magic & Illusion–Richiardi, master of illusion, stars in an excellent and entertaining revue featuring a cast of expert magicians from all parts of the world. Tues thru Thurs at 8 p.m.; Fri & Sat at 7:30 & 10 p.m.; mats Sat & Sun at 3. Village Gate, 160 Bleecker (473-7270).

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AROUND TOWN

The Inheritors–A Yiddish production of Sholem Aleichem's play. Folksbiene Playhouse, 123 E 55th (755-2231).

In the Recovery Lounge–A comedy by James Farrell, directed by Marshall W. Mason. Tues thru Fri at 8; Sun mat at 3, thru 12/31. Circle Repertory, 99 Seventh Ave So (924-7100).

Jimmy & Billy–A new musical about the presidential family by David I. Levine and Pat Curtis. Tues thru Fri at 8; Sat at 7 & 10; mat Wed at 2 & Sun at 3 p.m. Westside Theater, 407 W 43rd (541-8394).

Keep An Eye on Amelia–A comedy by Feydeau, directed by Andres Castro. Fri thru Sun at 8 p.m. Thru 12/17. $3. West Side Repertory, 252 W 81st (666-3521).

The Knight of the Burning Pestle–Beaumont & Fletcher's satire featuring a play within a play, directed by Michael Bloom. Thurs thru Sat at 8 p.m. Sun at 5 p.m. Thru 12/24. $3. N.Y.T.E., 62 E 4th St (477-4120).

Long Day's Journey Into Night–Eugene O'Neill's play, directed by Sonia Moore. Thurs thru Sat at 8; Sun at 2 p.m. thru 1/17. $6. Greenwich Mews Theater, 141 W 13th St (755-5120).

Muhammad Ali, Wait For Me–A new play with film, directed and written by Maurice Kamhi. Fri & Sat at 10:30; Sun & Mon at 7:30. Thru 12/18. $3. 18th St Plyhse, 145 W 18th St (242-3900).

The Native Bird–Ron McLarty's comedy, directed by Peter Maloney. Thru 12/17. $3. Cubiculo, 451 W 51st (265-2138).

Nocturne–A jazz concert dream play by Saul Zachary, directed by Licia Colombi. 12/13-17. $3. Production Company, 249 W 48th (691-7359).

Olympic Park–A memory play by Myrna Lamb set in the 1940's in Newark. Thurs thru Sat at 8; Sun at 3 p.m. Thru 12/24. $3. Interart Theater, 549 W 52nd (279-4200).

One & One–An old-style musical by Richard O'Donnell, Fred Bennett, and Dianne Adams, directed by Jim Payne. Tues thru Sun. Carter Theater, 250 W 43rd (391-1880).

Pal Joey–Revival of the Rodgers & Hart musical comedy, directed by J. Sean Kalliel. 12/14, 15, 16, at 8 p.m. $4. University Theater, 35 W 4th St (598-3067).

The Passion of Dracula–A totally new version of the Count's adventures (vastly preferable to the on-Broadway version), by Bob Hall and David Richmond. Peter Bennett directs. Tues thru Fri at 8 p.m. Sat at 7 & 10 p.m. Sun at 3 & 8 p.m. Cherry Lane Theater, 38 Commerce St (989-2020).

The Penny Arcade Peep Show–An avant-garde group from Belgium, Le Plan K, performs W. S. Burrough's work, Wed thru Sun at 8 p.m. thru 12/17. $5. Westbeth Theater, 151 Bank St (691-2272).

Permission to Swallow–A work-in-progress by Donna Jewel, directed by Kim Rosen. Wed thru Sat at 8 p.m. Thru 12/16. $3. West-Park Theater, 165 W 86th (877-1671).

Pins and Needles–Revival of the 40-year-old musical revue by Harold Rome. Cast with members of the ILGWU, it ran from 1937 to 1941. Tues thru Sat at 8; mats Wed, Sat & Sun at 2 p.m. Thru 12/17. Roundabout/Stage One, 333 W 23rd (924-7160).

Porno Stars at Home–The great Leonard Melfi's play relates problems and conflicts of a group of porno stars whose lives are at a crossroads. With Alan Brooks, Jody Catlin, Justin Deas, Tara Tyson, and Meg Wittner. Courtyard, 39 Grove St (765-9540).

Returning–Written by Martin Zurla, directed by William Rolleri. Thurs thru Sun at 8 p.m. Thru 12/17. Title Theater at Westbeth, 155 Bank St (924-7790).

Romance–An evening of comic one-acts by Tom Topor. 12/15, 16 at 8 p.m. $3. Riverside Church, 120th & Riverside Drive (864-2929).

Royal Court Rep–Strindberg's *The Creditors* and *The Stronger*, 12/11-14, at 8 p.m. *Serious Business*, a revue, 12/15, 16, 17, at 9 p.m. Royal Court, 301 W 55th (997-9582).

Sacraments–A new play by Jo Ann Tedesco, directed by Robert Nigro, deals with an Italian-American girl's conflict with her upbringing. Theatre St Peters, 346 W 20th (929-6920).

Serious Stage Co. Rep–Strindberg's *Easter*, Fri & Sun at 8 p.m. Strindberg's *The Three Cuckolds*, Thurs and Sat, thru 12/31. $4. Drama Ensemble Theater, 108 Wooster St (674-4239).

Shelley–A musical protrait, written & directed by Morna Murphy, lyrics by P.B. Shelley, music by Ralph Martell. Fri, Sat & Sun at 8 p.m. $3. Royal Court Repertory, 301 W 55th (997-9582).

Shelter West Rep–*Friends*, Kobo Abe's play, directed by Michael Kolba and Atsumi Sakato. Wed thru Sun, thru 12/17. *Peaceable Kingdom*, William Packard's play, directed by Edward Rubin. Sat thru Tues, thru 12/19. $3. Shelter West, 15 Vandam St (675-0498).

Shipping Out: Games of Chance on the High Seas–Comedy with orchestra by Medicine Show and Stephen Policoff, music by Donald Johnston. Wed thru Sat at 8 p.m. thru 1/6. Newfoundland, 6 W 18th (255-4991).

The Suicide–American premiere of Nikolai Erdman's 1932 Russian farce, directed by Robert O'Rourke. Fri thru Sun at 8, mats Sat at 2, thru 12/17. $3. Festival Theater, 277 Park Ave So (799-9282).

13th St Repertory–Israel Horovitz's *Line*, Thurs & Fri at 7:30, Sat at 10 p.m. Horovitz's *The Indian Wants the Bronx*. Sun at 9:30. Alan Rossett's *Double Dreamburger*, Thurs & Fri at 10; Sat at 7:30. Brother Theodore entertains, Sat at midnight. *Success!*, a musical by Steven Matay, Sun thru Tues at 7:30. 13 St Theater, 50 W 13th (741-9282).

A Thread of Scarlet–Richardson/Kasakoff play based on the love affair between Victoria Woodhull and Henry Ward Beecher. 12/14-17. $6. Encompass Theater, 168 W 48th (575-1558).

Three–Neil Cuthberg's *Buddy Pals*, Peter Maloney's *Bicycle Boys*, and Susan Naus's *Playing Dolls*. Wed thru Sun at 7:30, Sun mat at 3 p.m. Thru 12/23, Ensemble Studio, 549 W 52nd (279-4200).

Three Easy Lessons–John Calene's play about tennis, 12/11, 17, at 8 p.m. $3. Circle Rep, 99 7th Ave So (691-3210).

Three Places in Rhode Island–A trilogy by Spalding Gray and Elizabeth LeCompte. Fri thru Sun, thru 1/14. $4. Performing Garage, 33 Wooster St (966-3651).

Too Much Johnson–An 1894 American farcical comedy by William Gillette. Wed thru Sat at 8. Thru 12/16. $3.50. Little Church Around the Corner, 11 E 29th (679-7174).

Touching Bottom–Steve Tesich's three short plays about survival choices, with Harold Gould and Lois Smith. Directed by Robert Brink. Tues thru Sun. $9. American Place Theater, 111 W 46th (247-0393).

Troupe Repertory–Lillian Carlton's *A Cavalier Affair;* Louis Woertendyke's *Home for the Holidays*, thru 12/17. Andy Mulligan's *The Bitch;* Aldous Huxley's *The Gioconda Smile*, thru 12/21. Phone for times. $3. The Troupe, 335 W 39th (244-9699).

The Umbrellas of Cherbourg–Revival of the Michael Legrand musical, directed by Andrei Serban. From 12/19. Public Theater, 425 Lafayette St (677-6350).

Vanities–Three girls from Texas grow old but not up. Jack Heifner's attractive and nicely observed play covers familiar ground *(The Group, Grease, etc.)*, but Garland Wright's coiled-spring direction of a three-member cast (Sally Sockwell, Cordis Heard, Patricia Miller) gives the work cogency and wit. Westside Theatre, 407 W. 43rd St (541-8394).

What You Gonna Name That Pretty Little Baby?–Conceived and directed by Vinnette Carroll, choreography by Talley Beatty. 12/13-31. $3. Urban Arts Corps, 26 W 20th (924-7820).

Windfall Apples–Roma Greth's comedy-drama by Anita Khanzadian. 12/14-18, 26-31. $3. I.R.T., 120 W 28th (243-7494).

You Touched Me–By Tennessee Williams and Donald Windham, based on a short story by D.H. Lawrence, directed by Marvin Kahan. Thurs thru Sat at 8 p.m. Sun at 5 p.m. thru 12/17. $3. TRG Theater, 60 E 8th (LT 1-2900).

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NIGHTCLUBS

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Applause–40th St & Lex. Restaurant club, with singer-pianist Ann Lebeaux holding forth Mon thru Sat from 8 p.m. (687-7267).

The Balalaika–300 E 24th. Russian nightclub-restaurant. Singer Emil Gorovets and other Russian entertainers start their stuff at 9 p.m.; Fri & Sat at 9:30 and midnight. Dancing to instrumental trio. Closed Mondays (532-9297).

Barbizon Plaza Library–6th Ave, betw 58th & 59th. Lively discotheque, open Mon thru Fri, 4:30 p.m. to 3 a.m.; Sat, 9 p.m. to 3 a.m.; Sun, 8 p.m. to 2 a.m. (Cl 7-7000).

Brandy's II–84th & York. Supper club of wood, brick, and Commodore Hotel fixtures. Touch dancing nightly (879-5299).

Cachaça–403 E 62nd. Mirrors, dining at marble-topped tables, dancing, potted palms, gray velvet Chesterfield sofas (688-8501).

Catch a Rising Star–1487 1st Ave. Continuous entertainment by comics and singers Tues thru Sun, with steadies Pat Benatar and David Sayh (794-1906).

La Chansonnette–890 Second Ave. Rita Dimitri performs Monday thru Saturday. The Chansonnette Trio plays for dancing nightly (PL 2-7320).

Chateau Madrid–48th St & Lex. Thru 12/31, "Latin Fire," a fantasy revue, at 9:30 & midnight; Sat at 8:30, 11:30 & 1:30. Closed Mon (PL 2-8080).

Club Ibis–151 E 50th. Egyptian decor, international cuisine, and a lively revue with chorus girls and specialty acts. Showtimes Mon-Fri, 9:30 & midnight. Sat, 8:30, 11:45 & 1 a.m. Disco dancing until 4 a.m. Closed Sun (753-3471).

Comic Strip–1568 Second Ave. Restaurant, comedy spot with an improvisational entertainment. Sun thru Fri, fun starts at 9; Sat at 9 & 12:15 (861-9386).

Copa-Disco–10 E 60th. Huge dance floor with much light and sound. Fri & Sat only, 10 p.m. to 4 a.m. (755-6010).

Cotton Club–666 W 125th. "Chocolata Comes to the Cotton Club," by Ed Bullins & Mildred Kayden. Wed thru Mon (exc. Sun) at 10 & 12:30 p.m. Disco dancing to the music of the Cotton Club Orchestra. Showcase every Tuesday. (MO 3-7980).

Dangerfields–1118 First Ave. Comedian-impressionist David Frye thru 12/16, at 9:30 & 11:30. Joe Masiell arrives 12/18. Talent shows from 9:30, Sundays (593-1650).

David K's Aquarium Lounge–1115 Third Ave. Singer/pianist Hugh Shannon here nightly Wed thru Sun from 9 p.m. thru 2 a.m. (371-9090).

Dionysos–304 E 48th. Stelios, a band for Greek dancing. Elena Voulgari entertains nightly. Interesting decor, and international cuisine (758-8240).

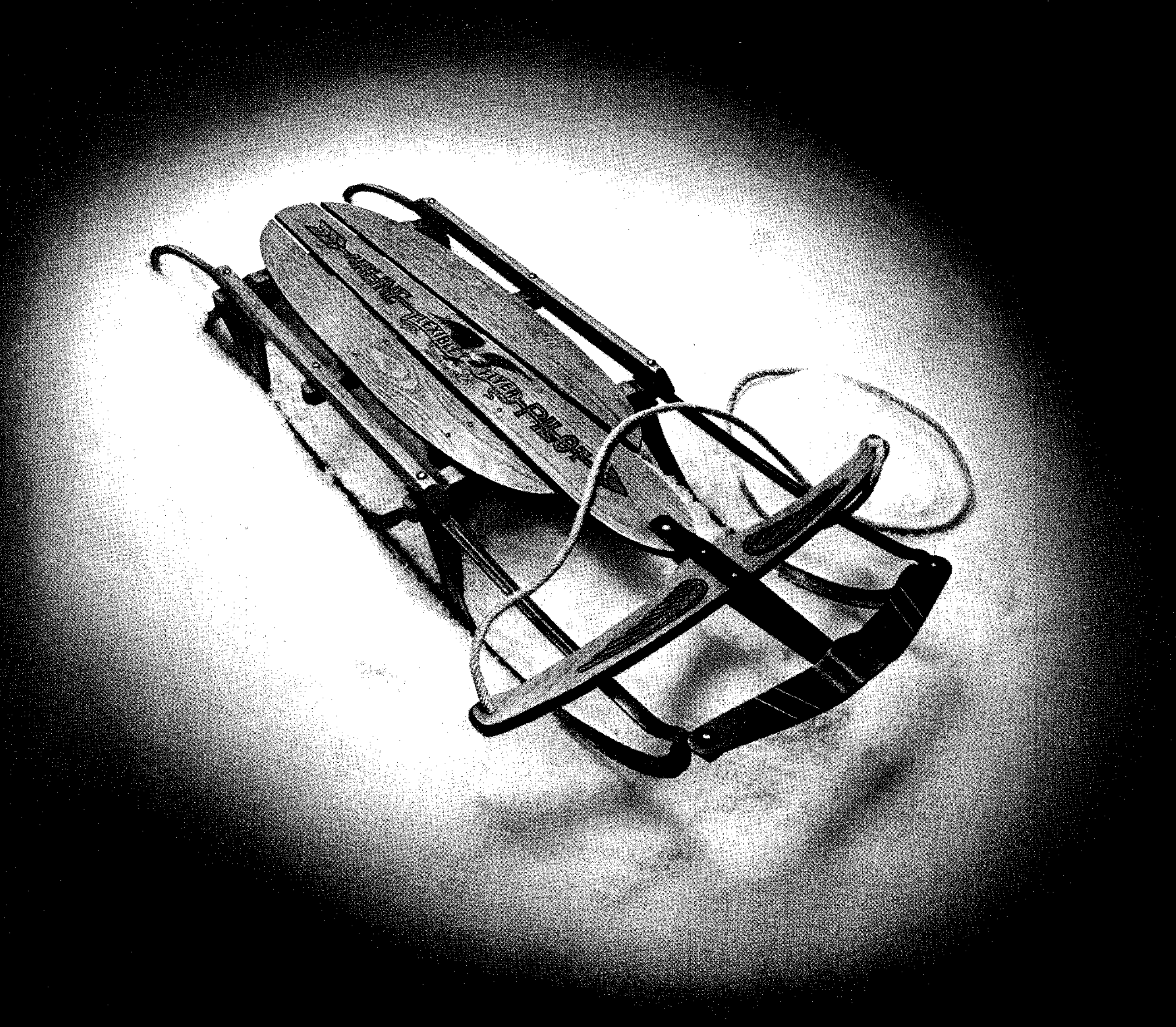
El Sultan–151 E 50th. Looks like a harem and features four belly dancers and a Middle Eastern band in continuous performances from 9 till 4 a.m. Closed Sundays (753-3429).

Hippopotamus II–405 E 62nd. An attractive place with a fireplace, an English club atmosphere, and a fine chef. Disco-dancing from 10 to 4 a.m. nightly (486-1566).

Improvisation–358 W 44th. Comics and singing waitresses all night long, seven days a week; food; total informality (765-8268).

Jimmy Weston's–131 E 54th. Singer-pianist Glen Covington & his trio, thru 12/31, nightly (exc. Sun) at 10 midnight, and 2 a.m. The Tommy Furtado Trio plays Mon thru Sat, and the Bernie Leighton Quartet, Sun & Mon evenings (838-8384).

Mamma Leone's–239 W 48th. Lavish cuisine with continuous entertainment by singers and guitarists and accordionists (JU 6-5151).



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CELANESE

AROUND TOWN

Les Maryeurs–Madison at 77th. Terry Hammond entertains, Tues thru Sat, 8:30 p.m. to 1 a.m. (628-3333).

Once Upon a Stove–325 Third Ave. Singing waiters & waitresses, & Fri & Sat, dancing, cheek-to-cheek, to the Randy Corts Combo from 8 p.m. to 2 a.m. (683-0044).

L'Oubliette–2 W 55th. Soul French discotheque with fine music and atmosphere (265-1595).

Playboy Club–5 E 59th. In Lainie's Room: 12/11-23, Lana Cantrell. In the Cabaret: 12/15-17, Serendipity Singers (840-7494).

Rainbow Grill–65th floor, Rockefeller Plaza. *Viva! Viva!* a revue with seven chorus girls and five chorus boys. Thru 12/31. Between & after shows—Disco-dancing to a light show (PL 7-8970).

Rainbow Room–65th floor, Rockefeller Plaza. Exquisite, enormous dining and dancing room, with a view of the entire world, almost. Sy Oliver and his orchestra nightly, except Monday (PL 7-9090).

Reflections–40 E 58th. Attractive bi-level discotheque, open Fri & Sat from 10 to 4 a.m. (MU 8-3365).

Le Refuge–309 E 83rd. Charming French dining place with live baroque guitar and harp music, nightly, from 7 p.m. (UN 1-4505).

Roseland–239 W 52nd. Enormous ballroom open for dancing Wed & Fri from 5:30; Thurs & weekends from 2:30. American & Latin bands, with Ruben Hernandez officiating at the disco's midnight sessions, Wed, Fri & Sat (247-0200).

Shepheard's–Park Ave & 56th. Disco dancing continuously on the glass floor. Hi Lads and A Lass at 9:30, 11:30 & 1:15 a.m., early show at 9 p.m. Fri & Sat (421-0900).

Sirocco–29 E 29th. Greek-Israeli nightclub starring Aris San, a disco dance band, The Siroquettes (a chorus line!), & other ethnic entertainment. Closed Mondays (683-9409).

Stork Club–112 Central Park South. Perhaps the most elegant room for dining and dancing in the city. Horace Diaz and his quartet supply dance music Mon thru Sat 8:30 p.m. til 1:30 a.m. (581-7080).

THE HOTEL ROOMS

Biltmore, 43rd St at Madison (687-7000, ext.424). **Under the Clock:** The Phillips Brothers, with drums and piano, from 8 p.m. to 1 a.m. Mon thru Fri. **Cafe Fanny:** Curtis Sisters play Mon thru Fri 6 to 11 p.m.

Carlyle, Madison Ave & 77th (744-1600). **The Cafe:** thru 12/31, Bobby Short plays Tues thru Sat at 9:45 & 11:30. **Bemelmans Bar:** Pianist Barbara Carroll here thru 12/31.

Hilton–53rd & 6th Ave (JU 6-7000) **Kismet Lounge:** Singer/pianist Karen Brown here from 6 p.m. to midnight Thurs thru Mon. An alternate pianist entertains on Tues & Wed.

Pierre, 5th Ave & 61st St (838-8000). **The Cafe:** A very ritzy joint, and the trio that plays for dancing is also worth listening to. The reason: seven-string guitarist Bucky Pizzarelli, who leads a trio Tuesdays thru Saturdays, playing ballads and swingers and an occasional Django Reinhardt meditation. Tues thru Sat, 8:30 to 12:30 a.m. A pianist takes over Sunday and Monday.

Plaza, Fifth Ave at 59th (PL 9-3000). **Edwardian Room:** Dance music by the Roger Stanley trio, Tues thru Sun from 6:30 p.m. to 12:30 a.m.

Sheraton, 55th & 7th Ave (247-8000). **Sally's:** Turn of the century lounge-cabaret. Thru 12/16, New Life, featuring Joann Greco nightly, except Sun, from 9:30 to 1:30 a.m. 12/18-1/6, Strawberry. **The Falstaff Room:** Singer-pianist Judy Keithley, 5 to 10 p.m., Mon thru Fri. And from 10 p.m. to 1 a.m. singer/pianist Jennifer Scott.

Sherry-Netherland, 781 Fifth Ave (EL 5-2800). **Le Petit Restaurant:** pianist/composer/arranger Earl Rose plays from 8 to 1 a.m.

St. Regis Sheraton, 5th Ave & 55th (PL 3-4500). **Old King Cole:** Continuous dinner/dance music, Ray Hartley, pianist, Mon thru Fri, 5:30 to 8 p.m. The Peter Duchin Quartet headed by pianist Bob Page, 8 p.m. to 1 a.m., Fri & Sat, 9 p.m. to 2 a.m.

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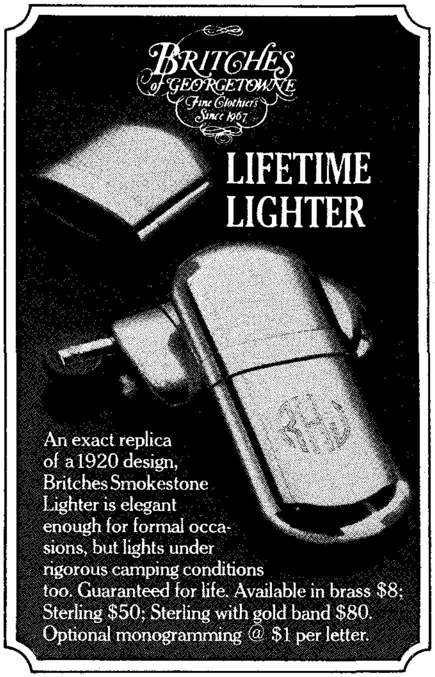
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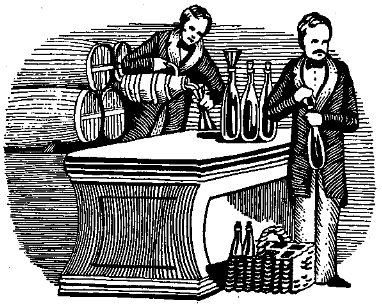

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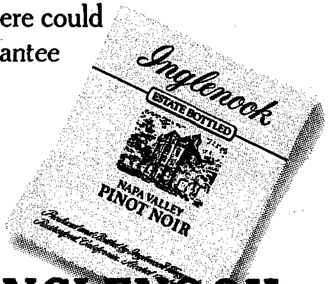

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AROUND TOWN

UN Plaza, 44th & First Ave (355-3400). **Ambassador Lounge:** Greenhouse with muted lights is the setting for Dick Hankinson at the piano, Mon thru Fri. Sun, 6-midnight, pianist Earl Rose.

Waldorf-Astoria, 49th St & Park Ave (355-3000). **Peacock Alley Lounge:** Cole Porter melodies played on his own piano, Tues thru Sat, 7:30 to 12:30 a.m. by pianist Jimmy Lyon.

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Ali's Alley–77 Greene St. On Monday nights, Jaki Byard, a bustling, brilliant pianist-arranger-bandleader, fronts the Apollo Stompers, a roiling 17-piece band with singers and a tap dancer who does "Take the A Train" (226-9042).

Arthur's Tavern–57 Grove St. On Monday nights, 9:15 until 1 a.m., this cozy neighborhood bar rings with the vigor of amateur Dixieland; in its 18th year, it's the longest running gig in New York, and always packed. Mable Godwin at the piano Thurs thru Sat, 9:30 to 3:30 a.m. (CH 2-9468).

The Ballroom–458 West Bdway. 12/19-30, Larry Kert, at 8:30 & 10:30 p.m. (673-9121).

Beefsteak Charlie's–Fifth Ave & 12th St. Helen Humes's dazzling bright voice enhances blues and ballads with equal authority, and for her first appearance in the city in several months she'll be here 12/13-16 (490-7000).

The Bottom Line–15 W Fourth St. 12/11, 12, Kiki Dee and Tony Bird (228-6300).

Carnegie Tavern–165 W 56th. Jazz pianist Ellis Larkins, known for his crystal touch, lilting swing, enormous repertoire, and short sets, is well worth hearing. And he plays on possibly the best instrument in town, an August Foster piano. 8 to midnight (PL 7-9522).

Christy's Skylite Gardens–64 W 11th. Charming restaurant filled with plants, skylights, and music nightly (673-5720).

The Clubhouse–1315 Second Ave (at 69th). Steakhouse, with a tennis and golf motif, and jazz/blues/ballads singer and pianist Sandra Alexander entertaining nightly (628-0600).

Eddie Condon's–144 W 54th. The city's bastion of traditional jazz boasts a house band led by clubowner Red Balaban, and includes the patriarch of jazz trombone, Vic Dickenson. On Sundays, a young tenor saxophonist named Scott Hamilton leads his own band and does very nicely by the Ben Webster-Don Byas tradition (265-8277).

The Cookery–University Pl at 8th St. Alberta Hunter is fast becoming a landmark, having established herself as a near-permanent resident of this famous restaurant-boite. She sings standards and originals, and she's swinging and irreverent way beyond her 83 years. Rose Murphy, she of the chichichis, comes in on Sundays (OR 4-4450).

Coriander–314 E. 72 St. This cozy little restaurant is much enhanced by the presence of pianist-singer Joe Derise, a veteran charmer with an impeccable repertoire. He appears nightly from 10 p.m., with bassist Phil Leshin (794-2700).

Crawdaddy–45th St & Vanderbilt. Warren Vaché a trumpeter whose influences include the near-vibratoless lyricism of Beiderbecke and the labyrinthine melodies of bop, brings a trio in this genuine New Orleans restaurant beginning 12/18. Until then, you can still hear the great saxophonist Buddy Tate with *his* trio (687-1860).

Grand Finale–210 W 70th. Cathy Carpino here 12/11 at 10:30 p.m. 12/12-17, singer Julie Budd (362-6155).

Great Aunt Fanny's–340 W 46th. Pianist/singer Gladys Easter is currently celebrating her fourth year here and plays Wed thru Sat from 9:30 til closing. In the heart of the theater district (765-7374).

Gregory's–First Ave at 63rd. Mondays, this very handy bar with an exceptional juke box, presents Al Haig, one of the masters of modern jazz piano;

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AROUND TOWN

Chuck Wayne, the fleetest of bop guitarists, comes in on Tues, and his former partner in duets, guitarist Joe Puma, joins with pianist Hod O'Brien for the rest of the week. Alicia Sherman sings with them Wed thru Sun (371-2220).

Hors d'Oeuvrerie–One World Trade Center. Tues thru Sat, pianist Russ Kasoff from 4:30; the Al Gafa Trio, for dancing, from 9:30 until 1 a.m., alternating with Roger Ram. Sun, Roger May Trio, from 4 to 11:30. Mon, Russ Kasoff from 4:30, and Roger May Trio, 7:30 until 12:30 (938-1111).

Jazzmania Society–14 E 23rd. The atmosphere is unbeatable—it's a penthouse loft—and the jamming engaging. There are also musician lectures and swap nights—call for details (477-3077).

Jimmy Ryan's–154 W 54th. The electrifying trumpeter Roy Eldridge is at his second living room (eight years at the same stand), and is always worth a late night visit. He is at the helm of a quintet, with the expert drummer Eddie Locke, and plays and sings blues, cotton curtain items, ballads, and fiery swingers. Mon & Sun, Max Kaminsky, no slouch either, leads the band. Stan Gold Quartet, 5:30 to 8 p.m. on Fridays (664-9700).

Lone Star Cafe–Fifth Ave at 12th. Willie Nininger, a family group, 12/10, 11 & 14th. Also, Ernest Tubb sings less like the Singing Brakeman, Jimmie Rodgers, than an unoiled brake, but it's a rugged, authentic Texas twang he brings to country music and New Yorkers will have a rare chance to hear it live on Dec. 14 (242-1664).

Los Madriles–236 W 52nd. Spanish food and George Montero who plays the synthesizer and sings Fri thru Sun, 9 p.m. to 4 a.m. (582-3193).

Michael's Pub–211 E 55th. Thru 12/30, pianist Dick Hyman, clarinetist Johnny Mintz, trumpeter Pee Wee Irwin, drummer Bobby Rosengarten, and Milt Hinton on bass—all play tribute to George Gershwin. Performances begin 9:15 with three sets nightly. On Mondays, Woody Allen indulges in wish-fulfillment with his clarinet (PL 8-2272).

Monsignore II–61 E 55th. Plush place with excellent service, a great chef, and strolling guitarist-singer Ricardo Roda entertaining Mon thru Sat from 6:30 (EL 5-2070).

Nickels–227 E 67th. Cozy ambience and good food. Customers can sing along with Jerry Scott at the piano, from 8:30 until closing (794-2331).

Oliver's–141 E 57th. English-type restaurant, with music nightly by singer/pianist Danny Deaver or Elaine Francis, from 6 p.m. to midnight (753-9180).

O'Lunney's–915 Second Ave betw 48th & 49th. Reasonably-priced eatery where you can dance and listen to country and western music, Mon thru Sat from 9; Sun from 8 is for bluegrass (751-5470).

Onde's–160 E. 48th. Supper club with split level room for dancing. The Michael Spavack band and pianist-singer Baba Motta perform from 7:30 on every night but Sunday (752-0200).

The Other End–149 Bleecker St. 12/12, 13, pianist Adam Makowicz, 9 & 11:30 p.m. during the week; 9 p.m. & midnight on the weekend. 12/14-16, John Herald; the Arlen Roth Band. 12/19, Grover, Margret, and ZaZu Zaz (673-7030).

Ponte's–39 Desbrosses St. Italian cuisine. Every night but Monday, Dino Palermo and his guitar plus strolling violinists Frank and Andy on Fri & Sat. Closed Sundays (CA 6-4621).

The Priory–224 E 53rd. Early American decor and food, plus the singer-pianist Don Tabor nightly except Sun, 9 p.m. to 1 a.m. (753-1090).

Red Blazer Too–1576 Third Ave nr 88th. Mon, Jazz A Cordes; Wed, the Lynn Oliver Swing Band; Thurs, the Sol Yaged Quartet; Tues, the New Orleans Nighthawks; Fri, Betty Comora, with John Bucher's Speakeasy Jazz Babies. Saturday Night Stompers on Sat (876-0440).

Reno Sweeney–126 W 13th St. 12/10, Ken Page at 9 & 11 p.m. & 12/11 at 11 p.m. 12/12-16, Judy Kaye at 11:30 p.m. 12/14-16 at 9 p.m., Jeree Palmer sings. Also, Zora Rasmussen sings here Sat nights at 12:55 a.m. (691-0900).

Sacred Cow–228 W 72nd. Lovely dining place. Ernie Kemm is at the keyboard nightly. Waitresses and waiters participate in the entertainment (873-4067).

AROUND TOWN

Seventh Avenue South–21 7th Ave So. Jazz nightclub. 12/12, 13, Janet Lawson Quintet. 12/14-17, Bernard Purdie. 12/19, 20, Cosmology. Music starts at 10 (242-4694).

StoryTowne–41 E 58th. Jazz bassist Ron Carter and his Quartet 12/13-16. Shows at 9:15 & 11:30 nightly; three shows on Saturday (755-1640).

Sweet Basil–88 7th Ave So. Dewey Redman, the tenor saxophonist who reflects the Texas stylings not of the swing era but of his mentor Ornette Coleman, has his own band thru 12/16; he's emotive, direct, and often sensuous (242-1785).

37th St Hideaway–32 W 37th. Music for dinner and dancing Tues thru Sat from 7 p.m. on by guitarists Peter Girardi & Alain Levy. Songs from 8 p.m. by Eugenia Sherman. Closed Sun (947-8940).

Top of the Gate–Bleecker at Thompson. 12/15, 16, 22-31, McCoy Tyner Sextet (GR 5-5120).

Tramps–125 E 15th. Rock singer Baby Jane Dexter 12/15, 16. Thurs at 9 & 11; Fri & Sat at 10 & midnight. Sun thru Wed, music & comedy showcase at 8:30 (260-0370).

Tre Amici–3rd Ave & 74th. Elegant setting and Italian cuisine. Charles De Forrest entertains nightly at the keyboard (535-3416).

Village Gate–Bleecker at Thompson. McCoy Tyner, probably the most influential pianist of the past 15 years, will bring his obsessively modal sextet in on 12/15, 16. On Tues, harpist Daphne Hellman leads a trio (GR 5-5120).

Village Vanguard–178-7th Ave So. Kenny Burrell's trio visits this cellar landmark thru 12/17, a chance to catch up with one of the most understated and lyrical of jazz guitarists. Thad Jones and Mel Lewis, whose big band has been a Monday night fixture for 10 years, is back in residence (255-4037).

West End Cafe–2911 Bdway nr 113th. This legendary adjunct to Columbia University has become a rotating festival of swing musicians. 12/11, Victor Lesser Quintet. 12/12 only, Jo Jones & Friends. 12/12-17, The Countsmen (666-8750).

Restaurants

Below, mini-reviews of restaurants recommended by our restaurant critics, who chose the restaurants independently and dined there anonymously. ***(S.B.)*** Seymour Britchky. ***(G.G.)*** Gael Greene. The code: **AE,** American Express; **CB,** Carte Blanche; **DC,** Diners Club; **MC,** Master Charge; **V,**Visa.

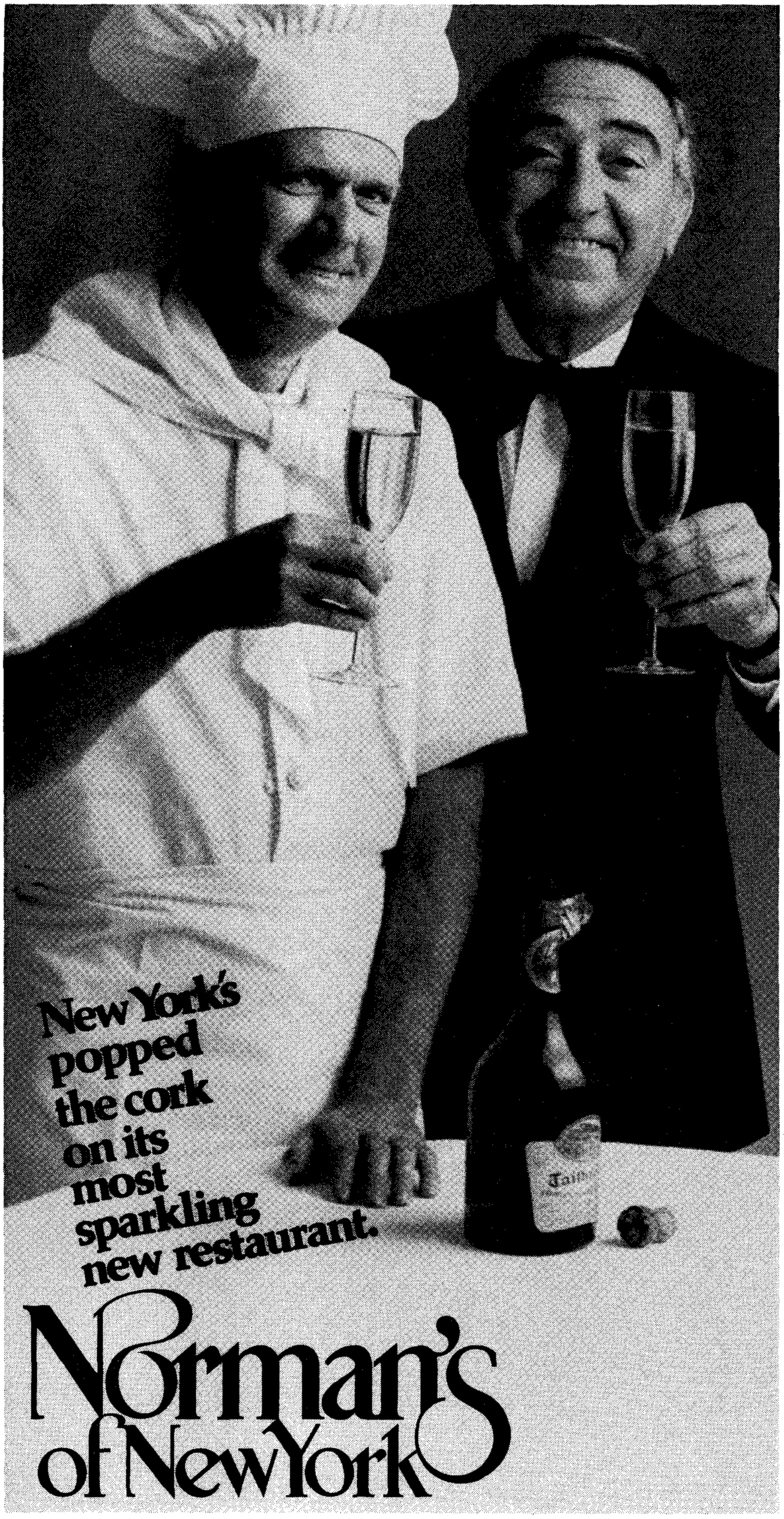
Highly Recommended

Auberge Suisse–Citicorp Bldg. 153 E 53rd. The setting is modern and cool, and it takes a crowd of diners to warm the place up. But the Swiss food—of sparkling ingredients—is handsomely presented and vividly flavored. The escargots Café de Paris is a wondrous dish dominated by herbs, brandy, and browned Swiss cheese. Mon thru Fri noon to 2:30 p.m. & 5 p.m. to 10 p.m.; Sat noon to 4 p.m. & 5 p.m. to 10 p.m.; Sun noon to 9 p.m. Dinner entrées $7 to $12. AE CB DC MC V (421-1420). *(S.B.)*

Dimitri–152 Columbus Ave nr 66th. New to bustling Columbus Avenue, this unfussy bistro offers modest prices and surprisingly good, eclectic food—a little French, a little Greek, a little Italian. Daily 11:30 a.m. to 3 p.m. & 5 p.m. to 1 a.m. Dinner entrées $5 to $9. AE CB DC MC V (787-7306) *(G.G.)*

Gage & Tollner–372 Fulton St, Bklyn. The most elaborate seafood menu in the city is available in this carefully preserved nineteenth-century relic. There are great rows of huge arched mirrors, well-worn mahogany tables, and ancient chandeliers within which, on winter nights, gas flames flicker in century-old fixtures. The clam belly broil is understandably legendary. Mon thru Fri 11:30 a.m. to 9 p.m.; Sat 4 p.m. to 11 p.m. Dinner entrées $6 to $23. AE DC MC V (875-5181). *(S.B.)*

La Gamelle–59 Grand St nr West Broadway. Gutted, stark, and stagy, this new SoHo spot is promptly packed with the colorful "bohemians" of that blooming quarter. Straightforward French food interpreted in high flavor. The blackboard menu changes from day to day. Tues thru Sun noon to 3 p.m. & 6 to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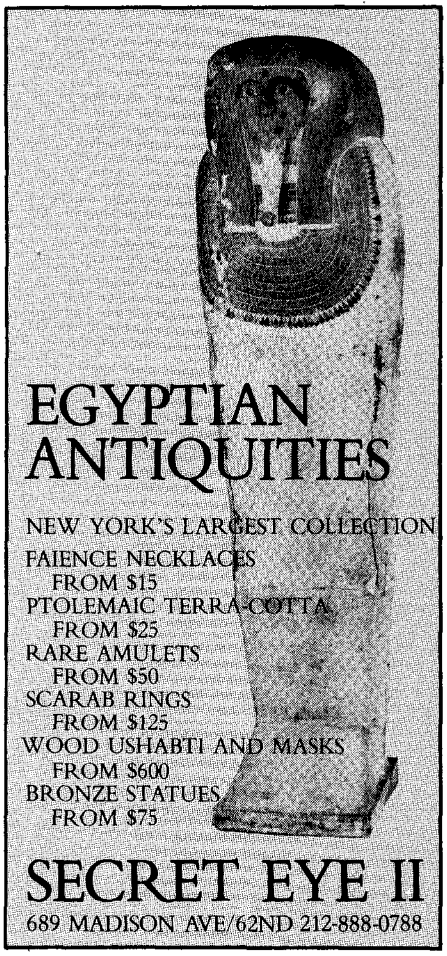

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midnight; Mon 6 p.m. to midnight. Dinner entrées $7.50 to $8.75. No credit cards (431-6695). *(S.B.)*

La Metairie–189 W 10th. This, the best French restaurant in Greenwich Village, is tiny and rather relentlessly charming in the rustic manner. The dishes on the brief blackboard menu change regularly, and the well-prepared food varies from the sturdy to the elegant. Courtesy common here. *Apéritifs and wine only. Tues thru Sun seatings* at 7 p.m. & 9:30 p.m. Dinner entrées $9 to $12.50. No credit cards (989-0343). *(S.B.)*

Mon Paris–111 E 29th. A little hard on the eyes, what with crimson fleurs-de-lis of velvety flocking on the walls, but the good French country cooking has been placating the vast appetites of an addicted clientele for decades now. Regulars know to order the unlisted soufflés for dessert. Mon thru Sat noon *to 3 p.m. & 5 to 10:30 p.m. Dinner entrées* $7 to $14. AE MC V (683-4255). *(S.B.)*

La Petite Ferme–973 Lexington betw 70th & 71st. This is the best exponent of simple French cooking in town. The setting is of studied bucolic simplicity, with such accents as an ancient rake standing in a corner, plaid dish towels for napkins, doves in a cage. The mussel appetizer, with chopped red onions and a vinaigrette dressing, can inspire the *jaded, revive the forlorn. Mon thru Sat noon to 2:30* p.m. & 6 p.m. to 10:30 p.m. Dinner entrées $10 to $13. AE DC MC V (249-3272). *(S.B.)*

Takezushi–11 E 48th St. Sushi fans cheerfully wait for a seat at the counter to commune with these Japanese masters. Try the sea-urchin tuna, the bellyfish roe, the sea clam, and the celestial mackerel. It helps to have a familiar to help order in Japanese, but if you love the taste of the sea, almost anything you point to will be a pleasing mouthful. By the piece, 60¢ to $1, or order lunch at the table. Mon thru Fri noon to 3 p.m. & 5 to 10 p.m.; Sat 1 p.m. to 8 p.m. Dinner entrées $6 to $12. AE CB DC MC V (755-6534). *(G.G.)*

Le Veau d'Or–129 E 60th. Contented crowds have been coming here for hearty French country cooking for decades, and the place seems hardly ever to change. Le Veau d'Or has the warmth of golden wood, of red leather, and of a contented and civilized clientele to whom fashions are merely fashions. Mon thru Sat noon to 2:30 p.m. & 6 p.m. to 10:30 p.m. Complete dinners $11.90 to $19 (838-8133). *(S.B.)*

Wonderful Settings

Ambassador Grill–United Nations Hotel, 1st Ave at *44th. Luxurious comfort in a setting of hard-edged* modernity, starkness and posh, marble floors and burgundy velvet, polished crystal and fresh flowers, and an overhead trompe l'oeil arrangement of glass and mirrors that recedes upward like an inverted glittering cascade. The food is mostly French, and the simpler dishes are very well prepared. Daily 7 a.m. to 11 a.m.; noon to 3 p.m. & 6 p.m. to midnight. Dinner entrées. $9 to $15. AE CB DC MC *V (355-3400). (S.B.)*

Box Tree–242 E 50th. This tiny restaurant is lovingly assembled, with an impeccable eye for ornament. It is like a dark jewel, bejeweled. The food is of French inspiration, but idiosyncratic and often superb. The vacherin—a hazelnut meringue filled with whipped cream and berries—may be the most sublime dessert in New York. Mon thru Fri lunch at 12:30 p.m.; Mon thru Sat dinner sittings at 6:30 p.m. *& 9:30 p.m.; Sun at 7:30 p.m. Prix-fixe dinner* $28.50. No credit cards (758-8320). *(S.B.)*

Nirvana–30 Central Park So. From this heavily adorned, fifteenth-floor Indian aerie one is afforded a panoramic view of Central Park. Much of the menu is standard fare, but there are several interesting rarities, including a spectacular lamb curry that is heavily laced with fresh spinach. Daily noon to 1 a.m. Dinner entrées $4.95 to $9.95. No credit cards (752-0270). *(S.B.)*

The Russian Tea Room–150 W 57th. The Tea Room is a glittering heterogeneity of things to eat, people to see, objects that adorn. It is intoxicating, even without its list of exotic vodkas. The food is splendid, most notably the blini—browned and fluffy buckwheat pancakes you wrap around sour cream and caviar. Sun thru Fri 11:30 a.m. to 12:30 a.m.; Sat 11:30 a.m. to 1:30 a.m. Complete dinners $8.75 to $18.75 AE CB DC MC V (265-0947). *(S.B.)*

Tavern on the Green–Central Park at W 67th. A fantasy glass pavilion dripping with Baccarat chandeliers and other magnificent excess from the irrepressible dream-merchant, Warner LeRoy. So far, no one has been able to get the kitchen to sparkle too, but the desserts are wonderful. Mon thru Fri noon to 4 p.m. & 5:30 to midnight; Sat 11 a.m. to 4 p.m. & 5:30 to midnight; Sun 10:30 a.m. to 4 p.m. & 5:30 to midnight. Dinner entrées $6.95 to $21. AE CB DC MC V (873-3200). *(G.G.)*

The "21" Club–21 W 52nd. Still the obligatory club where people love to be accepted, even though the food is basically boring. Mon thru Sat noon to 1 a.m. Dinner entrées $12 to $16. AE CB DC MC V (582-7200). *(G.G.)*

Nice and Inexpensive

The Big Kitchen–1 World Trade Center. This, the best-designed and handsomest fast-food enterprise in New York, is a wonderous joy. It's a collection of stands—deli, rotisserie, ice-cream-parlor, health-bar, soup station. Magnificent fresh oysters and clams, pasta with clam sauce cooked to order, good barbecued ribs, hand-shaped burgers, and fine croissants, and the same celebrated pastries served 107 stories up at Windows on the World—to eat now, or carry away. Mon thru Fri 7 a.m. to 7 p.m.; Sat & Sun 11 a.m. to 5 p.m. No credit cards (938-1153). *(G.G.)*

The East West Restaurant–105 E 9th. Health food à la Japanese, with an emphasis on vegetables, fish, and tempura cooking. You may bring your own beer or wine, but the chopstick-wielding young people who keep this simple place busy drink tea, mostly. Clapboard walls, hanging plants, and lots of long hair. Daily 4 p.m. to 11 p.m. Dinner entrées $3.50 to $7.50. No credit cards (260-1994). *(S.B.)*

El Tenampa–304 W 46th. By New York Mexican-restaurant standards, this small, homey, family-run establishment is highly experimental, even radical, for the menu goes well beyond tortillas and mole poblano. Some of the food is painfully hot, much of it is available nowhere else in New York, and almost all the dishes have the sprightliness of food just made. Bring beer. Mon thru Sat noon to 3 p.m. & 5 p.m. to 11:30 p.m. Dinner entrées $3.75 to $6. DC (840-9398). *(S.B.)*

Hee Seung Fung (HSF)–46 Bowery. The town's most splendid parade of dim sum. Point to what you want and pay by the dish. Don't miss the paper shrimp, crab claw, stuffed green peppers, vegetarian egg roll, and tiny ribs in black bean sauce. Big, bright, crowded. Takeout too. Daily 7 a.m. to midnight. Dim sum lunch 7 a.m. to 5 p.m. Dinner, also, noon to midnight. No credit cards (374-1319). *(G.G.)*

Sushiko–251 W 55th. Most Japanese restaurants in New York are frequented by Japanese businessmen. The whole family comes to this one. Sushiko has one of the best and most educational sushi bars in town, offering such rarities as abalone, salted Japanese eel, and tuna stomach. The less exotic meat dishes are good, too. Simple surroundings. Mon thru Fri noon to 3 p.m. & 5:30 p.m. to 12:30 a.m.; Sat & Sun 5 p.m. to 12:30 a.m. Dinner entrées $3 to $8. AE CB DC (974-9721). *(S.B.)*

Ukrainian Restaurant–140 Second Ave nr 9th. The place is as straightforward as its name; the decor is knotty-pine roadhouse ballroom; and the food ranges from solid to hefty, including a hot borscht that is tart and earthy. The servings are immense so you will not mind the absence of interesting desserts. The waitresses wear folk blouses. Mon thru Thurs 5 p.m. to 11 p.m.; Fri 5 p.m. to midnight; Sat & Sun noon to midnight. Dinner entrées $3.50 to $4.25. No credit cards (533-6765). *(S.B.)*

Vincent's Clam Bar–119 Mott St. Liquor and seafood bars up front, plastic-topped tables in the back. Raw clams and oysters, steamed mussels and conch, and deep-fried soft-shell crabs and calamari make up most of the menu. The alternative sauces—medium and hot—are both very hot. Large portions or small. No desserts. A nuts-and-bolts restaurant. Mon thru Thurs 11:45 a.m. to 2:30 a.m.; Fri, Sat, & Sun 11:45 a.m. to 3 a.m. Dinner entrées $2.50 to $3.75. No credit cards (226-8133). *(S.B.)*

The Greats

The Four Seasons–99 E 52nd. Exciting, coldly elegant, rich, even strongly romantic. In the Bar Room, haunt of the literary set: grilled food, served quickly, and it's less expensive than the fare in the Pool Room. Bar Room: Mon thru Fri noon to 2 p.m. & 5 p.m. to 9:30 p.m.; Sat noon to 2 p.m. Dinner entrées $8.50 to $14.50. Pool Room: Mon thru Fri noon to 3 p.m. & 5 p.m. to 11:30 p.m.; Sat 5 p.m. to 11:30 p.m. Dinner entrées $12.50 to $18.50. AE CB DC MC V (754-9494). *(G.G.)*

Gloucester House–37 E 50th. A number of seafood restaurants in New York are reliable for their simple fish dishes. This is one of them. But this is the only such place that also serves good chowders and shellfish stews; vegetables that are crisp and fresh; light-as-air French-fried onion rings; and strawberry shortcake made with real biscuits and true whipped cream. Amazingly expensive. Handsome nautical decor. Daily noon to 2:30 p.m. & 5:30 p.m. to 10 p.m. Dinner entrées $10.50 to $21.50. AE CB DC MC V (755-7394). *(S.B.)*

Hunam–845 Second Ave nr 45th. This cacophonous, crowded roost of exquisitely assertive country cooking could become your favorite Chinese restaurant. The kitchen is often brilliant. Mon thru Thurs 11:30 a.m. to 11 p.m.; Fri & Sat 11:30 a.m. to 1 a.m. Dinner entrées $5.25 to $10.50. AE CB DC (687-7471). *(G.G.)*

Lutèce–249 E 50th nr Second. The French restaurant for serious gastronomes, run by a masterful, inventive owner-chef. Tues thru Fri noon to 2 p.m. & 6 to 10 p.m. Mon & Sat 6 to 10 p.m. Dinner entrées $16.50 to $17.25. AE (PL 2-2225). *(G.G.)*

Oyster Bar & Restaurant–Downstairs, Grand Central Station, Vanderbilt & 42nd. The atmosphere is cold and noisy, but the fish is almost always impeccably cooked, and there's a dazzling gathering of shellfish you can buy by the piece. Mon thru Fri 11:30 a.m. to 9:30 p.m. (last seating). Dinner entrées $4.95 to $11.95. AE CB DC MC V (532-3888). *(G.G.)*

The Palace–420 E 59th. French classics cooked to order. The closest experience to Michelin-three-star excess in America. In this, the most obscenely expensive restaurant in New York, the food is not merely good, it's dazzling. Mon thru Sat seating 6:30 p.m. thru 9:30 p.m. Prix-fixe dinner $80, but figure $300 for two, with wine. AE CB DC MC V (355-5150). *(G.G.)*

The Palm–837 Second Avenue nr 44th. It's rough, noisy, crowded, smoky, and it doesn't matter. The steak is great, the lobster is legendary. Mon thru Fri noon to 10:45 p.m.; Sat 5 p.m. to 11 p.m. Dinner entrées $7 to $24. AE CB DC MC V (687-2953). *(G.G.)*

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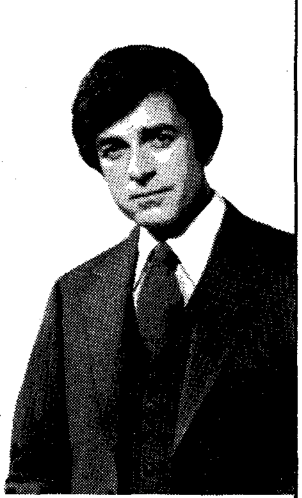

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AROUND TOWN

Shun Lee Palace–155 E 55th. The Hunanese dishes are peppery dynamite. Mandarin, Szechuan, and mild Cantonese cuisine too. Fancy service. If you're serious about Chinese food, say so and avoid the tourist treatment. Daily noon to 11 p.m. Dinner entrées $9 to $19; prix-fixe dinner $14. AE CB DC (371-8844). *(G.G.)*

Trattoria da Alfredo–90 Bank St at Hudson. Crowded, noisy, often booked days ahead, this food-establishment hangout does sublime things with vegetables, lush pastas, and a good fish soup. At times, sad to note, the waiters, normally sweetly manic, grow testy, if not arrogant, and even the kitchen sometimes sputters. Bring wine. Wed thru Sat noon to 2:30 p.m. & 6 p.m. to 10:30 p.m.; Sun 6 p.m. to 10:30 p.m. Dinner entrées $4 to $7. No credit cards (929-4400). *(G.G.)*

Uncle Tai's Hunan Yuan–1059 Third Ave nr 62nd. Uncle Tai's menu is a glorious defiance of Chinese-restaurant cliché. The food can be transcendent. Sun thru Thurs noon to 11 p.m.; Fri and Sat noon to 11:30 p.m. Dinner entrées $5.95 to $19.75. AE DC (838-0850). *(G.G.)*

Windows on the World–1 World Trade Center. The most spectacular restaurant in the world, 107 stories above New York. If the food is sometimes pedestrian, the views are so splendid you may not notice. Mon thru Fri 5 p.m. to 10 p.m. (last seating); Sat noon to 3 p.m. & 5 p.m. to 10 p.m. (last seating); Sun noon to 7 p.m. (buffet). Dinner entrées $10.75 to $17.95; prix-fixe dinner $19. AE CB DC MC V (938-1111). *(G.G.)*

SPECIAL EVENTS, CONCERTS, OPERA, SPORTS
EDITED BY GERARD KAVANAGH

Special Events

Family Jam '78, Entermedia Theater, 189 Second Ave. (475-4191). Ten days (12/15-24) of music, dance, magic, mime, theater, and other entertainments for the whole family. Call box office for specific information on events and performance schedule.

Christmas Carol Walk: Carolers will meet at Tenth & Washington Sts. (where song sheets will be provided) at 7:30 p.m. on December 13, and then proceed musically to W 10th St. between Fifth & Sixth Aves., where they will be joined by the Village Singers to celebrate the lighting of Renwick Row (228-9533).

Water Show, Bronx Community College Pool, University Ave. at W 181st St. (367-7300). Live disco music, fashion show, group synchronized swimming routines, and diving and scuba demonstrations: 12/15 at 7:30.

New York Experience, McGraw-Hill Bldg., Sixth Ave. between 48th & 49th Sts. (869-0345) Mon-Thurs 11-7, Fri & Sat 11-8, Sun 12-8.

Greek Cultural Festival, Queens Museum, New York City Building in Flushing Meadow (592-2405). Poetry reading, folk dancing, Greek music, and artifacts: 12/17 from 4 to 7.

Mummenschanz, Bijou, Bdwy at 45th St. (221-8500). Mon-Sat at 8, Wed & Sat at 2, Sun at 3.

Bronx Zoo, Pelham Pkwy. at Southern Blvd. (220-5100), Mon-Sat 10-5, Sun 10-5:30.

Holiday Crafts Fair, Ferris Booth Hall in Columbia University, Broadway at 115th St. (279-3400). Arts and crafts, music, dance, magic, food, gifts, mime, and more; 12/15-17 from 11 a.m. to 7 p.m.

Goodskates, Mineral Springs Building, northwest end of Central Park Sheep Meadow (535-1080). Daily 10 A.M.-7 P.M. Sales and rentals of roller skates for use in the 31 miles of paved walkways in the park.

John Curry's Ice Dancing, Minskoff Theater, 200 W 45th St. (869-0550), 12/19 at 8.

Beatlemania, Winter Garden Theater, 1634 Broadway (245-4878). Tues-Fri at 8, Sat at 2, 7 & 10, Sun at 2.

New York Aquarium, Surf Ave. at W 8th St., Bklyn (266-8500), Mon-Fri 10-6, Sat & Sun 10-7.

Concerts

Monday, December 11

Rudolf Serkin, piano, Carnegie Hall, at 8.

New York Philharmonic Educational Concert, Avery Fisher Hall, at 11 a.m.

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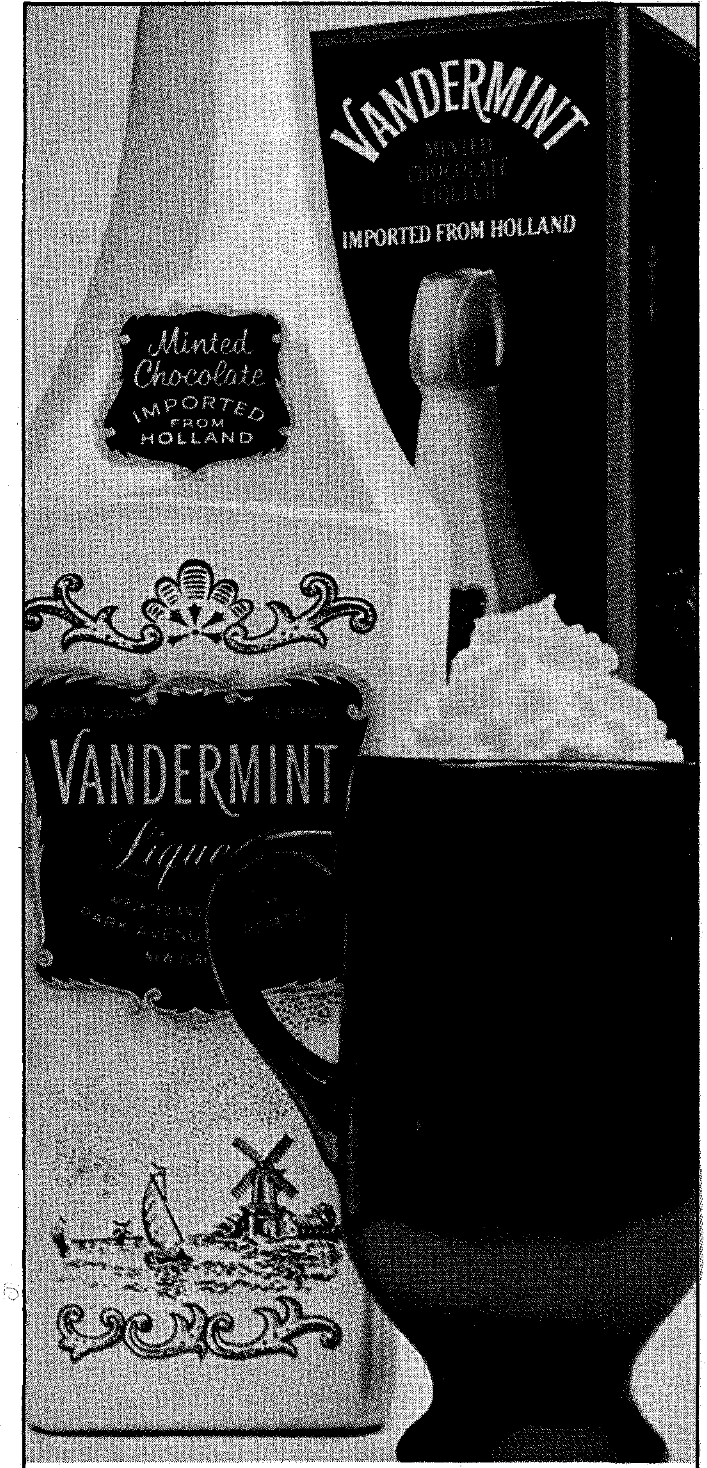

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AROUND TOWN

Folklorico Filipino, Avery Fisher Hall, at 8:30.
Ciompi Quartet, Bloomingdale House of Music, 323 W 108th St. (663-6021), at 8.
Christian Blackshaw, piano, Carnegie Recital Hall, 8.
American Composers Orchestra, Alice Tully Hall, 8.

Tuesday, December 12

New York Philharmonic, Avery Fisher Hall; Mstislav Rostropovich conducts, with Martha Argerich, piano. Works of Dvorak and Prokofiev, at 7:30.
Boston Pops Orchestra, Carnegie Hall, at 8.
Chamber Music Society of Lincoln Center, Alice Tully Hall, at 7:30.
Anton Kuerti, piano, 92nd St. Y, at 8.
Michael Boriskin, piano, Carnegie Recital Hall, at 8.
Gordon Cohen, piano/vocalist, Nola Sound Studios, 1780 Broadway (362-7307), at 8.

Wednesday, December 13

Boston Symphony Orchestra, Carnegie Hall; Colin Davis conducts, with Jessye Norman, soprano and John Shirley-Quirk, baritone. Works of Mozart and Mahler, at 8.
New Little Orchestra, Avery Fisher Hall, at 8.
Baroque Music Masters, 92nd St. Y, at 8.
Juilliard Student Concert, Alice Tully Hall, at 1.
Clarion Concerts, Alice Tully Hall, at 8:30.
German Caceres, oboe, Carnegie Recital Hall, at 8.
New World Consort, Sacred Heart Church, 457 W 51st St. (874-1371), at 7:30.

Thursday, December 14

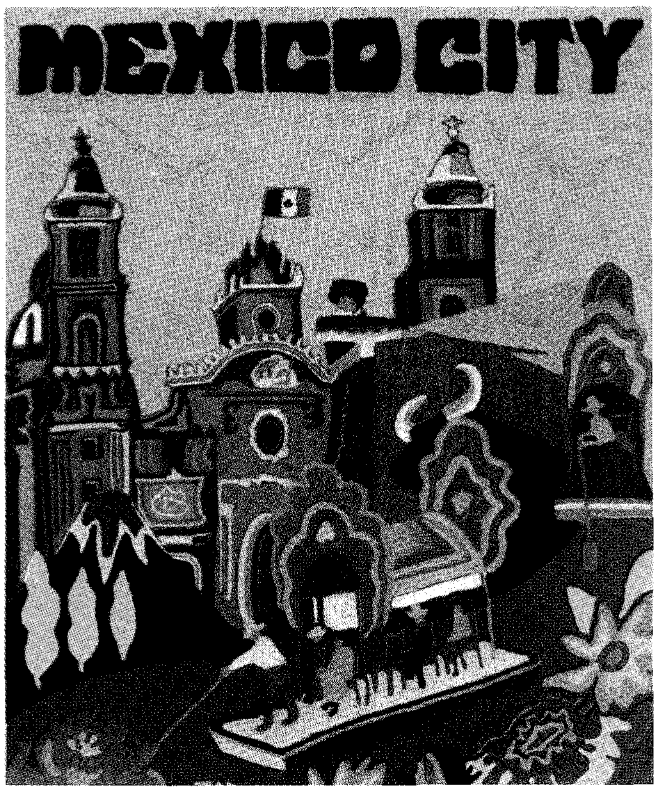
André Watts, piano, Alice Tully Hall, at 8.
Alvaro Pierri, guitar, 92nd St. Y, at 8.
Boston Symphony Orchestra, Carnegie Hall. Same program as 12/13, at 8.
New York Philharmonic, Avery Fisher Hall; Mstislav Rostropovich conducts. Works of Tchaikovsky and Shostakovich, at 8:30.
League-ISCM Concert, Carnegie Recital Hall, at 8.
Mannes College of Music Orchestra, Mannes College, at 8.
Susan Woodson, organ, Grace Church, Broadway at 10th St. (254-2000), at 12:30.

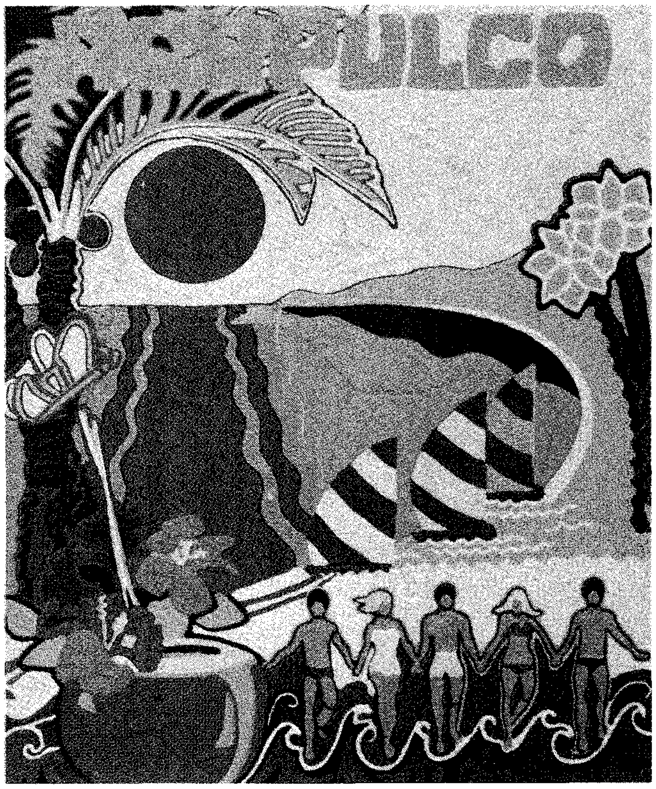
Friday, December 15

Iadone Consort, Metropolitan Museum, at 8:30.
New York Philharmonic, Avery Fisher Hall. Same program as 12/14, at 2.
Claudio Arrau, piano, Carnegie Hall, at 8.
Chamber Music Society of Lincoln Center, Alice Tully Hall, at 8.
Rut Rex, Carnegie Recital Hall, at 8.
Masterwork Chorus & Orchestra, Avery Fisher Hall, at 8.
Sam Rivers Quartet/Mike Nock, piano, Public Theater, at 10:30.
Christopher Reeve & Ensemble, Cooper Union Forum, Third Ave. at 7th St. (675-2616), at 8.
Village Singers & Sunday Brunch Co., St. Joseph's Church, Sixth Ave. at Washington Pl. (254-9703), 8.
Jean Kershaw, recorder & flute/**Natalie Ghent,** viola/**Robert Shaughnessy,** viol & guitar, Greenwich House Music School, 46 Barrow St. (242-4770), 8.
Theodore Lettvin, piano, Symphony Theater, Broadway at 95th St. (245-7760), at 8.
Brooklyn Philharmonia/Itzhak Perlman, violin, BAM Opera House, at 8.
Bronx Choral Society, St. Raymond's Church, Castle Hill & E. Tremont Aves. (822-4871), at 8.
English Chamber Music, Hunter College Playhouse, 68th St. between Park & Lexington Aves. (628-7000), at 8.
Jewish Music of Eastern Europe, ACIA, 28 E 4th St. (473-6072), at 8.
Christmas Cantata, Wellington Hotel, Seventh Ave. at 55th St. (582-5740), at 7:30.

Saturday, December 16

Brooklyn Philharmonia/Itzhak Perlman, violin, BAM Opera House, at 8.
Sam Rivers Quartet/Mike Nock, piano, Public Theater, at 10:30.
New York Philharmonic, Avery Fisher Hall. Same program as 12/14, at 8:30.
Cosmopolitan Symphony Orchestra, Avery Fisher Hall, at 2:30.
Gerald Busby, piano, Carnegie Recital Hall, at 2:30.





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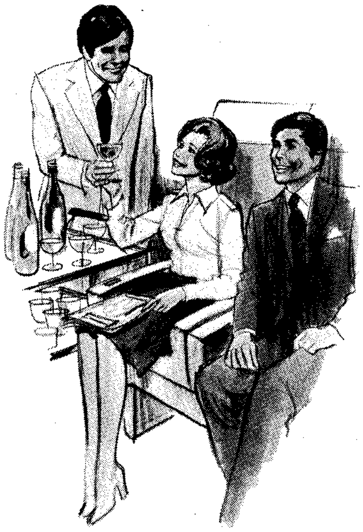

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Delphinapterus leucas, n., Latin for species of whale commonly known as belukha (bə-'lü-gə/ Russ. fr *belyi* white) or white whale. 1: World's largest aquarium specimen has length of 14½ ft. (4.42m), weight in excess of 2,000 lbs; 2: current habitat: Mystic Marinelife Aquarium; 3: nicknamed Canary of The Sea because of its distinctive, whistling vocabulary; 4: species exhibits tendency to overact, especially during public training sessions; 5: fond of people; 6: *loves* herring.

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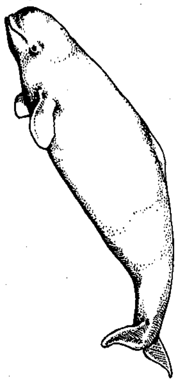

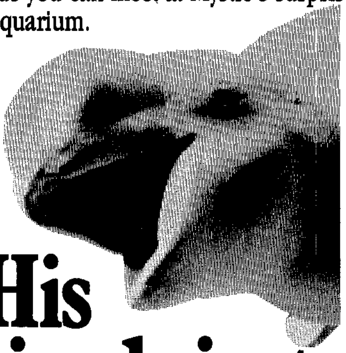

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AROUND TOWN

Ronald Farren-Price, piano, Carnegie Recital Hall, at 5:45.
Richard Sher, cello, Carnegie Recital Hall, at 8:30.
Western Wind, Alice Tully Hall, at 2:30.
Canticum Novum Singers, Alice Tully Hall, at 8.
Youth Symphony Orchestra of New York, Carnegie Hall; Robert Hart Baker conducts, with Kurt Nikkanen, violin. Works of Liadov, Prokofiev, Saint-Saëns, and Beethoven, at 3.
Youri Egorov, piano, Carnegie Hall, at 8.
Guarneri String Quartet, Metropolitan Museum, at 8:30.
Katherine Ciesinski, mezzo-soprano, 92nd St. Y, 8.
City College Chorus & Orchestra, Symphony Space, Broadway at 95th St. (690-5411), at 8.
Flamenco Music & Dance, ACIA, 28 E 4th St. (473-6072), at 8.
Phyllis Lynd Concert Party, Summit Hotel, Lexington Ave. at 51st St. (877-8233), at 8:30.
Bronx Symphony Orchestra, Bronx High School of Science, 205th St. & Jerome Ave. (365-4209), at 8:30.
Kalichstein-Laredo-Robinson Trio, Washington Irving High School, 16th St. at Irving Pl. (586-4680), at 8.
Hunter College Choir & Orchestra, Church of the Heavenly Rest, Fifth Ave. at 90th St. (570-5736), 8.
Aviva Players, WIA, 549 W 52nd St. (362-2277), at 3.

Sunday, December 17

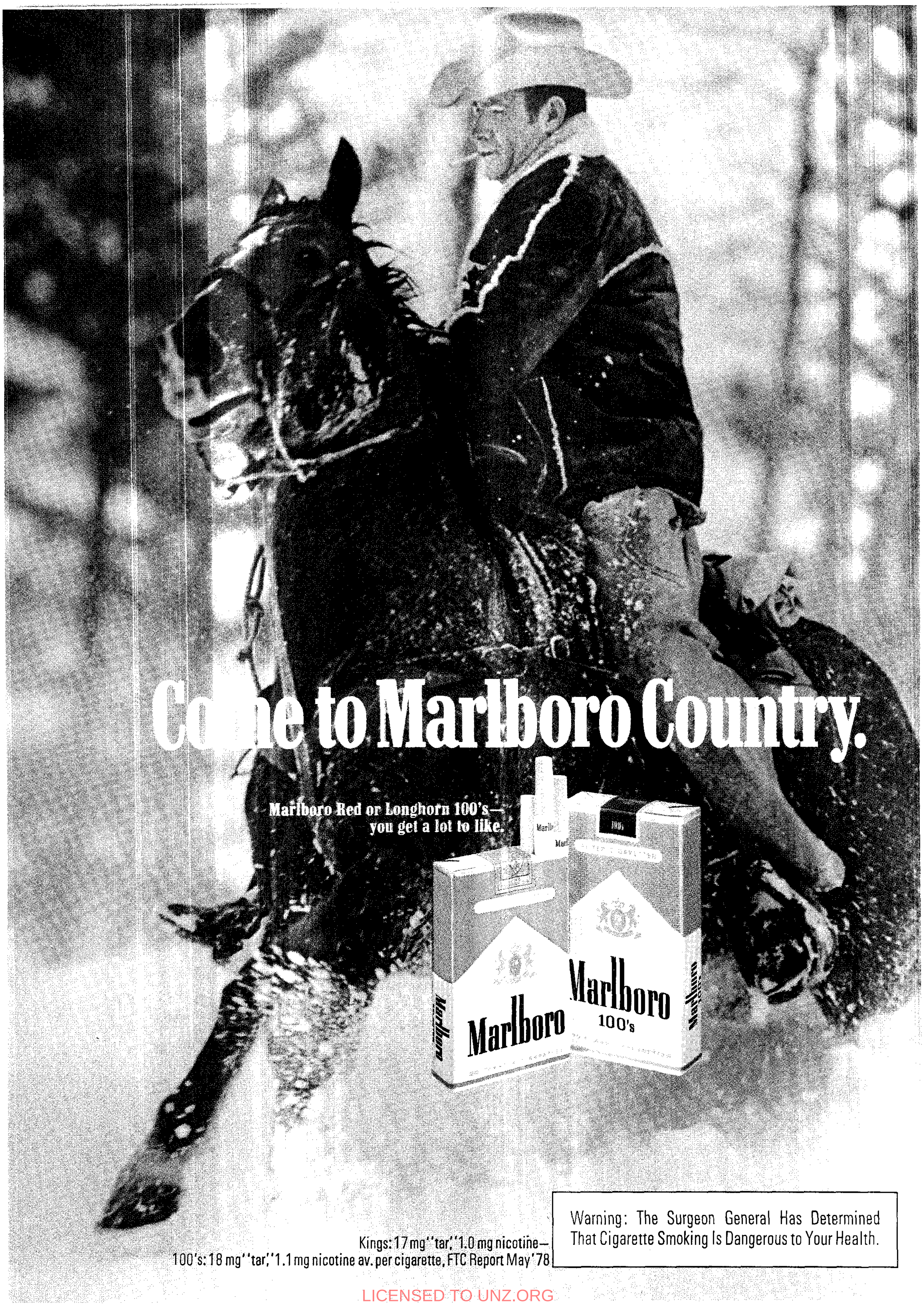
Sergiu Luca, violin, 92nd St. Y, at 8.
Chamber Music Society of Lincoln Center, Alice Tully Hall, at 5.
Brooklyn Philharmonia/Itzhak Perlman, violin, BAM Opera House, at 3.
Masterwork Chorus & Orchestra, Avery Fisher Hall, at 2 & 6:30.
Community Chorus & Orchestra, Grace Church, Broadway at 10th St. (254-2000), at 4.
Feis Winners Concert, Carnegie Recital Hall, at 2.
Domna Candido, piano, Carnegie Recital Hall, at 5:45.
Ars Nova Quartet, New York Botanical Garden (220-8700), at 4:30.
Michael Parloff, flute, Carnegie Recital Hall, at 8:30.
Chamber Music for Winds, Hunter College Playhouse, 68th St. between Park & Lexington Aves. (682-3900), at 3.
Carol Davidson, piano, Greenwich House Music School, 46 Barrow St. (222-1085), at 3.
Allison Brewster, piano, New-York Historical Society, CPW at 77th St. (873-3400), at 2:30.
Christmas Carols, Holy Trinity Lutheran Church, CPW at 65th St. (877-6815), at 4:30.
Rose Moscowitz, piano & **Jeff Ellenberger,** violin, Museum of the City of New York, Fifth Ave. at 103rd St. (534-1672), at 4.
Mozart on Fifth Avenue Trio, Queens Museum, NYC Building in Flushing Meadow (592-2405), at 2.
Third Street Music School Orchestra, Third St. Music School, 235 E 11th St. (777-3240), at 3.

Monday, December 18

Community Holiday Festival, Alice Tully Hall, at 11 a.m. & 1.
Aulos Wind Quintet, Alice Tully Hall, at 8.
Valerie Capers, Carnegie Hall, at 8.
Susan Belling, soprano, Manhattan School of Music, 120 Claremont Ave. (749-2802), at 8.
Music of James Tenney, Carnegie Recital Hall, at 8:30.
Hunter Symphony, Hunter College Assembly Hall, 69th St. at Park Ave. (570-5736), at 8.
Nieuw Nederlande Consort, Museum of the City of New York, Fifth Ave. at 103rd St. (787-0517), at 2.
Mr. Jack Daniels Silver Cornet Band, Avery Fisher Hall, at 8:30.
Van Zandt Ellis, piano, Circle Repertory Co., 99 Seventh Ave. South (691-3210), at 8.

Tuesday, December 19

Oratorio Society of New York, Carnegie Hall; Lydon Woodside conducts Handel's *Messiah,* at 8.
Community Holiday Festival, Alice Tully Hall, at 11 a.m. & 1.
Roxolano Roslak, piano, Alice Tully Hall, at 8.
Omar Mejia, piano, Carnegie Recital Hall, at 8.
Musica Sacra, Avery Fisher Hall, at 7:30.
Ceremony of Lessons & Carols, St. Vincent Ferrer Church, Lexington Ave. at 66th St. (744-2080), at 8.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Opera

METROPOLITAN OPERA
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A LOVELY PAIR

Luciano Pavarotti sings the role of Cavaradossi and **Shirley Verrett** is Tosca in the Metropolitan Opera's season premiere of Puccini's great work. Also in the cast is Cornell MacNeil (as Scarpia). James Conlon conducts Tito Gobbi's production. The sets and costumes are by Rudolf Heinrich. Wednesday, December 13, at 8 (580-9830).

Mon, 12/11 at 8: **Aïda** with Cruz-Romo, Troyanos, Lamberti, Wixell, Plishka, Cheek. Conductor: Patané; director: Dexter; designers: Reppa and Hall. Tues, 12/12 at 8: **Don Pasquale** with Sills, Bacquier, Gedda, Hagegard. Conductor: Rescigno; director: Dexter; designer: Heeley. Wed, 12/13 at 8: **Tosca** (See box). Thurs, 12/14 at 8: **Carmen** with Crespin, Mitchell, Chauvet, Devlin. Conductor: Patané; director: Igesz; designers: Svoboda, Walker & Reppa. Fri, 12/15 at 8: **Don Pasquale** (Same cast as 12/12). Sat, 12/16 at 2: **Aïda** (Same cast as 12/11). Sat, 12/16 at 8: **Tosca** (Same cast as 12/13). Mon, 12/18 at 8: **Don Pasquale** (Same cast as 12/12). Tues, 12/19 at 8: **Tosca** *(See box).*

OTHER

Amato Opera, 319 Bowery (228-8200). *Falstaff,* 12/15-16 at 7:30.

Brooklyn Opera Society, South Shore High School, Ralph & Flatlands Aves., Bklyn (789-6759). *La Bohème,* 12/16 at 8, 12/17 at 2.

Light Opera of Manhattan, 334 E 74th St. (535-6310). *Babes in Toyland,* 12/12 at 8:30, 12/13 at 2 & 8:30, 12/14-15 at 8:30, 12/16 at 4 & 8:30, 12/17 at 4, 12/19 at 8:30.

MUSIC DIRECTORY

Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave (636-4100).

Carnegie Hall and Carnegie Recital Hall, Seventh Ave at 57th (247-7459).

City Center, 131 W 55th (246-8989).

Jazzmania, 14 E 23rd St. (477-3077).

The Kitchen, 484 Broome St. (925-3615).

Lincoln Center: Alice Tully Hall (362-1911); Avery Fisher Hall (874-2424); Library-Museum (799-2200); Metropolitan Opera House (580-9830); New York State Theater (877-4727).

Madison Square Garden, Seventh Ave at 33rd (563-8000).

Mannes College of Music, 157 E 74th St. (737-0700).

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave at 82nd St. (744-9120).

Nassau Coliseum, Hempstead Turnpike, Uniondale, L.I. (516-794-9100).

92nd St. Y, at Lexington Ave. (427-6000).

Public Theater, 425 Lafayette St. (677-6350).

Dance

NEW YORK CITY BALLET
NEW YORK STATE THEATER

The Nutcracker: 12/12-14 at 6, 12/15 at 8, 12/16 at 2 & 8, 12/17 at 1 & 5, 12/19 at 6.

ALVIN AILEY AMERICAN DANCE THEATER
CITY CENTER

Tues, 12/12 at 8: new Sappington work; *Cry; Rainbow 'Round My Shoulder; Revelations.* Wed, 12/13 at 8: *Congo Tango Palace; Reflections in D; Toccata; Passage; Time Before the Time After; Suite Otis.* Thurs, 12/14 at 8: *Streams; Hermit Songs; Road of the Phoebe Snow; Revelations.* Fri, 12/15 at 8: *Gazelle; Time Before the Time After; Caravans.* Sat, 12/16 at 2: *Blues Suite; Coverage II; Sunrise. . .Sunset; Suite Otis.* Sat, 12/16 at 8: *Congo Tango Palace; Hobo Sapien; Toccata; Masekela Langage; Caravan.* Sun, 12/17 at 2: *Butterfly; Facets; Flowers; Suite Otis.* Sun, 12/17 at 7:30: *Suite Otis; Facets;* new Sappington work; *Revelations.*

JOSE LIMON DANCE COMPANY
CITY CENTER

Tues, 12/19 at 7: *Psalm; Figura; The Green Table.*

OTHER

Brooklyn Dance Theater, Brooklyn College (859-1180), 12/14-16 at 8, 12/17 at 3.

Choreographers Showcase, American Theater Lab, 219 W 19th St. (924-0077), 12/12 at 8.

Ritha Devi, Christ Church, 520 Park Ave. (988-7697), 12/15 at 7:30.

Mimi Garrard Dance Theater, 155 Wooster St. (674-6868), 12/17 at 2, 12/18-19 at 8.

Sally Gross, Studio Theater, 930 Lexington Ave. (570-5434), 12/13-14 at 8.

Anthony La Giglia Dance Theater, American Theater Lab, 219 W 19th St. (924-0077), 12/14-16 at 8, 12/17 at 3.

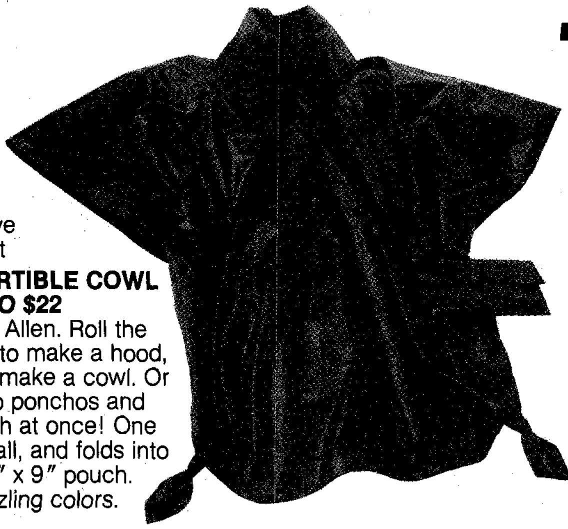
Evie Preston & Friends/Randy Penttila Dance Theater, Eden's Expressway, 537 Broadway (686-3374), 12/15-16 at 8.

Theater/Dance Associates, Richardson Dance Gallery, 242 E 14th St. (242-3900), 12/15-16 at 8:30, 12/17 at 3.

The Trust Co., The Kitchen, 484 Broome St. (925-3615), 12/13-16 at 8:30.

The Jean Wearhouse
(For people who give the

At Jean Wearhouse, an interesting phenomenon occurs during the holiday season. People who come in to buy gifts for other people discover all kinds of great things they'd like to be given themselves! So we devised a holiday checklist.



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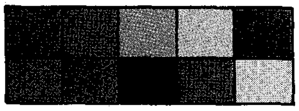

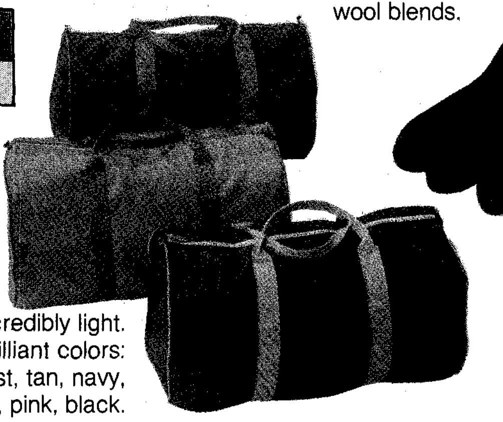

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By Kiffee. At 20″ x 12″ x 12″, it's roomy enough for a getaway weekend. At least! Waterproof, rugged, yet incredibly light. And it comes in an army of brilliant colors: earth, lemon, royal, forest, tan, navy, olive, pink, black.

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SOX! $3-$7
Knee-hi's by Bonnie Doon, in a variety of subtle solids, argyle patterns and tweeds. Soft acrylics, warm wool blends.

☐ To Give
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A NEW YORK ORIGINAL $7
Our very own design! That eye-grabbing skyline on a T of many assorted colors. Sizes (for men and women): S, M, L.

Wetzig Dance Co., NYU Loeb Center, 566 La Guardia Pl. (598-2027), 12/13-14 at 8.

Art

Galleries are open Tues-Sat from between 10 and 11 to between 5 and 6.
Art listings edited by Holly Pinto.

SOLOS

57th STREET

Pat Adams–Works on paper from 1954 to 1979, thru 1/6 Zabriskie, 29 W 57th (832-9034).

Isabel Bishop–Drawings and recent paintings, thru 12/30. Midtown, 11 E 57th (PL8-1900).

Mary Callery(1903-1977)–Large polychrome sculpture in welded steel, thru 12/30. Washburn, 42 E 57th (753-0546).

Rosemarie Castoro–Forest made up of three treelike structures, thru 1/3. de Nagy, 29 W 57th (421-3780).

Suzi Gablik–Seething webs of life in collage and paint, thru 1/5. Dintefass, 50 W 57th (581-2268).

Michael Isen–Polychrome objects including coatracks, boots, a plant on an oriental rug, thru 1/6. Frumkin, 50 W 57th (757-6655).

Jess—His "paste-ups" and "salvages," thru 1/6. Odyssia, 730 Fifth Ave (541-7520).

Henry Moore–Sculptures, drawings, and graphics, thru 12/16. Heidenberg, 50 W 57th (586-3808).

Gustavo Novoa–New oil paintings from his "Jungle Fables" series, thru 12/30. Findlay, 17 E 57th (421-5390). Mon-Sat 9:30-5:30.

George Segal–Slice-of-life environments, female figures in sparce settings, and pregnancy reliefs, thru 12/30. Janis, 6 W 57th (586-0110).

MADISON AVE & VICINITY

Romare Bearden–Collages from the 20s, thru 12/16. Ekstrom, 980 Mad Ave (YU8-8857).

Jake Berthot–New paintings and skull drawings, thru 12/9. McKee, 140 E 63rd (688-5951).

Emile Branchard/William Fellini–Two American primitives working in NYC in the first half of the 20th century, thru 12/23. Schoelkopf, 825 Mad Ave (TR9-4639).

Stan Brodsky–West Shore series, thru 12/23. Lerner-Heller, 956 Mad Ave (861-9010).

Otto Dix(1891-1969)–Drawings and watercolors, thru 12/16. Sabarsky, 987 Mad Ave (628-6281).

Will Howe Foote(1874-1965)–The Old Lyme School of American impressionism, thru 12/12. Lotus Club, 5 E 66th (391-0385).

John Soane/Paolo Soleri–Structures, including land bridges and landscape baubles, thru 1/6. Spaced, 165 W 72nd (787-6350).

SoHo

Tom Doyle–Large wooden sculpture to be entered and walked on, thru 12/30. SculptureNow, 142 Greene (966-3066).

***Dorothea Rockburne**–3D structural drawings on paper and vellum, thru 12/21. Weber, 420 Bdwy (966-6115).

Brian Wall–Balanced sections of steel plates, tubing, and chopped I-beams, thru 1/27. SculptureNow, 142 Greene (966-3066).

Margaret Wharton–Chairs, dissected and reassembled, thru 12/30. Kind, 139 Spring (925-1200).

OTHER

Antoni Tapies–Etchings and lithos, 1947-1977, thru 1/6. Spanish Institute, 684 Park Ave (628-0420). Mon-Sat 10-6.

GROUP SHOWS

57th STREET

Esman–29 W 57th (421-9490). Imaginary worlds by Aycock, Oldenburg, Steinberg, thru 1/6.

Hamilton–20 W 57th (765-5915). Small-scale sculpture by Bourgeois, Dusenbery, Todd, and Witkin, thru 12/30.

Kennedy–40 W 57th (541-9600). American masters from 1770 to the present, including Copley, Eakins, Marin, O'Keeffe, Whistler, thru 12/30.

Pace–32 E 57th (HA1-3292). The grid: its format and image in the 20th century by Klee, LeWitt, Mondrian, Nevelson, Samaras, Stella, and Frank Lloyd Wright, thru 1/20.

Pearl–29 W 57th (838-6310). American landscape watercolors from 1940 to the present by Dove, Marin, others, thru 12/23.

MADISON AVE & VICINITY

Carus–1044 Mad at 79th (879-4660). Two avant-garde views, the expressionist and the constructivist, including Kirchner, Nolde, Lissitzky, thru 12/16.

Ehrlich–28 E 74th (879-5052). Miniatures, maquettes, jewelry by Arman, Braques, Calder, de Chirico, LeWitt, thru 1/28.

Elements–766 Mad Ave (744-0890). A menagerie of beasts in all media, thru 1/6.

Graham–1014 Mad Ave (535-5566). 19th century America in small landscapes and drawings, thru 1/27.

Ingber–3 E 78th (744-3158). Furniture as art, thru 1/4.

Knowlton–19 E 71st (794-9700). American landscapes including Gillespie, McCoy, thru 12/30.

Stone–48 E 86th (YU8-6870). Abstract expressionists de Kooning, Gorky, Kline, Pollock, Leslie, thru 12/21.

SoHo

Artwear–409 W Bdwy (431-9405). 24 karat gold by 6 artists, thru 12/30.

Caldwell–383 W Bdwy (966-6500). Works on paper, an invitational with Barth, Diamond, Hart, Scotti, Zeniuk, thru 12/23.

OK Harris–383 W Bdwy (431-3600). Paintings by Bond and Morgan, sculpture by Chao and Macaulay, thru 12/30.

Hoffman–429 W Bdwy (966-6676). New works by Cole, Ferrer, LaNoue, Raffael, Schonzeit, thru 1/11.

Jewelweed–72 Thompson (431-6893). Jewels in silver and fantasy heads by Samuels, thru 12/31.

dual-purpose holiday checklist.
kind of gifts they also want to receive.)

See the perfect gift for someone you love? Check the "To Give" box. Something you'd love to receive? Check the "To Get" box. And if you want to see more, check out your nearest Jean Wearhouse. This season, we want everyone to be happy.

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WESTERN BELTS $7-12.50
Rugged leathers exquisitely tooled in geometric or floral patterns. The fashion belt of the season.

☐ To Give
☐ To Get
DISCO BAG $12
Of Brazilian sandalwood cowhide, by Westport, NYC. Includes a snap pouch, zip pouch and built-in mirror.

☐ To Give
☐ To Get
LEATHER JEANS $160
Glove-like fit in black or brown. European sizes 34-46. 16″ straight-leg bottom. From Sasson.

☐ To Give
☐ To Get
VELVETEEN JEANS $40
By Rolling International. The lush look and feel of velvet, only lighter. Less expensive, too. Sizes: 26-34. Colors: black, bordeaux, saddle.

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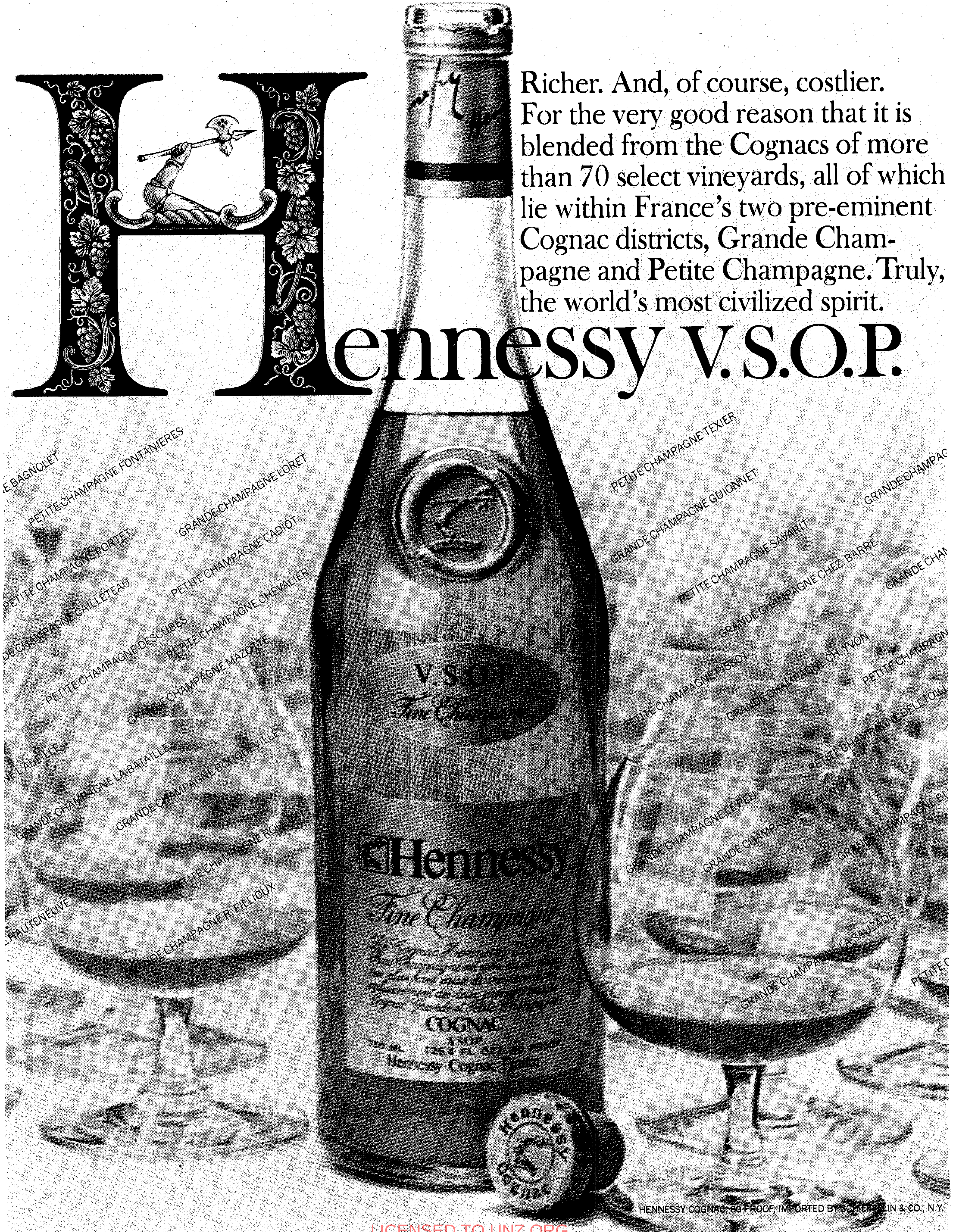
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OTHER

China Institute–125 E 65th (744-8181). Mon-Fri 10-5, Sat 11-5, Sun 2-5. The origins of Chinese ceramics, thru 1/28.

Hall of Science–Flushing Meadows, Corona Park (699-9400). Handicrafts by German artisans, thru 12/31.

***Mall of CUNY,** 33 W 42nd (790-4331). Mon-Fri 9-6. Black America on stage, including photos, posters, costumes, thru 12/8.

NY Public Library–at Lincoln Center, 111 Amsterdam Ave (790-6551). Mon & Thurs 10-8, Tues-Wed 10-6, Fri-Sat 12-6. Zero Mostel (1915-1977): paintings by him, Hirschfeld caricatures of him, photos and personal notes, thru 12/30.

NYU–Grey, 33 Washington Pl (598-7603) and Loeb Center 566 La Guardia Pl (598-2027). 20th-century European and American paintings from the Gallatin Collection/The Federation of Modern Painters and Sculptors from 1940 to 1978, including Barnett, Gross, Nevelson, thru 12/16.

Songwriters' Hall of Fame–One Times Square (221-1252). Mon-Sat 11-3. Song sheets, photos, memorabilia of America's popular songwriters.

Photography

Hilla and Bernd Becher/Deborah Tureville–Large industrial structures/Fashions, thru 12/30. Sonnabend, 420 W Bdwy (966-6160).

Margaret Bourke-White–A retrospective, including her last essay on American cities of the 50s and the 30s industrial compositions, Witkin, 41 E 57th (355-1461).

Manual Alvarez Bravo–Studies from the late 20s to the present, 12/13-2/4. Center for Inter-American Relations, 680 Park Ave (249-8950).

Serge Hambourg–People carrying things in black-and-white, thru 12/16. French Institute, 22 E 60th (355-6100).

Kodak–1133 Sixth Ave. (262-6170). Mon 12-5, Tues-Sat 9:30-5. *The Story of Christmas,* thru 1/7.

Andrea Kovacs–Body fragments, found objects, assembles, thru 12/22. Jackson, 52 E 57th (PL5-6778).

Robert Mapplethorpe–Recept photos and objects, thru 12/23. Miller, 724 5th Ave (246-1625).

Ben Martin–Marcel Marceau, onstage and in private, thru 12/30. Nikon House, 620 5th Ave (586-3907).

Prakapas–19 E 71st (737-6066). 19th-century views of Egypt, 12/12-1/13.

Aaron Siskind–Conceptual NYC, 1976-1978, thru 12/23. Light, 724 5th Ave (582-6552).

Museums

American Museum of Natural History, CPW at 79th St. (873-1300). Mon-Sat 10-4:45, Wed till 9, Sun 11-5. *Ice Age Art—Man's Earliest Masterpieces:* The Cro-Magnon artist's view of his world; thru 1/15. *The Making of a Dinosaur:* The process of restoring dinosaur fossils. *Unseen Flowers of the Desert:* Robert I. Gilbreath's photographs of the tiny flowers that grow in the arid American West; thru 2/28.

Brooklyn Museum, 188 Eastern Pkwy (638-5000). Wed-Sat 10-5, Sun 12-5. *Africa in Antiquity:* The arts of ancient Nubia and the Sudan; thru 12/31.

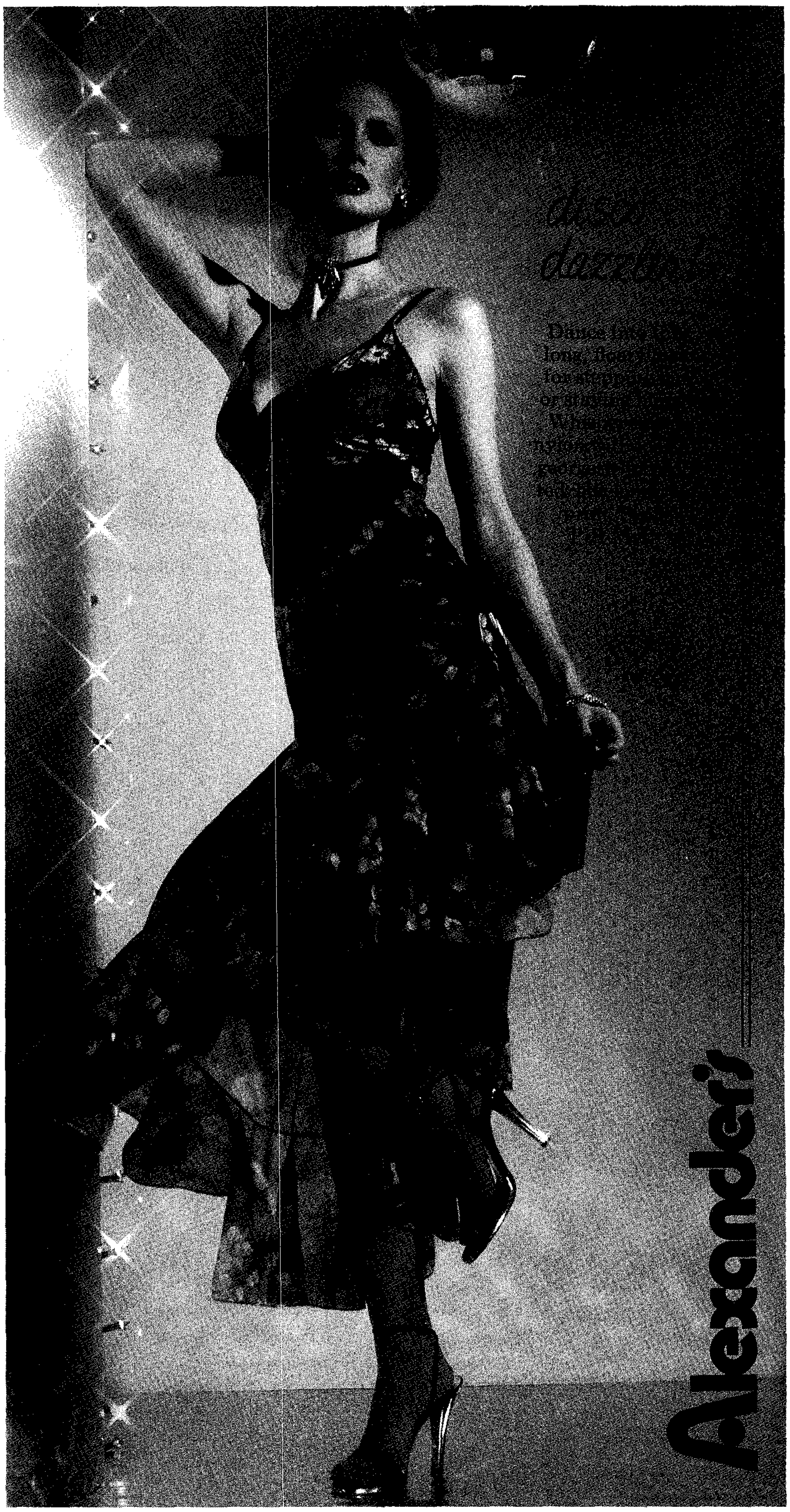
Cooper-Hewitt Museum, Fifth Ave. at 91st St. (860-6868). Tues 10-9, Wed-Sat 10-5, Sun 12-5. *Ornament in the 20th Century;* thru 1/7. *Vienna Moderne:* An exhibition of the arts of the Vienna workshops; thru 2/4.

Fraunces Tavern Museum, 54 Pearl St. (425-1776). Mon-Fri 10-4. *Sidewalk Superintendent:* A look at building in America from 1719 to 1830; thru 5/11.

Guggenheim Museum, Fifth Ave at 89th (860-1313). Tues 11-8, Wed-Sun 11-5. *Mark Rothko, 1903-70:* Retrospective including close to 200 of his paintings and works on paper; thru 1/14. *OMA—The Sparkling Metropolis:* Works on paper illustrating the London-based Office of Modern Architecture's plans to revitalize Manhattan; thru 12/17.

International Center of Photography, Fifth Ave. at 94th St. (860-1783). Daily, except Mon, 11-5. *Fleeting Gestures:* Photographs of the dance, from its classical form to the present state; thru 1/7.

Japan House–333 E 47th (832-1155). Mon-Thurs, Sat & Sun 11-5, Fri till 7:30. Folk art from Hokkaido to



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Okinawa, including ceramics, furniture, baskets, paintings, and sculpture, thru 1/7.

Metropolitan Museum of Art, Fifth at 82nd (535-7710). Tues 10-8:45; Wed-Sat 10-4:45; Sun 11-4:45. *The Print Collector in the Kitchen:* Works, dealing with food, by Rembrandt, Whistler, Boucher, and others; thru 1/7. *The Splendor of Dresden:* Over 700 masterpieces, spanning 500 years, from eight Dresden museums and including works by Titian, Rembrandt, Vermeer, Holbein, Velasquez, Rubens, and others; thru 1/14. *Georgia O'Keeffe by Alfred Stieglitz:* Fifty photographic portraits; thru 1/14. *Tribute to a Curator:* Outstanding paintings and sculpture acquired by the museum during the tenure of Robert Beverly Hale (1946-66); thru 3/4. The Temple of Dendur: In the Sackler wing. *Diaghilev:* Costumes and designs of the Ballets Russes; thru 6/30. *Fifteenth and Sixteenth Century Northern Drawings:* Works by Dürer, Grien, van der Weyden; thru 1/28.

Pierpont Morgan Library, 29 E 36th St. (685-0008). Tues-Sat 10:30-5, Sun 1-5. *The Classical Style in Rajput Painting:* Indian miniature painting from the 16th to the 19th century. *Music of Franz Schubert:* Autograph letters and manuscripts of his works. *Drawings Recently Acquired:* Works by Watteau, Dürer, Rembrandt, Ingres, and others. *John Bunyan and Pilgrim's Progress:* First editions of several of Bunyan's works. Thru 2/18.

Museum of American Folk Art, 49 W 53 St. (581-2474). Tues-Sun 10:30-5:30 and Thurs 6-8. A collection of 120 American samplers; thru 1/7.

Museum of the City of New York, Fifth Ave. at 103rd St. (534-1672). Tues-Sat 10-5, Sun 1-5. *Gold and Silver—Treasures of New York:* Over 400 pieces of decorative art; thru 4/29. *Katharine Cornell Remembered:* Photographs, costumes, audio-visuals, and memorabilia honoring the late American actress.

Museum of Holography, 11 Mercer St. (925-0526). Wed-Sun 12-6. *As We See It:* New holographic works representing the experiments of artists in dance, film, photography, poetry, and sculpture; thru 2/25.

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W 53rd (956-7070). Mon, Tues, Fri, Sat, Sun 11-6, Thurs 11-9. *Matisse in the Collection of the Museum of Modern Art:* Paintings, drawings, prints, sculptures, and cutouts of virtually every period in the great artist's career; thru 1/30. *Grain Elevators:* Photographs by Frank Gohlke; thru 2/4.

New-York Historical Society, 170 CPW (873-3400). Tues-Fri 11-5, Sat 10-5, Sun 1-5. *Moving in the City:* New permanent exhibition of the Society's collection of 19th-century carriages, stagecoaches, sleighs, and fire trucks. *Over Here:* Exhibition of World War I posters marking the 60th anniversary of the end of the war; thru 7/4. *The American Magazine and Others:* Representative American magazines from the 18th to the 20th century; thru 1/31.

Queens Museum, NY City Bldg., Flushing Meadow-Corona Park (592-2406). Tues-Sat 10-5, Sun 12-4. *Treasures of Cyprus:* Eight thousand years of Cypriot art, history, and culture, from the Neolithic age up to the mid-19th century; thru 12/17.

Studio Museum in Harlem, 2033 Fifth Ave. (427-5959). Tues-Fri 10-6, Wed 10-9, Sat & Sun 1-6. *The World of Bob Thompson:* Paintings by this artist; thru 1/7.

Whitney Museum, Madison Ave at 75th (794-0663). Tues 11-9, Wed-Sat 11-6, Sun 12-6. *Introduction to 20th-Century American Art:* Paintings, sculptures, and drawings by Calder, Nevelson, David Smith, Hopper, de Kooning, and Gorky. **Whitney Museum Downtown,** 55 Water St. (483-0011). Mon-Fri 11-3.

Sports

Jets, Shea Stadium (421-6600); vs. Dallas Cowboys, 12/17 at 1.

Giants, Giants Stadium, Meadowlands (201-935-8222). No home game this week.

Islanders, Nassau Coliseum (516-694-5522); vs. Los Angeles Kings, 12/12; At 8:05. vs. Detroit Red Wings, 12/14.

Rangers, Madison Square Garden (564-4400); vs. Los Angeles Kings, 12/13; vs. Boston Bruins, 12/17. At 7:35.

Knicks, Madison Square Garden (564-4400); vs. San Diego Clippers, 12/12 at 7:30; vs. Atlanta Hawks, 12/17 at 2; vs. Indiana Pacers, 12/19 at 7:30.

Nets, Rutgers Athletic Center (201-935-8888); vs. Atlanta Hawks, 12/15 at 8.

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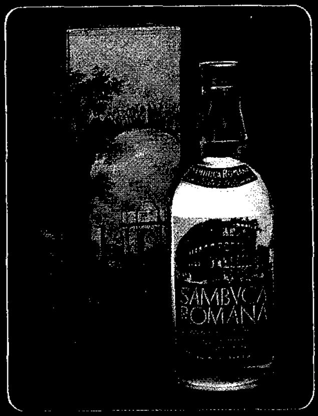
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New York

Who'll Save the Children?

By Nicholas Pileggi

> "...Some child-care agencies accumulated multi-million-dollar stock portfolios while spending as little as $2.96 a day to feed and clothe their wards..."

Who'll save the children? Certainly not New York City, even though it gives $300 million each year to private and religiously affiliated agencies to care for the homeless, abandoned, and neglected young.

Today, a scandal is about to explode which has virtually every social-service bureaucrat, elected official, child-care profiteer, and politically connected cleric looking for cover. These revelations about the way New York City looks after its homeless children are almost certain to replace the horrors of nursing homes as the city's latest municipal nightmare. The charges not only call into question the way tax dollars are spent for social programs but also go right to the heart of one of this city's least-reported little secrets—the power and influence of organized religion on the affairs of state.

Child care here has been the subject of much criticism over the years. But not until recently, with the completion of a series of audits and investigations into private and religiously affiliated child-care agencies—including those associated with such prominent groups as Catholic Charities, the Federation of Protestant Welfare Agencies, and the Federation of Jewish Philanthropies—has the full scope of financial malfeasance and abysmal care been brought to light.

So far, the investigators have found that some child-care agencies, because of the coziness that has developed between top city officials and members of the religious establishment, have virtually been granted a license to steal. Exorbitant administrative costs. Unconscionable medical and psychiatric fees. Payroll padding. Inflated salaries. Phony rental arrangements. Horrendous care for the children. All of these appear to be the norm. The timidity of bureaucrats when it comes to dealing with these abuses is easy to explain: Telephone calls and visits to City Hall and the Municipal Building by the likes of such august personages as Monsignor James J. Murray, the executive director of the New York Catholic Charities; Monsignor Robert Arpie, the director of Catholic Charities' child care; Joseph Gavrin, of the New York State Council of Voluntary Child Care Agencies; and Arnold Teitelbaum, the comptroller of Jewish Child Care Agencies have had such a chilling effect upon pension-savvy civil servants that some of the worst child-care agencies have gone unaudited for seven or eight years.

It is not so much the direct political clout of those involved with the day-to-day operations of the agencies as the whole aura of nobility that pervades their boards, with such prominent and influential members as former Police Commissioner Francis W. H. Adams, a board manager at Lincoln Hall; Menachem Shayovich, Governor Carey's special assistant and a vice-president of the Ohel Children's Home; Arthur D. Emil, a trustee for the Jewish Board of Family and Children's Services and Carey's former campaign treasurer; State Supreme Court Judge Joseph T. Sharkey, vice-president of the Angel Guardian Home; Appellate Division Judge Theodore R. Kupferman, a director of the Federation of Protestant Welfare Agencies; and even such media luminaries as WNET's chairman, John Jay Iselin, and CBS's sharp-eyed Mike Wallace, who are on the advisory council of the Children's Aid Society.

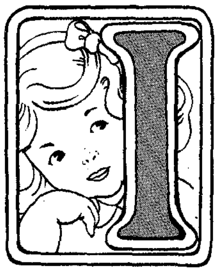
There are currently 90 private and religiously affiliated child-care agencies in New York, being paid $300 million in public money each year to care for 23,600 foster-care children—a per-capita rate twice as high as anywhere else in the nation. Almost all of the children involved have been abandoned, abused, or neglected by their natural parents or are so emotionally and physically handicapped that their parents could not cope with them, signing them over to the city.

"...One children's home, forced by authorities to close its doors, placed its 140 kids on buses and dropped them at the Port Authority at two in the morning..."

Audits, investigations, and analyses of the agency's reimbursement records on file with the Department of Social Services, Special Services for Children, show a system of pervasive mismanagement and greed. It is a system where some of the child-care agencies have purposely kept youngsters warehoused in foster-care institutions and homes years longer than necessary in order to continue to receive millions in government reimbursements. Others have exaggerated the physical and emotional handicaps of the children in their care—thus officially stigmatizing the children for life—in order to receive the additional revenue paid out to agencies dealing with problem children.

Because of the political power of the religious agencies involved, it is a system that has been so poorly monitored by the city and state that over the years many foster-care agencies—including St. Vincent's Hall, in Brooklyn; the Ottilie Home for Children, in Queens; and Spence-Chapin Services for Children, in Manhattan—have managed to accumulate multi-million-dollar stock portfolios from child-care operations: At the same time, they've spent as little as $2.39 a day to feed and 57 cents a day to clothe each of their children.

There have been such meager fiscal controls that one Sister of Charity, Cecilia Schneider, received $44,592 a year as the executive director of a foundling home, more than 50 percent higher than the allowable reimbursement rate. Part-time psychiatrists and psychologists, who rarely bother to account for the hours they work, are paid as much as $65,000 a year in city funds for seeing children as little as 30 minutes a year.



In addition to payments in excess of salaries and most of the other routine flimflams auditors invariably find, the child-care agencies have come up with a number of fascinating new scams. One of these gimmicks used to inflate their income has to do with private contributions they receive from well-known and well-meaning charitable organizations. The agencies list these contributions as loans, then bill the city for interest costs. Thus, the agency gets to keep the money donated while taxpayers unwittingly grant an additional "bonus."

"For instance," an auditor in Comptroller Harrison J. Goldin's office explained, "one of the agencies has a fund raiser and goes around holding dinners or sending out letters soliciting funds for their child-care institute. Instead of giving the money raised to the institute, however, the fund-raising committee 'lends' its own agency the money at a huge rate of interest, and while the 'loan' is not really meant to be paid back, the 'interest' on the loan, which keeps growing, is charged off to the city as a reimbursable item of child-care costs."

Despite all this, the city and state Departments of Social Services have been reluctant to take on the foster-care establishment. Even child-care agencies suspected of siphoning millions of dollars in government funds out of the mouths of their wards and into Swiss banks and Brazilian cruzeiros have not been very vigorously pursued. Suspicions were particularly aroused on January 24, 1976, when police revealed that they had arrested a holdup man who had apparently stolen $530,000 from a woman alleged to be a relative of an official of the Maimonides Institute in Far Rockaway, Queens, and Monticello, New York. Police said the woman had been carrying the money in a paper grocery bag and vinyl envelope and told them that she had withdrawn the money from two Manhattan banks in connection with a textile business she operated in Brazil. At the time of the robbery, Maimonides Institute was being investigated by the IRS in connection with $200,000 in back taxes, and local auditors suspected the institute of having overcharged the city and state $4.3 million in phony child-care costs.

Audits of Maimonides going as far back as 1974 reported that there were instances of food being served that was both insufficient and of poor quality, of children being denied food as a form of discipline, and of children having to wait as long as two years between being admitted and receiving their first medical examination. There were findings that Maimonides administered to children drugs that were designated for adult use only.

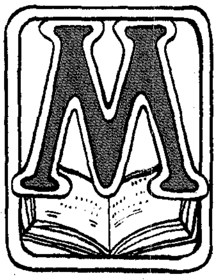
It was not until April 1978, however, that Maimonides was forced to close its doors. And even that closing was so poorly handled that city and state employees who had previously minimized the problems in child-care agencies began quietly talking with the press.

"It was unbelievable," a caseworker who dealt with the Maimonides closing recalled. "I was notified on a Tuesday that Maimonides Institute was going to close. On Wednesday I got them on the phone. They were very suspicious. They kept asking me who I was. Why did I want the names of their children?

"The city was concerned," the caseworker said, "because Maimonides was about to put 140 severely retarded and physically handicapped children on buses and dump them in the Port Authority Bus Terminal at two o'clock in the morning.

"The city asked us to help place the children, but first we had to identify them. We did not have their names, their case records, their parents' addresses or phones. Maimonides didn't want to release any information.

"Maimonides just put the kids on buses in Valhalla, New York, and sent them to the bus terminal," the city employee continued. "It was awful. There were mentally retarded kids with major physical and emotional problems suddenly wandering around the bus terminal. Some of them needed help to get off the buses. Some couldn't even sit up or speak or see. It was a horrible thing to do to those children."



Most of the children currently in care are not in the large institutions run by the agencies, but in approximately 11,000 agency-approved family foster homes. These families receive a fee for temporarily taking in foster children from the agencies, but many have begun to complain that the agencies only give them about half of the $10,000-a-year allotment the city pays for the foster-family-child's care. The agencies insist that it costs them as much to administer the foster-care program as it does for the child's foster family to house, clothe, and feed the youngster. Foster-care families interviewed, however, say that the agencies do not spend anything like $5,000 worth of time on the children in foster homes, and even their original investigations into the families they choose are so perfunctory that people with criminal records as sex offenders have easily slipped through the screening process.

> "...Since they get $24,000 for each child in their care, the agencies discourage adoption; four homes given $6 million to place 2,000 kids placed only 10..."

Foster-care parents further claim that many of the agencies keep moving the children from home to home in order to discourage foster parents from adopting the children in their care. "If the kids are adopted, they lose their cut," one Brooklyn mother who took in foster children explained. "The agencies pay their social workers practically nothing and their whole job is to move the kids from one family to another, and I can tell you that that's a nightmare for the kids.

"Whenever the kids are moved to a new home," she continued, "they don't know what to expect. They've got to go about trying to find out where they stand with their new family. Do they have the right to go to the refrigerator? Do they have the right to go into certain rooms? Can they ask for seconds at the dinner table? How do they go about asking for new clothes or any of the personal items they need? You know, the kids get a clothing allowance from the city, but how many get to wear that money on their backs?"

Since the funding for these agencies is based upon the number of children they have in care, once a child enters the system he virtually becomes a hostage in an elaborate government reimbursement game. The agencies subtly discourage programs that would help parents reclaim their own children or free children for adoption. While the agencies are extremely sensitive to criticism of their adoption and family-rehabilitation services, an indication of exactly how little effort the agencies put into giving up their primary source of income is made clear by this example: The Cardinal McCloskey Home, in White Plains; the Speedwell Services for Children, in Manhattan; Greer Children's Services, in Millbrook, New York; and St. Vincent's Hall, in Brooklyn, were once given $6 million by the city to find permanent homes for approximately 2,000 children in their care. By the time the $6 million was gone, the combined efforts of the four agencies had resulted in the adoption of exactly 10 of their 2,000 children.

"Why should the agencies knock themselves out pushing children into adoption?" Clara Barksdale, the executive director of the Council on Adoptable Children, asks. "The agencies can get $24,000 a year in government money for the kids they have in their institutions and group homes. The minute the child is adopted or goes back to his parents, the agencies lose their main source of income. The kids are the marketable commodity."

New York's foster-care agencies are paid for their services after submitting voluminous reimbursement forms of a highly technical nature. But some of the agencies submit forms that have been so poorly prepared that they are unintelligible. Others do not include the required information or submit reports months late. Still others erroneously lard their filings with padded expenditures, misclassify their programs to maximize their returns, illegally charge such items as religious stipends and uniforms to Medicaid, and inflate their bottom line by adding up their subtotals twice. Despite the fact that these reimbursement requests cost the city hundreds of millions of dollars every year, somehow the city's Department of Social Services for Children has seen fit to assign exactly *two* city employees to review, file, audit, double-check, and re-add the avalanche of forms. The two city accountants are so inundated with reimbursement schedules that they are years behind in even *filing* the reports. When one of the city foster-care accountants was recently made aware of a mathematical error in a reimbursement report that amounted to several hundred thousand dollars, instead of making a note of the error, the accountant simply refiled the incorrect report and gave a visitor another reimbursement schedule to peruse.

With few exceptions, the agencies are simply paid the amount they request on their bottom line. Errors, overpayments, and fraud are supposed to be spotted by the city and state comptrollers and then only after the money has been spent. This self-imposed blindness on the part of the Department of Social Services was finally exposed last September in an exhaustive analysis of the expenditures of 54 foster-care agencies by Interface, a management-consultant firm employed by Joint Action for Children, a coalition of independent nonprofit child-advocacy groups.

A copy of the original report, which named names, was so devastating to the entire child-care industry that, said Philip Pinsky, the chief counsel to the state's Temporary Commission on Child Welfare, "it calls into question the whole concept of reimbursements." The JAC study showed, for instance, that there was little correlation between the cost of keeping a child in care and whether that child was in a huge institution (where one might expect an economy of scale), a group home, a group residence, or a family boarding home; between cost and type of child serviced, whether the child was healthy and well adjusted or in poor health and in need of constant medical attention; between the privately run agencies and the religiously affiliated, which have free rental space and non-paid members of religious orders looking after the children.

One of the most disturbing matters touched upon by the report dealt with the possibility that the agencies were purposely escalating the problems of some of the children in their care in order to receive the additional reimbursements allotted for children so classified. According to the report, while the agencies received more money for dealing with the state-authorized hard-to-manage youngsters—mostly those who were severely handicapped physically and emotionally—their actual expenses for providing the "bonus" care did not increase. By going through the agencies' own expenditures, Interface auditors found that despite the fact that they received extra compensation for dealing with hard-to-manage youngsters, the agencies did not spend any more money caring for those children than they did caring for any of the others in their institutions and homes. That meant, of course, that either the agencies did not really need the "bonus" to properly take care of the hard-to-manage youngsters, or, more disturbingly, that the agencies were taking the extra money but not providing the extra service.

In addition to the JAC study, a series of audits by Comptroller Goldin is in the process of completion, and they are expected to outline in great detail the pattern of questionable practices that pervades the entire child-care establishment. Goldin, one of the few city officials to have challenged the agencies, has had to take a number of the child-care agencies to court in order to get a peek at their books. He found at least one third of the children in agency foster care were being held years longer than necessary. According to Goldin, the agencies are supposed to report back to the city Department of Social Services for Children within 60 days of the admission of a new child and submit a case plan for that child. In 58 percent of the cases surveyed, there were no records of any plans' ever having been submitted. In fact, 40 percent of the children in agency institutions for at least a year turned out not to have had any plans submitted for them, nor had the city ever received the required semi-annual or even annual reports concerning the children.

"These charitable institutions are long past being charitable," First Deputy Comptroller Martin Ives recently said. "The reimbursement rates that the agencies have been submitting to the Department of Social Services do not in any way reflect their actual costs."

Leasing arrangements between the agencies and the group homes, group residences, and institutions are another area of concern. One of the most puzzling real-estate leasing arrangements, one even Ives could not explain, dealt with the $464,840-a-year rent the city paid on a twenty-year lease for the use of the Jewish Child Care Association's Pleasantville Cottage School and gymnasium in Westchester. The buildings house approximately 400 youngsters at an average rate of $39.90 per child per day, according to the agency's reimbursement requests. The requests also reveal that the agency is charging the city $169,226 a year for the "use" of the same Pleasantville property for which the city is apparently already paying $464,840 a year. In addition, according to the reimbursement forms, the city is being charged $99,769 in repairs and maintenance on the same building. If all of the annual rents, "use charges," and repairs were to be extended for the full length of the JCCA twenty-year contract, the city will have paid out a total of $14,676,700, or $9,296,800 in its regular lease arrangement and $5,379,900 in reimbursements, for its child-care costs.

Ives, who said his office would begin an inquiry into the possibility of double billing on the Pleasantville contract, said that most of the agencies have steadfastly refused to reveal their leasing arrangements, despite the fact that the city is paying the rent on almost all of their properties. So far, where instances of ownership have been traced, Ives says that he has found a pattern of exorbitant rents and illegal, non-arm's-length leasing arrangements between the agencies and the landlords. In one foster-care institution, for instance, Ives says he found that the building and grounds were secretly owned by a company that was made up of officers of the agency and their relatives. In other cases, Ives found the agencies leasing the buildings back and forth between one another until the city was paying incredibly high rents that in no way reflected a fair market value.

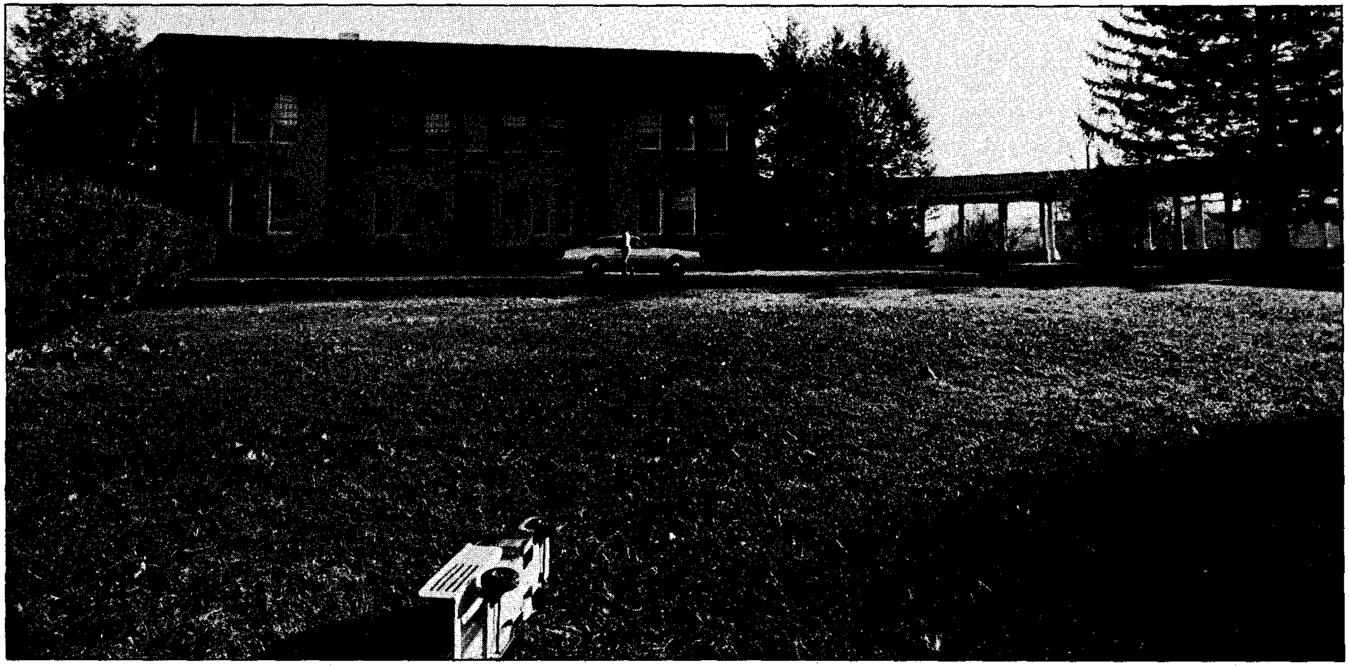
There is a growing concern among the city's power elite that the confrontation between the child-care agencies and the auditors may have repercussions that go far beyond botched foster care and accounting gimmicks. Soon to be held hearings by Manhattan council member Antonio Olivieri are expected to further expose the political connection behind sweetheart agency leases. New inquiries could call into question the whole private reimbursement system in New York and bring into the open the intense rivalry that goes on behind the scenes between various religious organizations for control of government-funded hospitals, medical schools, and universities.

The revelations may also call a halt to Mayor Edward I. Koch's plan to turn the city's widely divergent and politically volatile community-based anti-poverty programs over to religiously affiliated agencies. Koch's appointees in the Human Resources Administration have been refusing to refund community-based anti-poverty groups unless the groups seek affiliation with one or another of the major agencies.

The revelations may also expose the quiet alliances that have existed between many of the top officials in HRA and the private agencies. HRA officials who purposely refused to look into agency wrongdoing or minimized the effects some agency programs had upon children can be expected to find themselves in the witness seats once occupied by those who failed to stop the nursing-home abuse by such men as Bernard Bergman and Charles Sigety.

"None of this has been an accident," one community activist said. "HRA officials and the agencies have been on the same side for years. When HRA chiefs retire or lose their jobs between administrations, they just go over to their pals in the agencies and are put on the payroll.

"We have lists of top HRA officials who now work for the religiously affiliated agencies," the woman continued, "and we will show how these individuals took care of the agencies in order to protect their relationships. There are as many former HRA officials at Catholic Charities, the Protestant Federation, and Jewish Guardians as there are retired generals at Boeing." ▬



Costly care: The city annually pays the Pleasantville Cottage School over $600,000 in rent and "use" charges.

Photograph by Leslie Jean-Bart

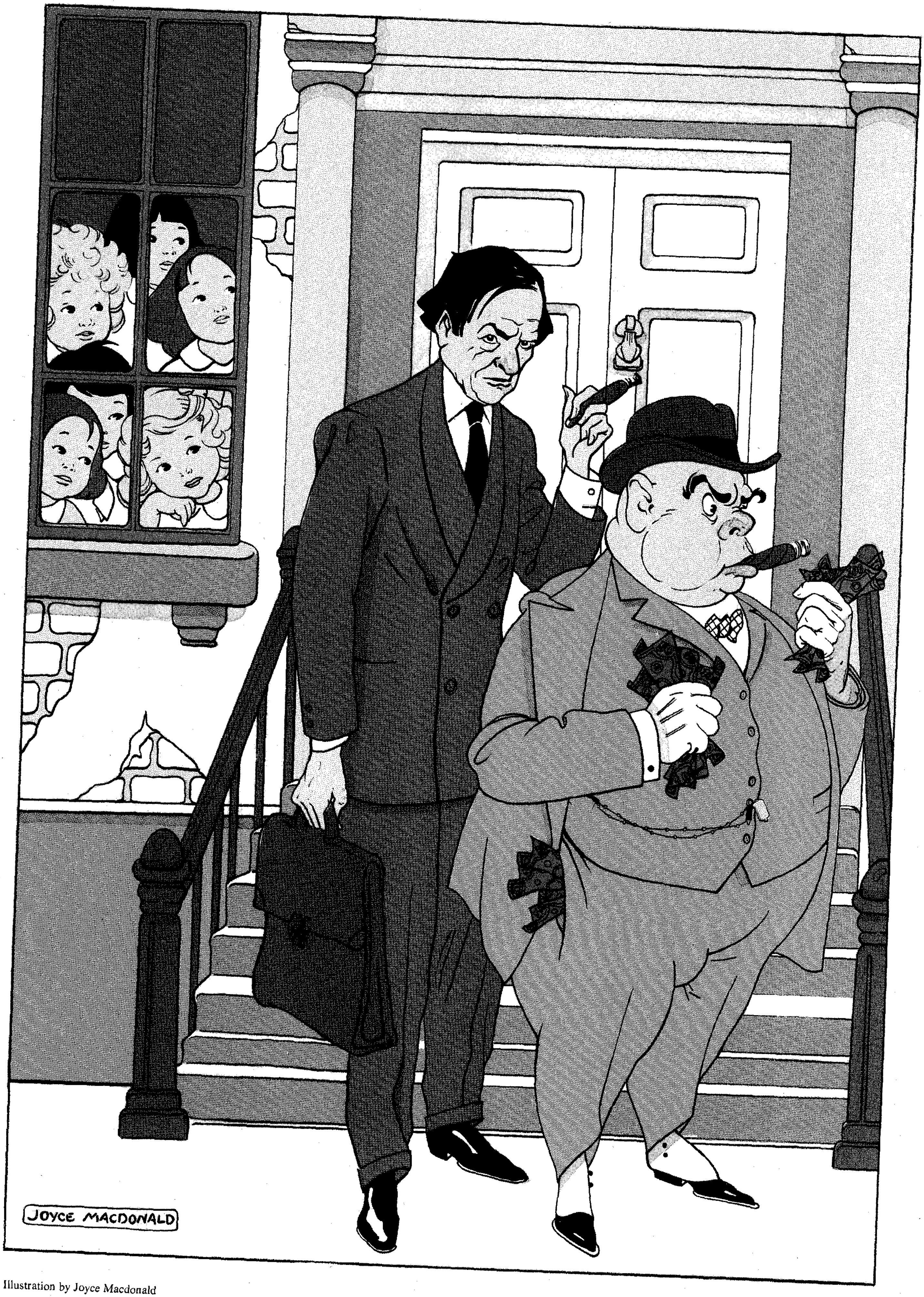

JOYCE MACDONALD

Illustration by Joyce Macdonald

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Chocolate and Cheese: Urs Althaus and John Gartmann founded Xtazy here with money sent from Switzerland by Marc Weder.

The Agony of Xtazy

By Robbie Grant

"... Xtazy was to be more than a model agency: a 'total concept' providing models, lights, choreography, photographers ..."

Fairy tales are rare in these waning, soulless seventies, but two months ago, it seemed that a real live fairy tale had come to town. An organization called "Xtazy," billing itself as "a new concept in modeling," had announced an open call for talent. The winners would each receive a guaranteed $60,000 one-year contract and be whisked off to Paris to model Valentino's spring fashion collection. Suddenly Manhattan was plastered with red-and-black Xtazy posters, and the press was going wild about this Cinderella, rags-to-riches story. By October 14, from over 2,500 contestants who showed up to audition, 4 had actually been signed and flown off to the City of Light. The media showered them with good wishes and coverage. Everyone loves a winner.

Fairy tales, unfortunately, are not only rare but ephemeral; this one ended with an agonizing ten-day ordeal that culminated in shattered nerves, a $6.1-million lawsuit, and, just last week, the financial collapse of the company itself. Herewith, the true story of a dream trying to come true.

Xtazy was founded by two young Swiss Germans who enjoy referring to themselves as "Swiss Cheese" and "Swiss Chocolate." John Gartmann, 28, is the "Cheese" and president of Xtazy. The son of a former Swiss ambassador to the United States, John is slight and fair, with an air of Wildean decadence tempered with Protestant zeal. Before coming to New York, he had played the currency-exchange market in Switzerland, where, in one week, he made over $8 million for a Swiss friend through the fine art of arbitrage. The friend, Marc Weder, returned the favor by supplying unlimited financial backing for the fledgling Xtazy.

In January of this year John met Urs Althaus, also of Swiss nationality but with exotic milk-chocolate skin inherited from his father, a Nigerian doctor. Urs, 22, had been a champion soccer player before an accident diverted him into a career of high-fashion modeling.

It was Urs's idea to create a repertory modeling ensemble. Not just a new agency, like Zoli and Elite, for whom he had worked, but a group of models who would work together consistently. Urs and John dreamed up "a total service designed to communicate the client's message." They would provide not only the models but choreography, lighting, photographers, and press arrangements. Their shows would be synergistic packages, more efficient and more economical to the client, be it a fashion designer or a corporation. On September 1, convinced they had an idea whose time had come, the young men opened the doors of their offices in the Hotel Navarro.

To help them communicate their own message, John and Urs hired the public-relations firm of Gifford/Wallace, Inc. They did so without even meeting Edwin and Michael Gifford, the husband-and-wife team who run the small agency, but they knew that Gifford/Wallace handled publicity for Studio 54. Actually, Studio 54 was merely the latest "phenomenological piece" in the Giffords' shop. Their first clients, back in 1968, were *Hair*, a new musical that everyone said was too weird to work, and the Fillmore East, the metropolitan mecca of acid rock. Today they live and work in a townhouse on Park Avenue, and Channel 5 and Andrew Stein are numbered among their accounts. Nevertheless, the Giffords continue to look for that "special" client.

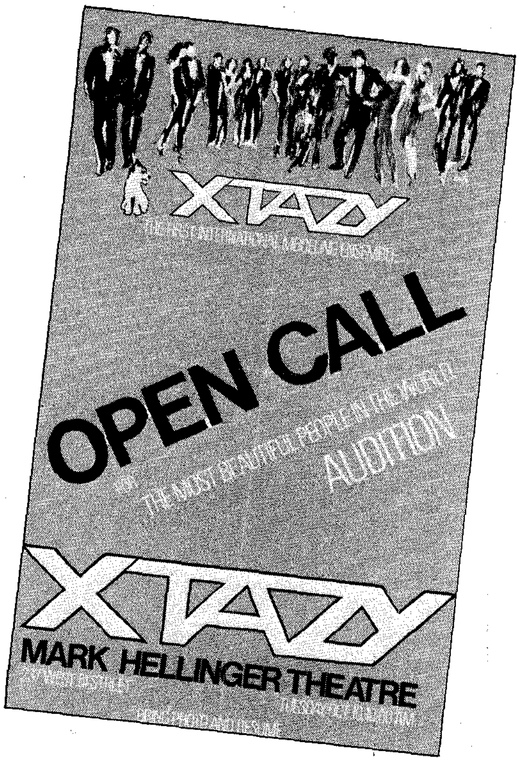
When they met with John and Urs, Michael Gifford suggested getting in touch with Joe Eula to design a logo and a poster for the company. Eula is a very successful and highly respected graphic designer and illustrator who works on a consulting basis for Halston, *Vogue*, and Valentino perfumes; he created the eye-catching posters for *Liza With a Z*, and, most recently, Insport.

According to John Gartmann, it took only two sentences from the young Swiss entrepreneurs for Joe to become wildly enthusiastic about their idea. Michael Gifford confirms Eula's excitement: "We went in just to ask for a poster, a look, and we came out with a man who said, 'I want to be a part of this, I want to grow with you.'"

"...The Xtazy proprietors apparently did not find it odd that Joe Eula asked for his year's salary to be paid immediately in cash..."

A contract was hastily negotiated whereby Eula would serve as Xtazy's artistic director on a non-exclusive consulting basis as well as provide artistic designs when needed, for a yearly fee of $50,000 plus 2 percent of the profits for the first year and an increasing percentage thereafter. There was even a clause providing Eula with a share of the profits should he become disabled after one year. "The contract was very generous," admits Eula. Gartmann and Althaus seemed to be splashing money everywhere: They had allocated $1.2 million for salaries and $800,000 in overhead for the first year alone. Apparently they did not find it odd that Eula asked for his entire year's salary to be paid immediately, in cash. They gracefully complied, toting the $20 bills from the bank themselves in a huge plastic bag.

In one intense half-hour session, Eula, the Swiss, and the Giffords plotted Xtazy's course for the next four months. When John and Urs mentioned they were having difficulty luring established models into their new stable, Michael Gifford suggested an open call. They all thought the notion was brilliant, and Joe Eula followed it immediately with the idea of going to Paris to participate in Valentino's *prêt-à-porter* salon. He was going over to work on the show anyway; he'd just call up and arrange it. In front of the others, Eula called Daniela Giardina, one of the show's coordinators, in Paris and told her he had a stable of beauties. "Great," said Daniela, "bring them over." That was that: In the minds of John Gartmann and Urs Althaus there was no doubt that Joe Eula was going to place their as yet unhired amateur models in one of the most prestigious runway shows in the world. After all, this was what they were paying him for.



Poster-plus: Though Joe Eula's audition invitation drew more than 2,500 hopefuls, Michael Gifford called it "second-rate Eula."

The date for the open call was set for October 10, so that Xtazy would have plenty of time to prepare for Valentino.

The days leading up to the open call were tense. Eula worked with the nine models on hand, coaching them for the runway, for TV cameras, for still photographs. He also worked on the company's poster and logo, though not as fast as the Swiss team and the Giffords would have liked. The posters did get done in enough time to attract over 2,500 aspiring models to the Mark Hellinger Theater on October 10. From that day on, time and events began to resemble a jerky sequence in an old Keystone Kops film:

October 10: The open call is a smashing success. The media have a field day interviewing contestants like the policewoman who ultimately turned down a contract to stay on the force and the waiter at Michael's Pub who was ultimately hired. While contestants troop into the theater in groups of ten, walk across the stage, and recite nursery rhymes or tongue twisters, the press and invited guests witness the procession on video monitors placed in the lobby, where there is also an open bar, an oyster bar, and a variety of noshes served up by Fraunces Tavern, another Gifford account. Two hundred twenty-seven finalists are chosen to report the next day to the Xtazy offices on Central Park South. Total cost of the day's operation: over $35,000.

October 11: At 8 A.M. John Gartmann places a wake-up call to Joe Eula, who reportedly says he'll be at the office in fifteen minutes. Eula doesn't show and refuses to take Xtazy's calls the rest of the day.

October 12: Xtazy signs three women and one man to $60,000 contracts. Only one has any professional modeling experience. They have less than 48 hours to get ready to go to Paris. Still no word from Joe Eula.

October 13: Urs, searching for Eula, finds him working late in Halston's back room, and demands to know what the hell is going on. "Everything's cool, baby," says Joe. "I've just been swamped with work." (Eula claims that at this point he urged Urs to cancel Xtazy's trip to Paris. "Don't go," he said, "you're not ready.") But the conversation ends with Eula promising to see Xtazy in Paris on the sixteenth—work will prevent him from getting there sooner.

October 14: The Xtazy entourage leaves the Hotel Navarro for a limousine ride to Kennedy Airport, with the press on hand to wave good-bye. John and Urs sit in the first-class section of Air France's 747, along with Xtazy, a briard puppy who is the group's mascot and who scampers up and down the spiral staircase to the bar, much to the stewardesses' consternation and the passengers' delight. The Giffords, the models, and Xtazy's lawyer ride in coach.

October 15: A Japanese television crew films Xtazy's arrival at De Gaulle Airport. Limos sweep them to the Hotel Georges V.

October 16: At 1:30 P.M. three of the Xtazy models are having their hair done at the fashionable salon of Jean-Louis David. They've just been shampooed when John calls and tells them to report back to the hotel *immediately*. Joe Eula, just arrived, has called John and Urs, telling them to have the Xtazy group at Valentino's at two o'clock sharp. The three models dash out of the salon, towels swathing their dripping locks, and rush back to their rooms, where they slick Vaseline on their hair, tie it up in chignons, throw on fresh clothes, and join the others for the half-block dash to the great designer's studio. There they are led into a small, narrow room with a raised runway illuminated by hot white lights. A sleek Parisian model lounging against the wall is told to get up on the runway and walk. She is superb, obviously a pro. Then Jennifer Brice, beautifully coffee-colored and the most experienced of the Xtazy girls (she had been with Elite), is told to do the same thing. There are audible gasps—no one in Xtazy is psychologically prepared to "walk." In runway modeling, walking is everything. It's not just putting one foot in front of the other; it's "going berserk and looking beautiful and walk-

Will you be my Xtazy? The idea was to have the company of models perform as an ensemble. Unfortunately, no one seemed to need an ensemble.

ing at the same time. It's a twenty-second adrenaline rush, and then you're off," in the words of Xtazy model Kristin Kirkconnell. Kristin and the others are practically fainting from anxiety when two or three of them are led into a changing room and given clothes to try on. "What's going on, Joe?" everyone wants to know. "Don't worry about a thing. You're all in the show. This is just for something special," Joe tells them. Finally the other girls return. "He doesn't want me," says one. "He says my hips are too big." It seems that the only model in whom Valentino has any definite interest is Jennifer Brice. But still the Swiss and the Giffords are counting on Joe Eula to pull them through.

"I never promised them anything," insists Eula. "They showed up looking all disheveled and with no makeup. How could they be so unprofessional? I talked to Daniela and Giancarlo [the organizers of the Valentino show] and asked them to let me use all of them in one number—all in white or beige or whatever. But after they'd seen them they told me I was crazy. If they'd come in looking halfway attractive, I could have pulled it off. I've pulled off a lot rougher situations than that!"

In the evening, the Xtazy models are expecting to attend a ballet performance at the Paris Opéra in honor of Valentino perfumes. But as curtain time approaches, there are no tickets and no Joe Eula—only a phone message telling them to head over later to the Palace, the Parisian answer to Studio 54, where the "B" party for Valentino perfumes is being held. Valentino doesn't show up at the Palace, nor does Baryshnikov or Joe Eula, but the kids have a good time anyway.

October 17: After jogging down the middle of the Champs-Elysées for the benefit of the French press, the Xtazy models spend the rest of the day waiting for word from Joe Eula.

October 18: Issey Miyake, a well-known Japanese designer based in Paris, calls Jennifer Brice and asks her to be in his show. She explains that Xtazy's policy is to work as a group or not at all. Miyake invites Xtazy to visit him the following day.

October 19: Xtazy visits Miyake's premises, a beautiful townhouse with garden that is a gracious change from Valentino's austere temple of white, glass, and chrome. The girls change into some of Miyake's clothes, and this time they're prepared to walk. The music is beautiful, and each girl is given an airy wicker basket filled with floating paper flowers as a prop. Jennifer goes first, Kristin second. Miyake smiles and whispers, "Fantastic." But the truth is that Miyake only needs one girl and he wants Jennifer. "No," says John. "Please," Miyake says gently, "I will find room for two more of your girls if you will give me Jennifer." "No." John is adamant. "Three?" asks Miyake.

Photograph by Ian Miles

"...'I will use two more girls if you will give me Jennifer,' says Issey Miyake. 'No,' insists John. 'It's all or nothing'..."

"No," insists John. "It's all of them or nothing." Miyake bows his head. "I can do no more."

Jennifer is beginning to wonder if it's worth her while to stay in the group. Joe Eula has not been heard from since Monday. The models have developed a pattern of rising at eight, putting on clothes and makeup and doing their hair, then slipping carefully back between the sheets and waiting for the phone to ring. It doesn't ring very often.

In the evening the group is to report to the Palais de Chaillot, where Xtazy's French P.R. liaison has wangled them a scene in a French version of *Saturday Night Fever.* Half the group shows up at the wrong place, and by the time they get to the Palais de Chaillot the film crew has wrapped for the night. But John and Urs order them to get up and dance, dance, dance. So much has gone wrong that the kids live in terror of being fired. "We were dancing for our jobs," recalls one. Their frantic determination pays off—the cameras roll. Thank God! Now, when someone asks what they did in Paris, at least they can say they were in a movie.

October 20: Jennifer Brice disappears. She has reportedly decided to try a two-day mini-honeymoon with a silver-haired French artist who claims he will marry her to keep her in France.

Joe Eula reappears to announce that he has quarreled with Valentino, that he will not participate in the designer's show and neither will Xtazy. "We'll do something else!" he proclaims. Eula insists on writing a note to Eugenia Sheppard, fashion columnist for the New York *Post,* which says, in part: "By now, I probably will have reached you by phone; if not, then I want you to know why you won't see me and my troupe Xtazy at Valentino. For the record, irreconcilable differences between Valentino and me forced our withdrawal from his show." Eula tells the Giffords to send the note to the Hotel Crillon. But Ms. Sheppard is not at the Crillon; she's not even in Paris.

What Xtazy will do in place of the Valentino show is not clear. Someone suggests a spread for *Life* magazine. "We'll get Lord Snowdon to take the pictures," says Michael Gifford, who starts to call Peter Schub, Snowdon's agent. But Joe Eula insists on placing the call himself because he and Schub are old friends. "Great," says Schub—Snowdon's available. Eula says he'll call back to confirm the booking, but that call gets lost in the shuffle and so does the original *Life* magazine idea.

October 22: Jennifer Brice returns, unrepentant, and is told to attend an eight o'clock meeting so the Xtazy models can vote on whether or not to keep her in the group. But when she arrives, Urs promptly fires her in front of everyone for not making herself available as her contract specifies and especially for talking to Joe Eula, who by now is Public Enemy No. 1. They decline to pay Jennifer's way back to the United States. Joe Eula buys her ticket.

Later Ed Gifford runs into Joe Eula, who reportedly crows that he has just done the Valentino show—it was fantastic! (Eula now denies this.)

Still later John and Urs corner Joe, lock him in a hotel room, demand to know what's going on, then fire him on the spot. But Joe says he refuses to consider himself fired and that he'll continue to work for Xtazy and dream up some dynamite projects for them.

October 23: John and Urs find a small note from Joe Eula in their mailbox: "Since I'm fired, goodby."

October 24: The Xtazy entourage, minus Jennifer and Eula, returns to New York. This time there are no reporters to greet them, no fanfare, only nervous exhaustion and $100,000 down the drain.

On November 2, Xtazy's lawyers filed suit against Joe Eula for breach of promise, asking damages of $6,164,000. The sum, say John and Urs, represents the Paris expenditures, Eula's salary, and the damage done to the careers of Xtazy's thirteen young models and the reputation of the company itself. Xtazy also claims that the poster Eula created for them is an inferior example of his work—"a second-rate Joe Eula," insists Michael Gifford.

"It's a joke," retorts Eula. "I am not unproud of the poster and the logo I did for them." What about the Valentino debacle? "Valentino as the designer has the right to choose his *cabine,* the girls who will show his clothes, and there's no way he's going to be dictated to by anyone." Xtazy will have to confront Valentino himself to see who's telling the truth. The designer and his associate, Giancarlo Giammetti, have been subpoenaed and directed by the court to be available to testify January and June 1979.

Meanwhile, Jennifer Brice has filed suit against Xtazy for breach of contract. The Xtazy contract specifies she is to receive ten days' notice and a month's pay if fired, and she claims to have received neither. According to Jennifer, nothing in her contract stated she had to "stay locked up in a hotel room" while in Paris. She missed no work assignments while she was absent and therefore considers she fulfilled her obligations to the company. She calls John and Urs "totally disorganized" and "very unprofessional." She tells how they instituted a $100 fine for lateness at meetings yet had to discontinue it because they were always showing up late themselves. Too late or too early: When Eula invited the group to Saint Laurent's posh party for his new perfume, Opium, the group showed up promptly at 8 P.M., while the staff was still stringing lights and opening oysters. What was meant to be a blockbuster entrance sputtered out like a wet fuse. The models blame it on the Swiss sense of timing.

Throughout November, Xtazy kept a low profile. The Giffords arranged their first New York assignment, a short fashion show at a benefit for the American Cancer Society on November 28. This was also a media event for the benefit of the Giffords' multiple clients: Alexander's new fifth-floor restaurant (where the benefit was held), the suppliers of the food and drink, guests such as Andrew Stein and, of course, Xtazy.

The day after the benefit, John Gartmann told the Giffords that he was so pleased with their effort he intended to increase their fee by 25 percent. Two days later, he asked them to come to the Xtazy office, where he informed them that Xtazy was shutting down. The seemingly limitless flow of funds from Marc Weder, the Swiss benefactor, had suddenly and mysteriously dried up. That Friday the models, who had been promised full payment no matter what, received only half their normal salary. Jill Medow, one of the four chosen during the open call, has already consulted a lawyer to make sure her contract is fulfilled, and others may follow suit.

In three months, Xtazy spent $600,000. Apparently Marc Weder wanted more results for his money than he got. But John claims that Weder guaranteed $1.2 million for the first year, and he'll sue for it if he has to. Xtazy will remain a business entity and will pursue its suit against Joe Eula. And Eula comments: "I feel sorry for anybody who has a good concept which goes down the drain because of stupidity." ■

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The New Phone Age

By Ned Potter

"... Pretty soon you'll be able to do nearly everything over the phone. One problem: It will end civilization as we know it..."

Dial. Dial. Dial. Dial. Dial. Dial. Dial.

Wait.

Hiss.

Buzz—buzz—buzz—

Clunk.

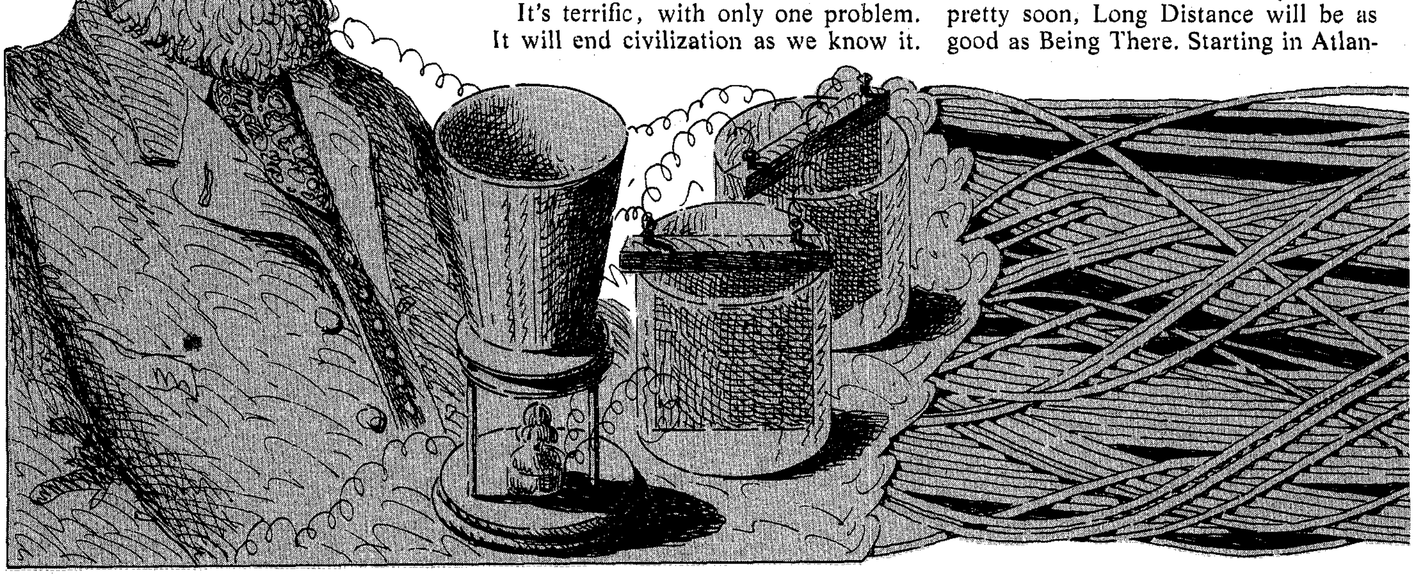
To all of you who have ever gotten a busy signal when you needed an answer, or woken a friend when you just wanted to say hello, or spent hours taking dictation with a receiver flattening your ear, we bring happy news that the telephone is finally entering the twentieth century. A number of extraordinary conveniences are fast approaching. In a few years the busy signal will be obsolete. The sound from your phone will be roughly comparable to the sound from your hi-fi. You'll stop getting mail—letters will be sent by facsimile printer. You'll stop getting garbled messages from secretaries—they'll all be electronic. And the days of the shopping trip are numbered; you'll be able to order everything, and pay for it, without leaving your home.

None of this is really new. Rather, the luxuries of advanced communications are becoming practical for everyone. Pretty soon, nearly everything that you had to do in person, you'll be able to do over the phone.

It's terrific, with only one problem. It will end civilization as we know it.

Unscrew the mouthpiece of your telephone and you'll realize that you're using virtually the same instrument into which Alexander Graham Bell yelled, "Mr. Watson, come here. I want you!" The microphone still works by a diaphragm vibrating against carbon granules, and though the transmission is better than it was when Bell called upstairs to Watson, you still get a hiss when you call your girl friend in Tennessee. You also get wrong numbers and busy signals. You wake friends after they've turned the lights out. And you can wait hours helplessly if you must reach them and they're not home. In short, the telephone in its present form is no substitute for the good old-fashioned face-to-face meeting. If Long Distance is The Next Best Thing to Being There, it is only because smoke signals provide no competition at all.

But the point of our story is that pretty soon, Long Distance will be as good as Being There. Starting in Atlan-



Illustrated by Bernard Bonhomme

ta by the end of 1980, signals will be carried not by wires but by glass fibers—they are cheaper, thinner, carry many more calls, and create far less distortion. We're already at a point where a roomful of old switching equipment can be contained on a microscopic chip—a fraction of the size, a fraction of the energy, a thousand times more versatile, and rock-steady reliable. And "Custom Calling," with which your home phone can handle two calls at once, or have all calls forwarded to another number, is now available in every state. The phone system is becoming vastly more powerful, capable of doing a vastly greater number of things for a vastly greater number of people. In the words of a man at Bell Labs, "Almost anything you can imagine, we can do."

Ring. Ring.

"Hello?"

"Hi, Dave, *this is*—"

"This is a recording. I'm not in right now, but if you leave your name and number between the two beeps that follow, I'll try to call you back. BEEP!"

"Hello, Dave, this is—"

"BEEP! Thank you. Good-bye."

"But—"

The answering machine, one of the great conveniences of our time, is already outdated. Beginning in Philadelphia and several other test markets early next year, the equivalent service will be built into the phone network. You will be able to call a number and leave a message for the person of your choice—automatically, for a few dollars a month.

In the future, as with Custom Calling now, you will be able to punch numbers into your phone if you're going out and have it forward all your calls to where you'll be. Also, if you know it's a bad time to call someone, you'll be able to make the network record a message from you and send it on later, at a time you specify. If you and a friend are getting intimate, you'll be able to have your phone screen out non-emergency calls until the morning. And if you need to reach someone quickly and the line is busy, hang up. Your phone will keep trying the number—and call you when it gets through.

The key to many of these services is Touch-Tone dialing. In effect, your phone becomes a computer terminal. In some places, you can already pay your phone bill electronically by calling a number and then punching a few more digits to have money transferred from your checking account. The potential is infinite.

"We can put you on flight 255, leaving La Guardia at 5:45 P.M. on the fifteenth and arriving at 7:46 P.M."

"Wait, let me write that down. That's flight 245, leaving at 5:55 P.M.?"

"No, no, flight 255, leaving at 5:45."

"Okay, 255 at 5:45."

"Flight 255, leaving at 5:45."

"That's what I just said."

"That's right."

"Okay, and from what airport?"

You can stop asking those kinds of questions in a few years. When signals are transmitted by fiber optics instead of copper cables, it will be possible to pump a lot more material down the line than one can now. Like color pictures of the person at the other end. Or nearly instant facsimiles of notes he might write you. Or video listings of data. Within a year, if all goes as planned, 100,000 Britishers will have Viewdata, a service that allows them to dial any of thousands of information sources and get visual readouts right on their home TV screens. No more mistakes copying down addresses or departure times. Everything makes sense. Telephone people do not forget, however, that the Picturephone never caught on when introduced ten years ago. But "Picturephone was just ahead of its time," says Don McLaughlin of AT&T.

"Mguf elout ffgh grref."

"What? I can't hear you."

"Mguf elout ffgh grref!"

"I'm sorry, we have a terrible connection. I just can't hear you."

"MGUF ELOUT FFGH GRREF!"

Well, that will stop happening. Several firms are now at work on the electronic telephone—the first phone to rely on a principle more advanced than the electromechanical one developed by Alexander Graham Bell himself. Since it uses solid-state circuitry, the electronic phone is smaller, lighter, simpler, and more reliable than current phones. General Telephone & Electronics is beginning to market a version called the Flip-Phone; it bears an uncanny resemblance to the communicators used on *Star Trek.* It's not cordless, but be patient. The chief advantage is that once the Flip-Phone becomes popular, you will be able to hear over it with crystal clarity.

The different manufacturers are generally nervous about discussing their electronic telephones. They fear the competition. I called a man at Northern Telecom, based in Nashville, Tennessee.

"Until we are ready to announce the E-Phone in the United States," he said, "we really don't want to talk about it in detail."

"Isn't it basically the same as the one being put out in Canada?" I asked.

"Well, the phone that we introduce won't necessarily be the same as the—"

Silence.

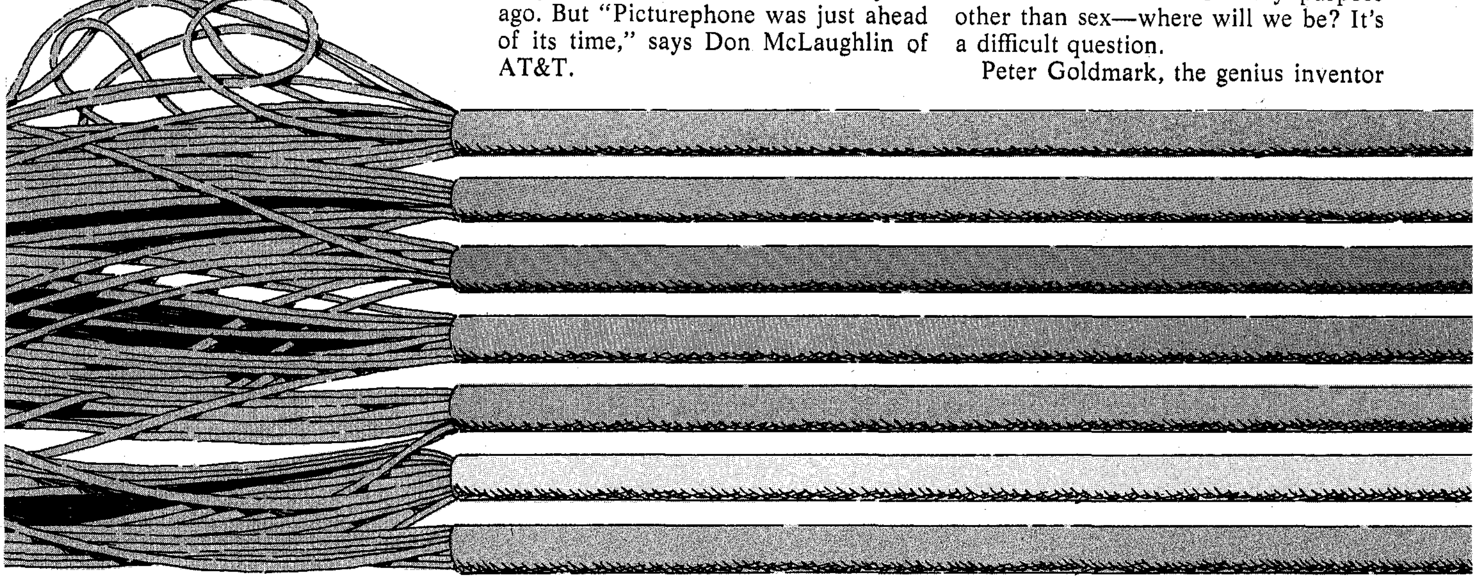
"Hello?"

Silence.

We had been cut off.

But when we reach the day when you can't get cut off, when you can reach anyone instantly wherever they are, when you can have anything you want simply by calling a computer—in short, when the telephone has made face-to-face contact obsolete for any purpose other than sex—where will we be? It's a difficult question.

Peter Goldmark, the genius inventor



“...People may find themselves drawn apart by the fancy new ways that the telephone offers to bring people together...”

of the long-playing record and the color-TV camera used on the moon, was working on a concept called NRS when he died. NRS—New Rural Society. As if he hadn't done it already, Goldmark was going to remake us all. He envisioned a world free of both urban blight and rural isolation, where people lived among trees and brooks without having to commute endlessly to work. Everything would be decentralized, but held together by the telephone. Major companies could spread their operations to small towns, connecting them electronically. Executives could call international meetings instantly. Traveling salesmen could promote their wares without traveling. And the advantages would apply not only to business. Every town would have a community conference center, so people could take in culture without having to be at the sources. College courses by remote control. The opera for anyone, anytime.

It was a lovely, gentle idea. It was also deeply troubled. To see how people might adapt to NRS, Goldmark took a survey in Willimantic, Connecticut, and found widespread resentment of the notion of big corporations coming in and stirring things up.

But the movement is already well under way. With electronic connections, location becomes unimportant to many businesses. Many companies, for instance, now use teleconferencing, which allows widely separated groups of people to hold almost normal meetings. Really a marvelous thing—one system on the market connects two boardrooms in such a way that people in one can tell where in the other room the person speaking is seated. But users don't like it. “People prefer business trips,” admits a marketer of such systems. “Hell,” says a telephone executive in New York, “they say you can talk to Florida as if you were there, but if I could go to Florida instead, I'd take all the fancy equipment and throw it out the window.”

But a typical business trip costs $1,500 or more per person; a 90-minute Picturephone meeting between a dozen people in New York and Los Angeles costs $585 total. When it comes down to cold, hard cash, the lure of all the spiffy new innovations may be irresistible.

Irresistible to big business, that is. But all the fancy new gadgets do not appear likely to catch on with us regular human beings. “One reason,” says Dr. Herbert Dordick of the University of Southern California, “is that communication is a process that alters behavior. It sets requirements for how people behave and how organizations behave. We're going to have to divest ourselves of some old habits.” In the meantime, people are showing little understanding of—or interest in—the new potential of the telephone. So the world will be built on the power of the phone, but most of us won't know how to use it.

Dr. Dordick is just completing a study of the future of telecommunications, and he predicts that “the average guy in the street will be pretty far removed from all this.” By the 1990s, special services such as electronic funds transfer, data transmission, and shopping by phone will account for 18 to 25 percent of phone-company revenue while amounting to less than 1 percent of phone use, Dordick says.

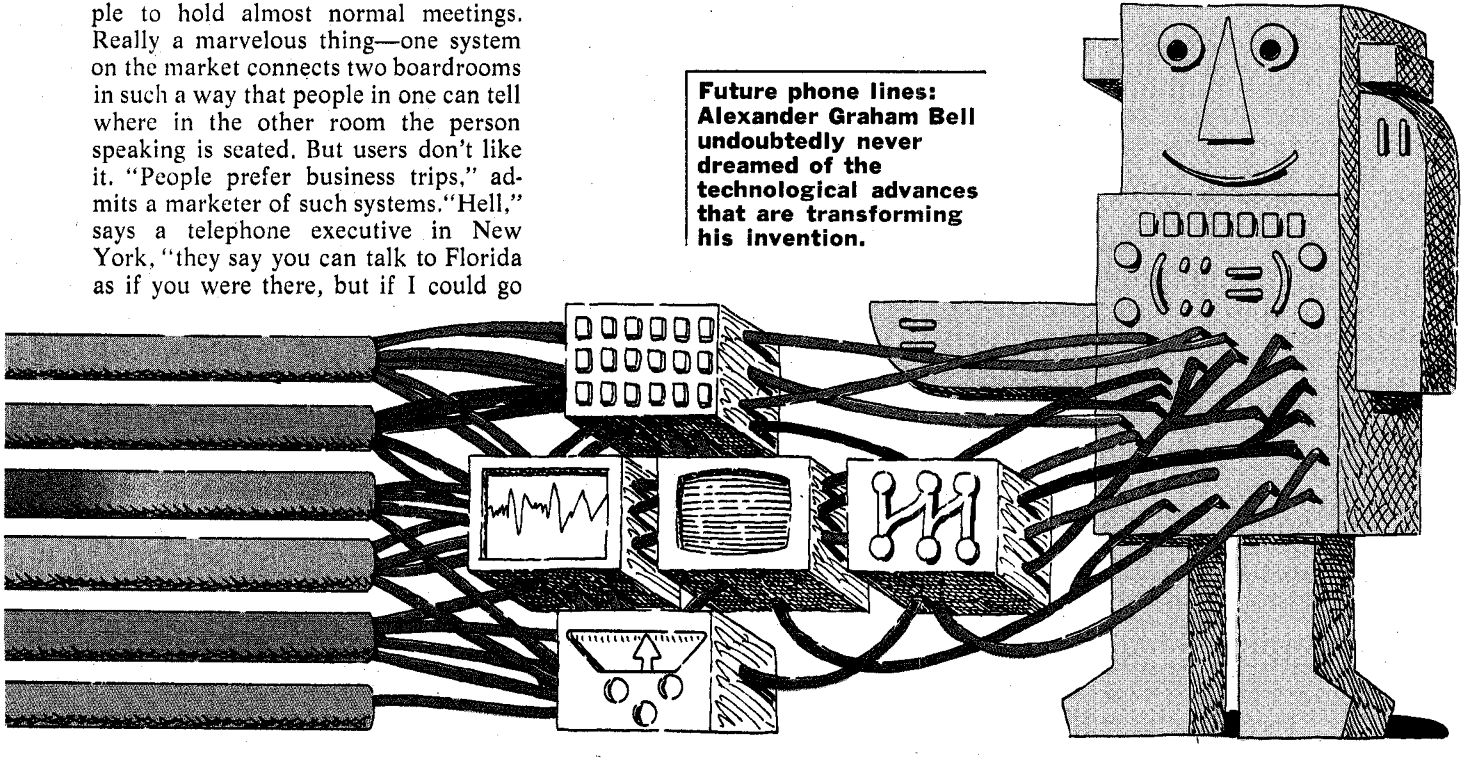
It will be the old battle of the haves versus the have-nots. “We're in an information society,” says Dr. Dordick, “but we're not moving toward a universal network marketplace. Only a very small percentage of the United States will be getting into the information marketplace. And knowledge is power, so . . .”

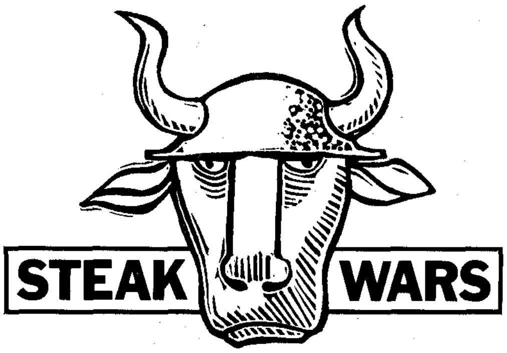
So? So small businesses may be driven under by computer-connected competitors that can perform the same functions with a little less concern but a lot more efficiency. So people may find themselves drawn apart by the fancy new ways that the telephone offers to bring people together. So the demand for unskilled labor will drop even farther than it has, and unemployment problems will persist—even as electronic communication raises the level of skills that the unskilled must reach to get good jobs.

All this is mixed in with infinite good, of course. Eventually you'll no longer have to trudge out into a blizzard for anything. But it will take some time for you to learn just how to order whatever you need, and the readjustment may be difficult.

“When I retire,” says one executive in the telecommunications field, “I'm going to get a big poster of Alexander Graham Bell, and I'm going to put it up on my wall—and I'm going to throw darts at it.” ■

Future phone lines: Alexander Graham Bell undoubtedly never dreamed of the technological advances that are transforming his invention.





Prime Time: The Best Steak in Town

By Gael Greene

"...It's an uneasy truce on Steak Row. The Prime Sirloin Establishment rumbles with rumor, suspicion, assassination..."

Run-amok inflation has driven the Great Steak War into an uneasy truce. Good beef is scarce. Great beef has never cost more. Prime-shell prices have spiraled upward 50 percent in a year. That mythic slab of crusty grilled steer—the celebrated New York sirloin—is $16.50 naked on a plate today. And in some steakhouses the plate is getting smaller. It is the time of the $42 lobster and the $5 tomato.

Only a year ago the fearless invaders from 18th Street, Pasquale and Mike Cetta, declared "High Noon in 'Steak Country,' " moving Sparks Steak House uptown, attacking the Goliaths of Steak Row with a series of feisty full-page ads. "Do not be shocked, Palm or Christ Cella," one of them read. ("I write them myself," Pat Cetta confides, "and my wife spends hours correcting the spelling and grammar.") "We . . . now challenge your steaks."

The Cetta brothers, importers who "got into the restaurant business backwards," as Pat puts it, had thrust Sparks into ad-page competition (in 1972) with a $6.95 prime sirloin served with baked potato and a big bowl of salad on the house. In those days, the prime of the prime uptown cost up to $13 with potato and greens. Sparks's ads denounced "$1.50 extra for a baked potato that cost 8 cents" and $3.50 for the salad made of 15 cents' worth of greens. Today the Sparks sirloin is $14.95. Salad and potato are extra. Sparks's latest ad does not mention its steak prices. The subject is aging.

It's an uneasy truce . . . the sniping on Steak Row is still deadly. The Prime Sirloin Establishment rumbles with rumor, suspicion, assassination. Steak Row and Prime outposts are like the Baltic states before World War I.

"So-and-so buys garbage," Pen & Pencil proprietor John Bruno charges. "So-and-so is a ripoff," a wholesale broker says. "So-and-so buys meat that's not all prime," says Bruno. "If it's prime, you shouldn't add grease," says Jerry Brody, boss of Gallagher's. "The Palm uses butter. Christ Cella uses lemon butter. Sparks's meat comes in Cryovac—vacuum-sealed plastic." Marsha Forman of Peter Luger makes a face. "Cryovac meat looks like liver." "Sure, so-and-so has a few prime sides to show you," says Bruno, "but they're selling choice too."

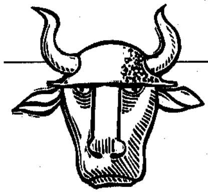
To investigate countless charges that New York's greatest steakhouses might be stinting by serving choice sirloin instead of prime, I invaded kitchens and coolers without warning and found only Pietro's using "choice."

Alas, there is prime and there is prime. Government grading standards have been relaxed half a dozen times in a decade. At the meat market on Washington Street one morning, dodging the fat hindquarters on the moving track in the icy staging rooms, a wholesaler points to a beautifully marbled loin stamped "Choice," then to a sparsely marbled loin judged "Prime." He shrugs. "Sometimes the grader makes a mistake."

The best prime is young. Of the restaurateurs whose places are reviewed here, only John Bruno and Marsha Forman still visit the market personally to select their meat. They look for red, porous bones and soft nubbins of fat as a sign of youth. Animals that are bruised or calloused are rejected. Beef cognoscenti seek a "satin finish." You can feel it—bright-red meat speckled with tiny flecks of white, smooth under the finger. A tough vein of white may run through the "eye," meaning trouble on the plate. "With boxed meat you have no quality control," a meat dealer warns. Cetta, who buys boxed meat from Colorado and Iowa, sneers at the myth of personal marketing. "They don't go to the market for quality," he says. "They go for bargains."

Next comes aging. But aging standards are abandoned when stocks run low—sudden customer demand depletes inventory. And the fire . . . it takes intense heat to sear a steak, to cook it without steaming. Gallagher's cooks sirloin on the bone with charcoal and a hickory log. The U.S. Steakhouse, its butcher spirited away from Gallagher's, broils on the bone too. Peter Luger broils its porterhouse for two and then carves it in the kitchen. But can you trust the cook? All of the steaks in this tasting were ordered rare. They were served blue (cool at the core), just barely

Illustrated by Randall Enos



"...Granted, the Palm is noisy, smoky, crowded, feral. But the sirloin is almost always wonderful..."

warm, medium rare . . . once, medium.

These ten restaurants were culled from my own longtime favorites and a cabdriver's tip. Each was visited two or three times, with friends, for leisurely dining. Then eight were revisited for a fast tasting on Sweepsteaks Day (see page 72). All of these steaks were good—only a few were great. Afterward I returned to talk with proprietors, tour aging rooms, and weigh steaks ready to be grilled. Someone had to run to the hardware store to buy a scale for the Palm. Yet it was the only steakhouse where every sirloin was precisely the same weight—a credit to the butcher's eye.

The Palm

"You're only human," the meat wholesaler said when I confessed that I would rank the Palm New York's best steakhouse . . . for the Palm is where I indulge my carnivorous lust.

"But I'm not allowed to be human," I cried. "I'm a restaurant critic." Well, all right. So I'm human. When I think of steak I think of the Palm. If I have Paul Bocuse and Jean Troisgros in tow with their great passion for American beef, I take them to the Palm.

"I'd rather have my teeth drilled than eat at the Palm," a friend complains. "I don't think tension goes with food. That's why you eat sitting down." Granted. The Palm *is* noisy, smoky, crowded, feral. I'm claustrophobic, crushed in the waiting crowd (no, I've never been recognized), and resent the ritual of the unwritten menu. The waiter recites what he has, maybe, and never mentions price. But what may look moldering with age to you—the soiled caricatures on the walls—is a link with newspaper legend wantonly lost, to me. The sirloin is almost always wonderful. The hashed browns have no equal. Crisp fried onion strings bring a shock of joy every time. And I can't remember a lobster that wasn't practically a cream puff. To avoid the savage horde, go early, go late.

Affection may blur the memory of a less than great steak. Perhaps the sirloin here is less flavorful than it was some years ago. What depresses me is a sense that most steaks in my Sweepsteaks tasting lacked natural flavor. I taste before I salt. And the Palm's and Pietro's finishing touch of butter, Christ Cella's lemon butter, Sparks's lemon pepper, and Gallagher's hickory-charcoal scent do help. They say the Palm does beautiful scallops, impeccable fish, even spaghetti. Forgive me—I come here for steak and lobster.

Suspicious of instant cloning, I've always avoided Palm Too, across Second Avenue. One evening when the Palm looked like Times Square six minutes before midnight on New Year's Eve, I joined friends storming an equally frenetic Palm Too, and tasted the best steak encountered in this research. Texture, color, character, flavor—it had everything one would ask from a steer. A five-pound lobster ordered "rare" could have been less cooked, but it was tender and buttery, and the claws made a fine lunch for two the next day. It was impossible to stop eating the thin, crisp cottage fries. And when a latecomer joining our already crowded table was introduced all around, the waiter introduced himself too and fussed about with concern and an efficiency exceeded only by the din.

On Sweepsteaks Day, the Palm sirloin (the overzealous waiter charged us $16—$2 extra for splitting) came in a close second because it was swimming in too much melted butter. Onion strings weren't as crisp as usual, but the cottage fries were crunch-perfect.

The Palm, 837 Second Avenue, near 45th Street, 687-2953. Monday through Friday noon to 11 p.m., Saturdays from 5. Closed Sundays. American Express (AE), Carte Blanche (CB), Diners Club (DC), Master Charge (MC), Visa (V). Palm Too, 840 Second Avenue, near 45th Street, 697-5198. Same hours as the Palm.

Peter Luger

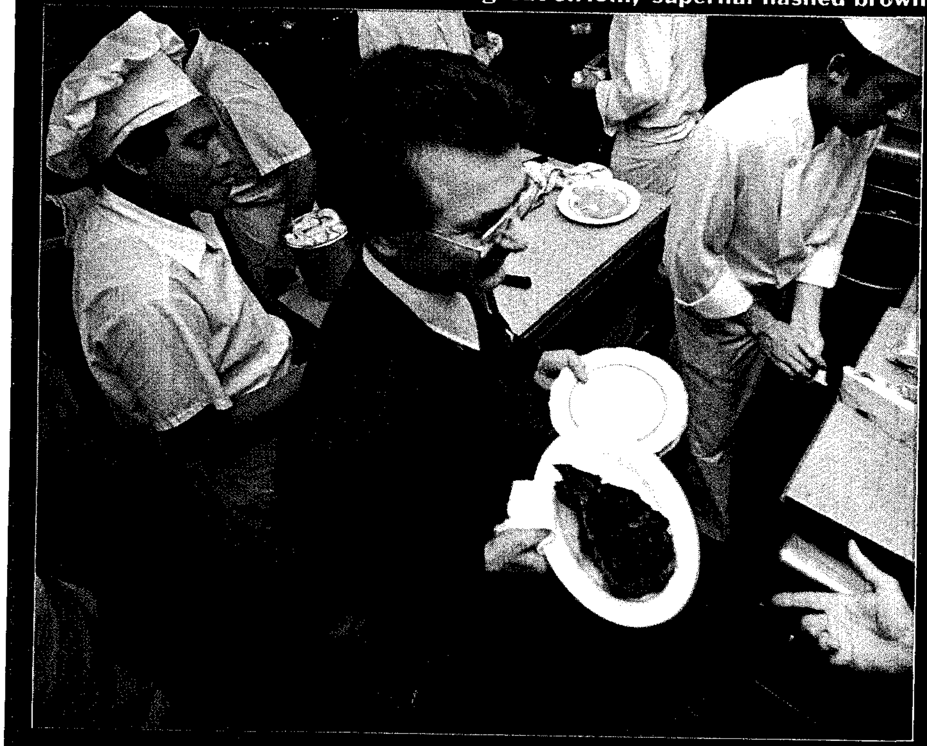
If I were Diana Nyad I'd swim on over. If I were Wonder Woman I'd loop my lariat over a cornice of the World Trade Center and swing across. But I'm a parochial citizen of Manhattan and I tend to forget that a swift spin across the Williamsburg Bridge into Brooklyn is the favorite steakhouse of my New York adolescence—Peter Luger.

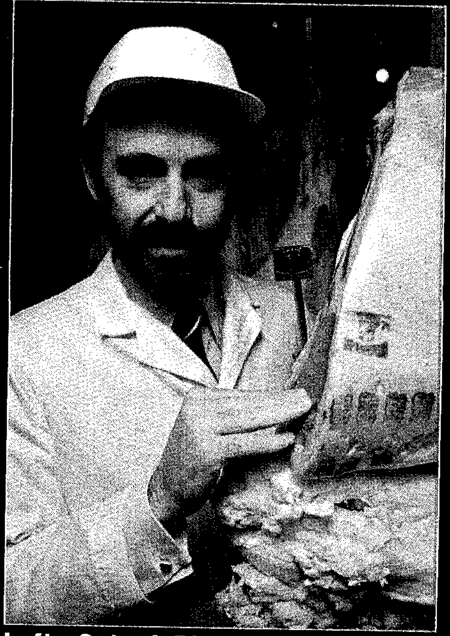
At first, what disappointment . . . those old you-can't-go-home-again blues. How fiercely plain the place is. Too brightly lit. A restless queue of standees. A crowded bar. Why didn't someone remember to make a reservation? My friends—all first-timers here—barely conceal their disdain at the meager offerings. Shrimp cocktail. Tomatoes and raw onions to start. Baby-blues roll brainward. Eyebrows hit hairlines. Harumphs. Hackles rise. "That's it?" asks the novelist-cum-whisk who is grooming himself to become our century's Brillat-Savarin. "That's it." The waiter smiles. We want steak, of course. Porterhouse. And what else? "Lamb chops," the waiter offers. "And?" "That's it." Ha.

Good-natured, efficient, tolerant, the waiter serves thick rounds of tomato and onion with the house sauce—an alchemy of tomato, vinegar, horseradish, and molasses. There are six shrimp to a $5.50 portion—cold, fresh, not much taste—with a tangy sauce. The French fries are fat and crisp—they get dunked in the house sauce. Onion-flecked German fries are better. But the giant platter of meat stills the last querulous peep. What a magnificent seduction—tender and tasty, crimson in a gently charred crust—great steak, as remembered. And sublime double lamb chops. Miss Grimble's pecan pie is sweet and good. Dense, sticky cheesecake actually tastes of cheese rather than an excess of lemon or vanilla. The warmed strudel could be more buttery. But the chocolate-mousse cake in its rich cookie crust is splendid. There is a menu—almost no one ever asks to see it.

There are some who will think this is much ado about a bloody hunk of steer. But serious steak lovers—steak mavens, professional and amateur—celebrate Peter Luger's porterhouse for its remarkable consistency. "Can it really be as good as I think it is? As good as it always was?" a Luger fan asks me. It ought to be. The government's "prime" standards may have loosened, but Peter Luger's have not. Marsha Forman is buying the same big, fat, young, silky short loins she started culling from the frosty stockrooms of the Washington Meat Market 28 years ago, when her husband's family decided to buy the steakhouse he'd been lunching at for 30 years. Forman women run Peter Luger. The oldest daughter, Marilyn Spiera, does the managing and spells her mother in the market. The two of them, in quilted down freezer jackets under white butcher coats, trudge forth in waterproof boots. (There is brown butcher paper protecting the floor of the chauffeured Cadillac.) They are welcomed in strictly wholesale showrooms where other restaurateurs do not go. "We pay our bills fast," Marilyn Spiera explains. The two women go for "very fancy, very wasty" meat. "Nobody is as discriminating as these people," a meat dealer salutes them.

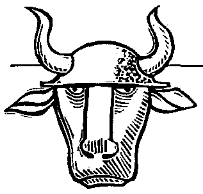
Fans fight the crush at the Palm for great sirloin, supernal hashed browns, and onions sublime.





Left: Out of Pietro's tiny kitchen comes crusty sirloin—but it's not what it was. Above: John Bruno, of Pen & Pencil, in the market.

Photographed by Dan Wynn



> ". . . How fiercely plain Peter Luger is. But the giant platter of meat stills the last querulous peep . . ."

The Forman family own their building. "We can afford meat with a lot of waste because of our low overhead," Marsha Forman says. "My husband charges himself $25 a month rent. We don't pay a buyer. What we save, we give you on the plate." The meat is aged in the house cold box, where a stylus charts the temperature and humidity and an alarm buzzer sounds upstairs if anything goes wrong. The morning cook's name is "Baloney." The house butcher is Selim "Salami."

Peter Luger Steak House, 178 Broadway, Brooklyn, 387-7400. Monday through Thursday 11:30 a.m. to 9:45 p.m., Fridays to 10:45 p.m, Saturdays to 11:15 p.m., Sundays 1 to 9:45 p.m. No credit cards.

Sparks

Well, so the Cettas write great ads. That doesn't mean they sell great steak. There goes my essential cynicism, setting my teeth on edge even before I explore Sparks Steak House. And everything the Great Steak Establishment has to say about western boxed meat—moist-aged in vacuum-sealed plastic—convinces me I should hate Sparks's steak. Except I don't. I love it. And on Sweepsteaks Day, it was clearly the champ. Not the flashiest, not the biggest or the thickest—actually, the most unassuming in its moderate mantle of char—but inside was a splendid tenderness, a proper explosion of tastes, integrity of texture. . . . A brilliant scarlet, not hot, not cool—just warm. (We'd asked for it rare . . . very rare but not blue.) Brushing my fingers across the steak, I picked up a glaze of lemon or lemon pepper. (Cetta denies it.) It works.

At $14.95, potatoes and salad *not* included, Sparks's sirloin is no longer a bargain to boast of in two-inch typeface. (It cost us $3.95 extra to split the steak.) But it's a sirloin to savor. Another sirloin, tasted earlier, was its equal. A third, ordered "medium," was slightly mealy and tough. The filet mignon, a cut I never order, was textbook perfect. Sparks's salad, mostly escarole and romaine with cotton tomatoes, wears a dressing that tastes bottled but is probably just a cloddish home brew. Four shrimp, a bit warm, split to make them seem jumbo, tasted fresh enough, spicy red sauce on the side. The potato was soggy, as if baked in foil. Hashed browns were better. A rather ingenuous walnut pie satisfied the craving for a gooey sweet.

Sparks uptown is a barnlike space. No one can accuse the Cettas of sawdust or asceticism. A real effort has been made—dark wood, floral carpet, etched glass, a few cozy corners and booths, remarkably handsome sideboards with wine on display. But it still looks like "instant pub." The wine list is remarkable, the collection of a serious wine lover, with an astonishing range of great California labels you can't find anywhere retail . . . here at an amazingly gentle markup. The staff is young and mostly pleasant. Twice I felt sure I was recognized. The service grew too dazzling to be believed. When I spilled a puddle of wine on the table, the waiter rushed over to change the tablecloth.

Pasquale Cetta is perhaps understandably paranoid, all alone up there in enemy territory. He takes off his toupee and puts on glasses to check out the competition. He claims no one ages longer than Sparks. When I asked to see Sparks's "giant inventory" in the aging cooler, he refused. When I suggested he was shy about his boxed, plastic-wrapped sirloin, he relented. "If it's a question of integrity, okay," he said. The meat is aged wet, then unwrapped and hung to dry—how long is a secret. The Cettas don't like criticism. They sued the last restaurant critic who didn't love them for $2 million, and have spent $4,000 on legal fees so far in the quest for vengeance.

Sparks Steak House, 210 East 46th Street, 687-4855. Lunch, Monday through Friday noon to 3 p.m.; dinner, Monday through Thursday 5 to 11 p.m., Fridays and Saturdays to 11:30 p.m. AE, MC, V.

Christ Cella

Christ Cella remains, for me, chill and forbidding. The barroom is mildly cozy, and it might be a lark to join the regulars at the big round kitchen table, but upstairs . . . it's like eating in an operating amphitheater. So antiseptic. But Christ Cella is a major-league steakhouse, consistently ranked among the loftiest. When a deft and amiable waiter leaves you graced with a flawless sirloin—seared, not singed, moist and full of flavor—and a giant scarlet cross section of prime rib, slightly tough but wondrously tasty, the cozy-quotient soars. This is the classic steakhouse form: fish, chops, liver, almost everything is impeccable, straightforward, no thrills. Expensive. Caveat emptor: There is no written menu.

Is Christ Cella coasting on its past glory? The bread is better than it was. And they no longer drown creatures of the sea in an ooze of cocktail sauce. But the shrimp one evening were totally tasteless; a lobster cocktail had ossified. The kitchen's version of hashed browns is insipid. Batter-dipped onions are fresh and tender, but unexciting. Someone really fusses over the salad—aristocratic greens in an excellent vinaigrette. And the house takes unrestrained pride in the napoleon.

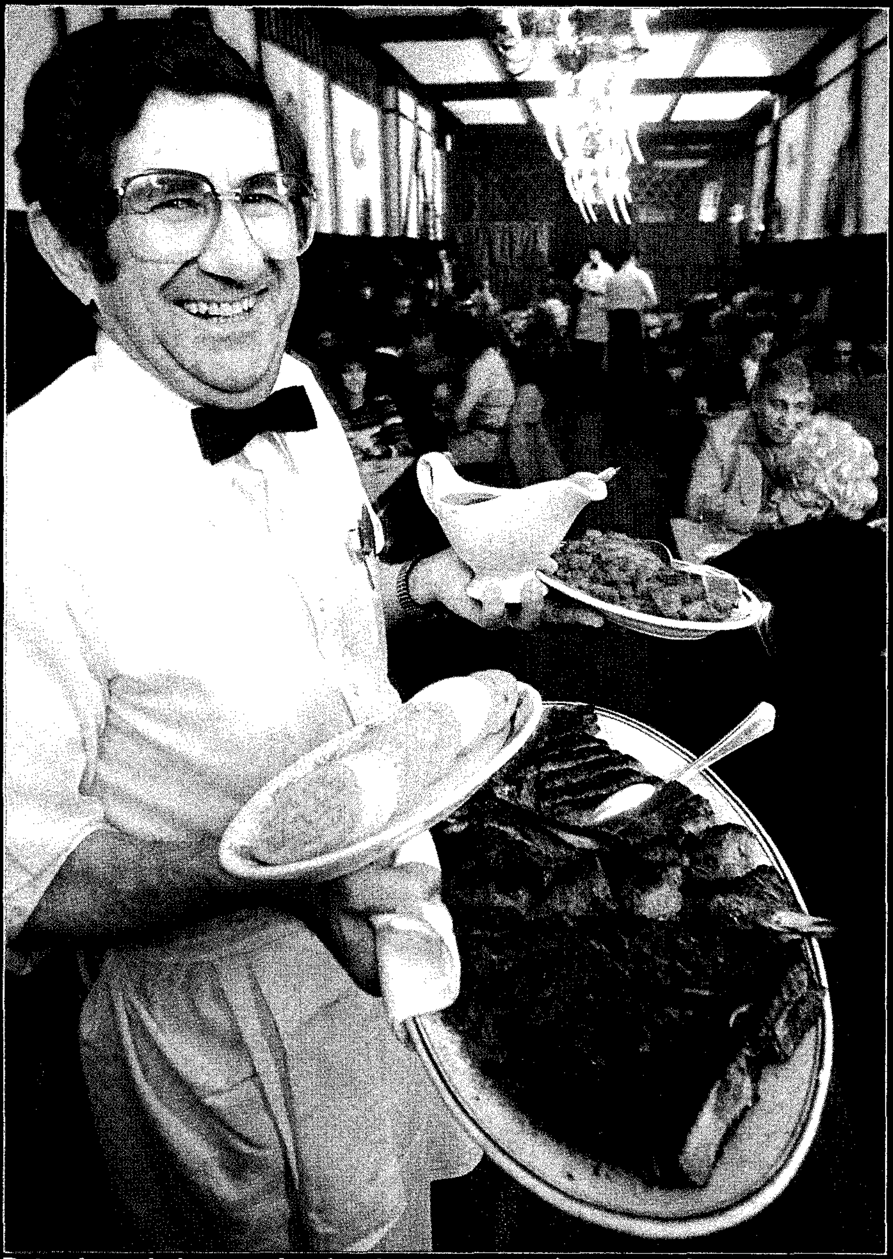
On Sweepsteaks Day, something was seriously amiss at Christ Cella. The sirloin was tough, bland, underaged; the bright red puddle on the plate was a dead giveaway. We hadn't announced we were sharing (Christ Cella won't split), so the waiter took my "I'll just have the house salad" and produced a double salad—the best of the day. Even the tomatoes had taste, but crusty mashed potatoes are not my idea of hashed browns.

Christ Cella, 160 East 46th Street, 697-2479. Monday through Friday noon to 10:30 p.m., Saturdays from 5 p.m. AE, CB, DC, MC, V.

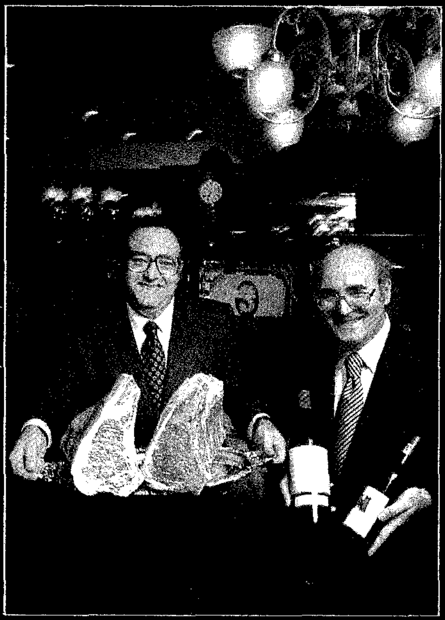
Gallagher's

Gallagher's is hurly-burly—vast, noisy, pugnacious—I always feel as if a bar fight will break out at any moment. The tipplers look like serious drinkers. And serious steak eaters—often men dining alone on serious steaks, thinner than most and bigger, bone in, often deeply charred because Gallagher's is the only steakhouse that uses charcoal and hickory. Even when the steak lacks flavor, the charcoal smoke fills your mouth with taste.

So I'll keep going to Gallagher's. It's theater, and stays open long after most serious steakhouses have shuttered for the night. Too bad it's so difficult to get a good steak here. Once the steak was simply tough and too streaked with gristle. At a second dinner, three of four items ordered rare came medium . . . all three went back. On a second try, the steak was blue; so were the lamb chops. The chops went back for a third go. This particular debacle took place under the glazed eyes of our host, Jerry Brody. Was it nerves or simple incompetence? I like steak black and blue (seared on the outside, cool at the core), even though when reviewing I order it rare. This one was juicy and tough, with little natural taste. Though



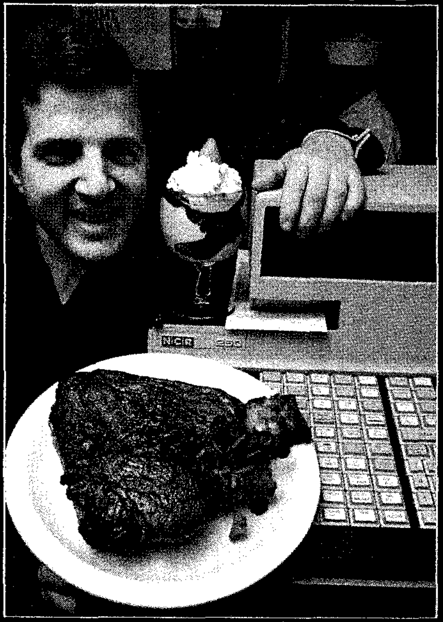
Peter Luger's low overhead puts more porterhouse on the plate.



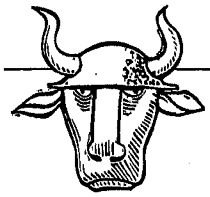
Sparks's Cetta brothers are warriors.

Only Gallagher's uses hickory logs.

Christ Cella's team gathers at the regulars' favorite round table.



U.S. Steakhouse is computer-run.



> "...Everything the Steak Establishment has to say convinces me I should hate Sparks's steak. But I love it..."

the chops arrived slightly overdone, they were excellent. And calf's liver with both onions and bacon was a sublime hodgepodge of tastes and textures. The mystique of Gallagher's own potatoes escapes me—they are fat sections of fried baked potatoes (boring)—but the onions, thick-battered beauties, are exciting. Almost all the desserts are primitive— try the chocolate-mousse cake. Even better, plain vanilla ice cream.

Brody is a veteran restaurateur. His Oyster Bar at Grand Central Station is one of the great treasures of New York. And he raises Black Angus. His bull, Patriot, was voted grand champion of the North American Livestock Exposition in Kentucky last month. "Prime is not just an ego trip. People expect the taste of prime," he says. The steak ought to be wonderful, and it isn't. Sometimes human error is at fault. Several weeks ago a new man went into the cold box and grabbed the nearest sides, breaking the aging order. Customers complained about tough steak all day before Brody himself discovered the problem.

On Sweepsteaks Day, Gallagher's produced a large, heavily charred steak with a fine hickory scent, cooked beyond rare, split without protest. There was a proletarian salad, boring potatoes, and superlative fried onions.

Gallagher's, 228 West 52nd Street, 245-5336. Daily 11:30 a.m. to midnight. AE, CB, DC, MC, V.

How They Ranked on Sweepsteaks Day

On October 19, I recruited my friend the Rocky Mountain Sybarite to taste eight steaks with me—four at lunch, four at dinner. We started at noon at Christ Cella, ordered a steak "rare," potatoes, onions, the house salad . . . tasted, asked for a doggy bag, and went on. Steaks were judged for texture, flavor, juiciness, char, and degree of "rareness." We learned. We survived. We loved it. And here is how we ranked the steaks on Sweepsteaks Day, in order, best first.

Sweepsteaks Day Ranking	Overall Ranking	Price; Price per Ounce[1]	Characteristics	Potatoes	Onions	Salad	Written Menu Presented
1 **Sparks**	3	$14.95; $1.09 per oz.	boneless sirloin; broiled; lemon pepper	hashed browns, 75 cents	none	$1	yes
2 **The Palm**	1	$14; 78 cents per oz.	boneless sirloin; broiled; butter	cottage fries, $2.50*; hashed browns, $2.50**	$3.50*	$2	no
3 **Gallagher's**	5	$13.50; 74 cents per oz.	bone-in sirloin; hickory-charcoal	Gallagher's own, $1.25	$1.95	$2.25	yes
4 **Pietro's**	6	$15.50; 82 cents per oz.	boneless sirloin; broiled; butter	hashed browns, $2.75**	$3	$2.75	yes
5 **Christ Cella**	4	$16.50; $1.04 per oz.	boneless sirloin; broiled; lemon butter	baked, fries, hashed browns, no charge	$4	$3.50*	no
6 **Broadway Joe**	9	$16.50; $1.03 per oz.	boneless sirloin; broiled	baked, no charge; hashed browns, $3.50	$3.50	no charge	yes
7 **Pen & Pencil**	8	$15.50; 98 cents per oz.	boneless sirloin; broiled	no charge	$2.25	$1.95	yes
8 **Smith & Wollensky**	10	$13.50; 78 cents per oz.	boneless sirloin; heifer; butter	cottage fries, $2.75	$2.25	$2.50	yes

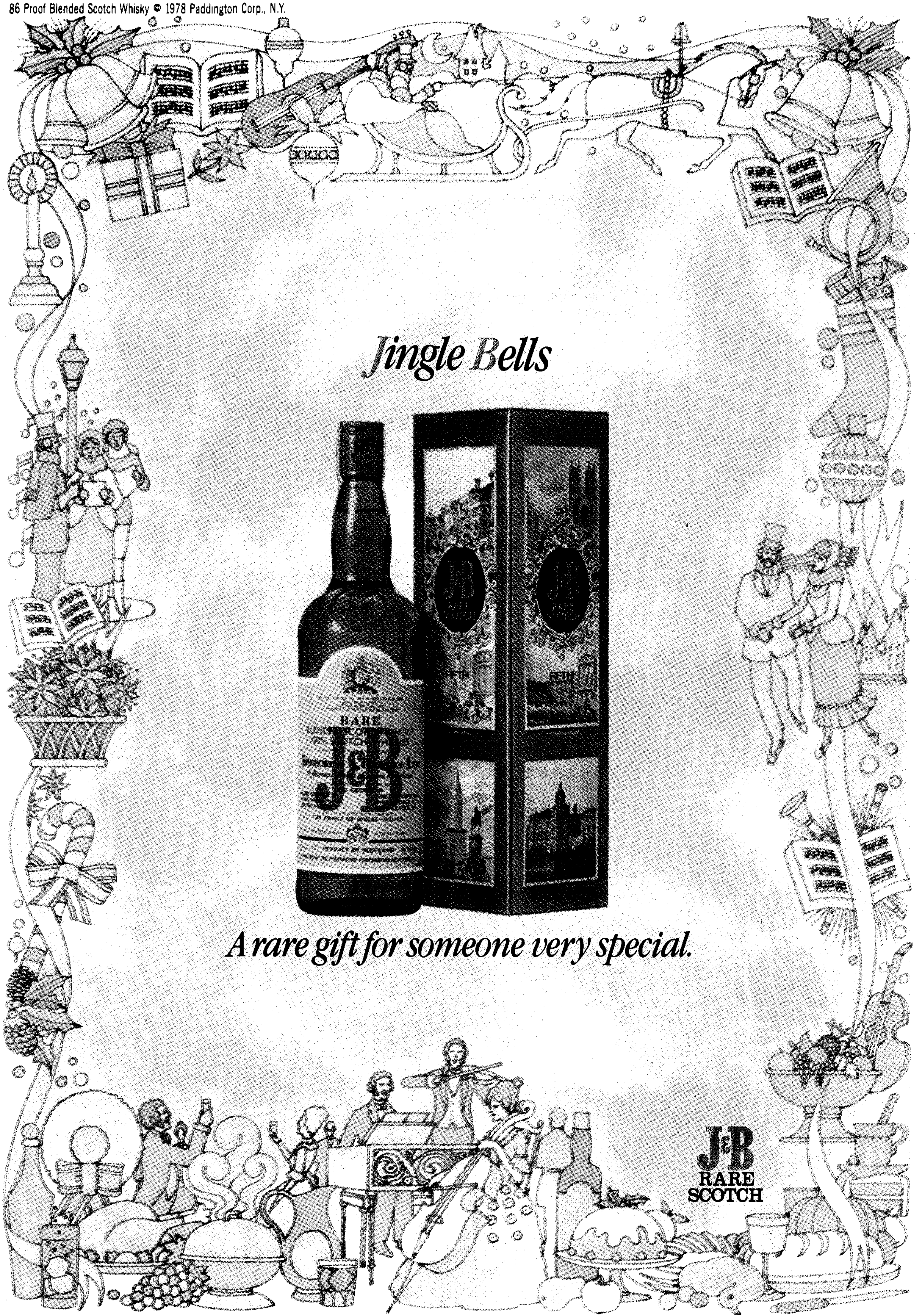
Brooklyn seemed inaccessible on this schedule, so we did not include Peter Luger; the U.S. Steakhouse was added only after my cabdriver's recommendation. These restaurants, then, were not part of the Sweepsteaks Day competition.

Sweepsteaks Day Ranking	Overall Ranking	Price; Price per Ounce[1]	Characteristics	Potatoes	Onions	Salad	Written Menu Presented
Peter Luger	2	$27.50; 50 cents per oz.	porterhouse for two; broiled	German fries, $2.25	none	none	no
U.S. Steakhouse	7	$14.95; 90 cents per oz.	bone-in sirloin; broiled	Saratoga chips, no charge**	$1.95	$1.50	yes

**Best of Sweepsteaks Day* ***Also wonderful*

[1] *Note that some steaks are bone-in, some are boneless; some restaurants charge for extras, some do not.*

86 Proof Blended Scotch Whisky © 1978 Paddington Corp., N.Y.



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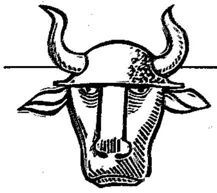

"...The cabby snorted. 'The president ate at the U.S. Steakhouse,' he said. 'That good enough for you?'..."

Pietro's

In the days I wandered New York like Magellan, discovering a thousand new worlds, it was always a thrill to climb the stairs to Pietro's—painfully crowded and fiercely plain, ostensibly just another Italian bistro—to suffer the shock of the owner's welcoming kiss, to marvel at the choreography of the crowded little kitchen, to know that in a moment or two one would confront a superlative prime sirloin. Embryo steak mavens all, we would wade through the chopped salad—for vitamins—and share lyonnaise potatoes or home fries. Did I ever taste the spaghetti? Linguine with clams, I think. But the point for me in this homely little second-story Italian restaurant was always . . . great beef.

No question—there has been a creep into mediocrity at Pietro's. Upstairs in a third-floor room that is spare, half empty, and sadly depressing (but quieter than downstairs), our green young waiter was instantly ready to take the steak back to the kitchen. It was tough, unaged, not rare as ordered. Clams breaded and deep-fried were tough, too. Not as tough as the shrimp in their oval gratin dish, dribbled with something that tasted like pickle relish. Cottage fries tasted re-fried. On Sweepsteaks Day there was no greeting at all until a waiter passing by took it upon himself to find us a tiny table. He accepted our order for a steak to share with no complaint. It came striped with char from the grill, bland, with a good texture, properly rare—good, not great. The crisp cubes of hashed browns were sublime, a real triumph. The string-bean salad looked like Christmas—all red and green with pimiento and bell pepper—but the beans had been cooked to sog.

Pietro's Restaurant, 201 East 45th Street, 682-9760. Lunch, Monday through Friday noon to 2:30 p.m.; dinner, Monday through Saturday 5:30 to 10:30 p.m. No credit cards.

U.S. Steakhouse

"Where can we go for a good steak?" my friend the Rocky Mountain Sybarite asked the cabdriver.

The cabby snorted. "Where to go? So many. So many. You got so many places in this town." He shook his head. "The president . . . when he came to New York, he ate at the U.S. Steakhouse. That good enough for you?"

Yes, I guess it is. For a good steak and sublime homemade potato chips and a superior hot-fudge sundae served by pleasant people in an almost comfortable setting, I'd go to the U.S. Steakhouse again myself. Especially for the buffet lunch at the bar which seems to draw remarkably attractive men. It's no mystery how President Carter got to the U.S. Steakhouse. Proprietor Peter Aschkenasy's wife, Dorothy, is Gracie Mansion's official hostess, and even if nepotism were not a national hobby, what better magnet for Jimmy Carter than a house dedicated "with unflagging devotion to steak and booze (and Old Glory)"? Not to mention peanuts—big copper kettles in the bar—and a wonderfully chauvinistic list of American wines.

Is Aschkenasy as ingenuous as he seems? When I told him the cabdriver story, he dimpled. "That ad in *Taxi Driver News* really paid off," he confided. "We're doing 100 more dinners a night since the president's visit." Aschkenasy is a friend, so I happen to know his unabashedly innocent philosophy: If you want it to be good, it will be good. If only . . .

Some of the U.S. Steakhouse touches *are* wonderful: the chips, Orwasher's bread, fried potato skins, prime meat . . . carting fresh vegetables in from country farm stands. Some whimsies don't always work: The bean soup of the day isn't always wonderful. The stuffed vegetable of the day often resembles a new bride's improvisation—sort of good, but not exactly. There is no iceberg lettuce in the salad. Aschkenasy is proud of that. And no cherry with No. 2 food dye on the hot-fudge sundae—"I'm very fussy about hot-fudge sundaes."

Some of the house's early mistakes have been corrected. The stark Gwathmey Siegel interior has been warmed and softened, though the red banners overhead remind me of Madison Square Garden. But what you want in a steakhouse is good meat and potatoes. At that, the kitchen does respectably well. The sirloin on the bone arrives rare, not too charred, not too tough, not mealy, rather tasteless. At lunch the sixteen-ounce hamburger tastes pre-cooked, with a hint of overaged meat. At dinner the same burger, with a core of too sweet béarnaise, is fresher, moist...good with the house's rather pleasant steak sauce. Hashed brown potatoes don't really need apple bits (though my companion loved them). A rancid nut always seems to creep into the six-nut pies. Recently the kitchen was ordered to bake the pies every other day instead of once a week. I'm not sure strawberry shortcake is worth doing out of the berry season. And the whipped cream is so light that it doesn't taste real. But that hot-fudge sundae is a gem.

U.S. Steakhouse, 120 West 51st Street, 757-8800. Lunch, Monday through Friday 11:30 a.m. to 3 p.m. (and on Saturdays during Christmas season); dinner, daily 5 to 11:30 p.m. AE, CB, DC, MC, V.

Pen & Pencil

On my first visit to Pen & Pencil years ago, my friend the Wall Street Voluptuary promised me the best steak of my life. He instructed the captain: "I want the best steak you have in the house." He repeated it, twice. There are steakhouses in New York where he would have suffered for such aggressiveness. But Pen & Pencil is the gentlemen's steakhouse. It feels like a proper men's club with its green leather banquettes and dark paneled walls and waiters dressed as stewards. Two of our steaks were excellent. One was mediocre. "Impossible," said the captain. "We took them all from the same shell." It was the dawn of my disillusionment. Yes, you can get an indifferent steak in a great New York steakhouse.

John Bruno is the third-generation Bruno in the business and one of the few restaurateurs still going to the market in person to select and stamp the prime loins for aging. But considering the tradition of Pen & Pencil, some luster is missing. At dinner one night recently even the carnations drooped. The sirloin was tender and rare, but tasteless; the filet had a bitter aftertaste. The best choice was lamb—triple chops, seared around a blushing rose heart. Soggy salad, insipid hashed browns, spinach salad with tough spinach spines, and fried onion strings that fought back added to a sense of dreariness that lifted a bit with dessert—dense chocolate-mousse cake in a cookie crust.

Sweepsteaks Day the sirloin—served for two without complaint or extra charge—was small, very rare, and tender, with no flavor at all. The mashed potatoes were a disgrace. We asked for beans and got plastic peas.

Pen & Pencil, 205 East 45th Street, 682-8660. Monday through Friday 11:45 a.m. to

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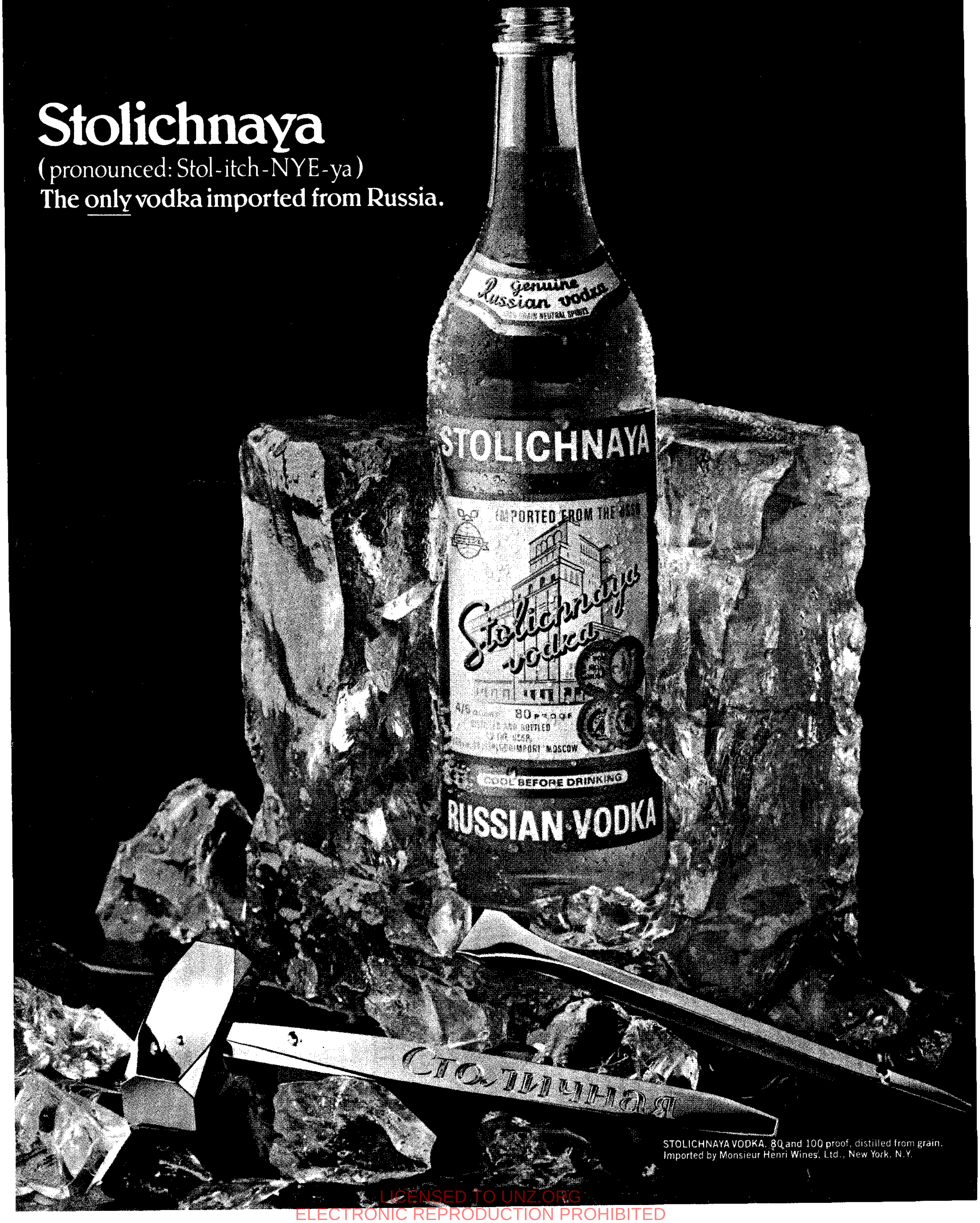
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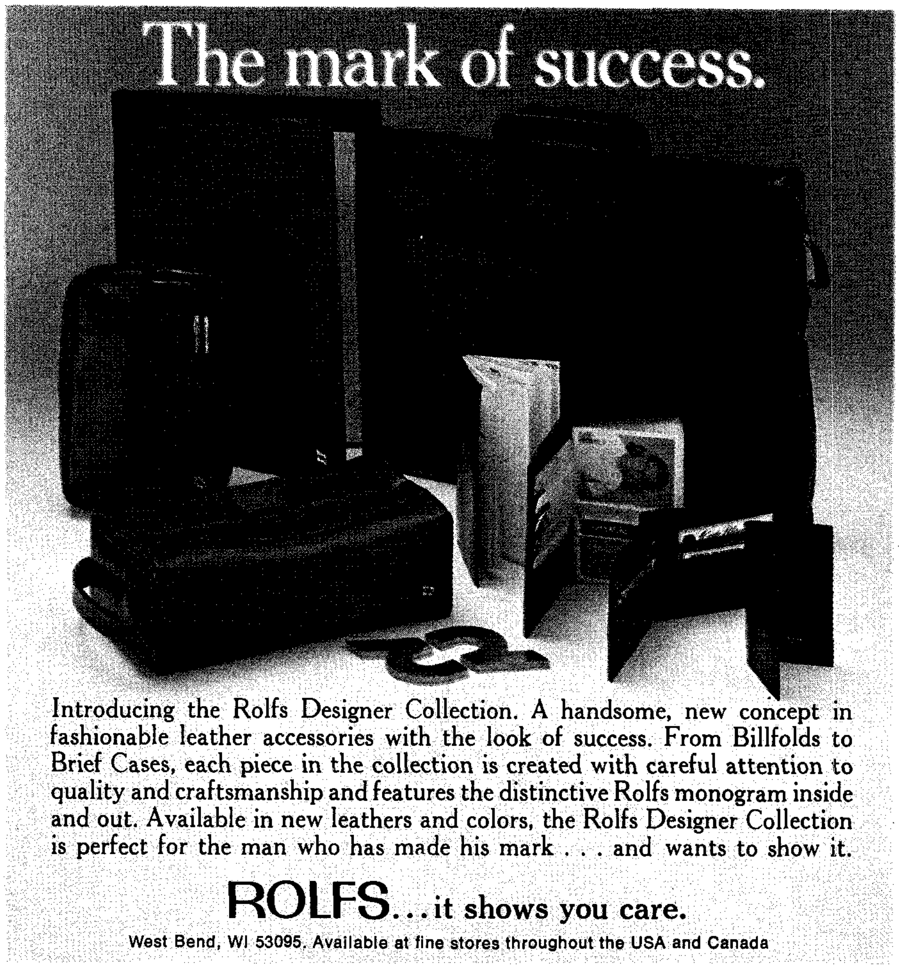

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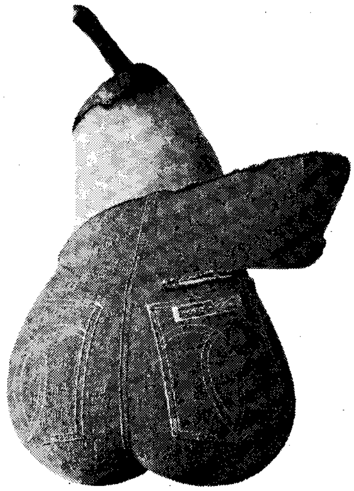

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Broadway Joe

There was a forlorn air about Broadway Joe—historically among the city's steakhouse mighty. Perhaps it is the location—a few hundred feet beyond the obligatory sleaze surrounding Eighth Avenue. Perhaps we'd just missed the pre-theater carnivores. Soon we were alone with the Muzak in a corner of the back room—tricked up in what third-rate decorators like to call "Mediterranean." A few nights later, traffic had picked up a bit. Everyone was eating steak and baked potato. The hashed browns were definitely a $3.50 misunderstanding—acrid with the taste of stale paprika. And the cottage fries were inedible.

The menu reads like a Pinter play. Full of answers that provoke unanswerable questions. "Why $5 for tomatoes?" "Tomatoes for two," the waiter says, smiling brightly. We question $20 for steak tartare when steak itself is only $16. "Well, that pays for the spices," he ventures. Cheerfully he divides the pâté maison—a spicy rectangle of something close to liverwurst—and a middlebrow Caesar salad, soggy of crouton and not properly drained. The steak is close to medium-rare, not rare as requested. And the scampi might have been cooked in a dehydrator—not a drop of moisture survived the fire. Giant lamb chops, cool at the heart, are a complete success.

On Sweepsteaks Day, the steak was nicely seared, minimally charred, shy of flavor, and closer to medium than rare. The waiter doing a two-spoons-in-one-hand serving stunt dropped the potatoes on the cloth. No loss. Nervously we demolished the batter-fried onions—greasy but good. The salad—a pleasant blend of iceberg and other greens, with a scattering of arugula—was skillfully dressed. On the dark-paneled meat cooler there is a painted legend: "We must serve the best to prosper. And we must prosper to serve the best." Enough said.

Broadway Joe Steak House, 315 West 46th Street, 246-6513. Monday through Saturday, dinner only, 4:30 to 11:30 p.m. AE, DC, MC, V.

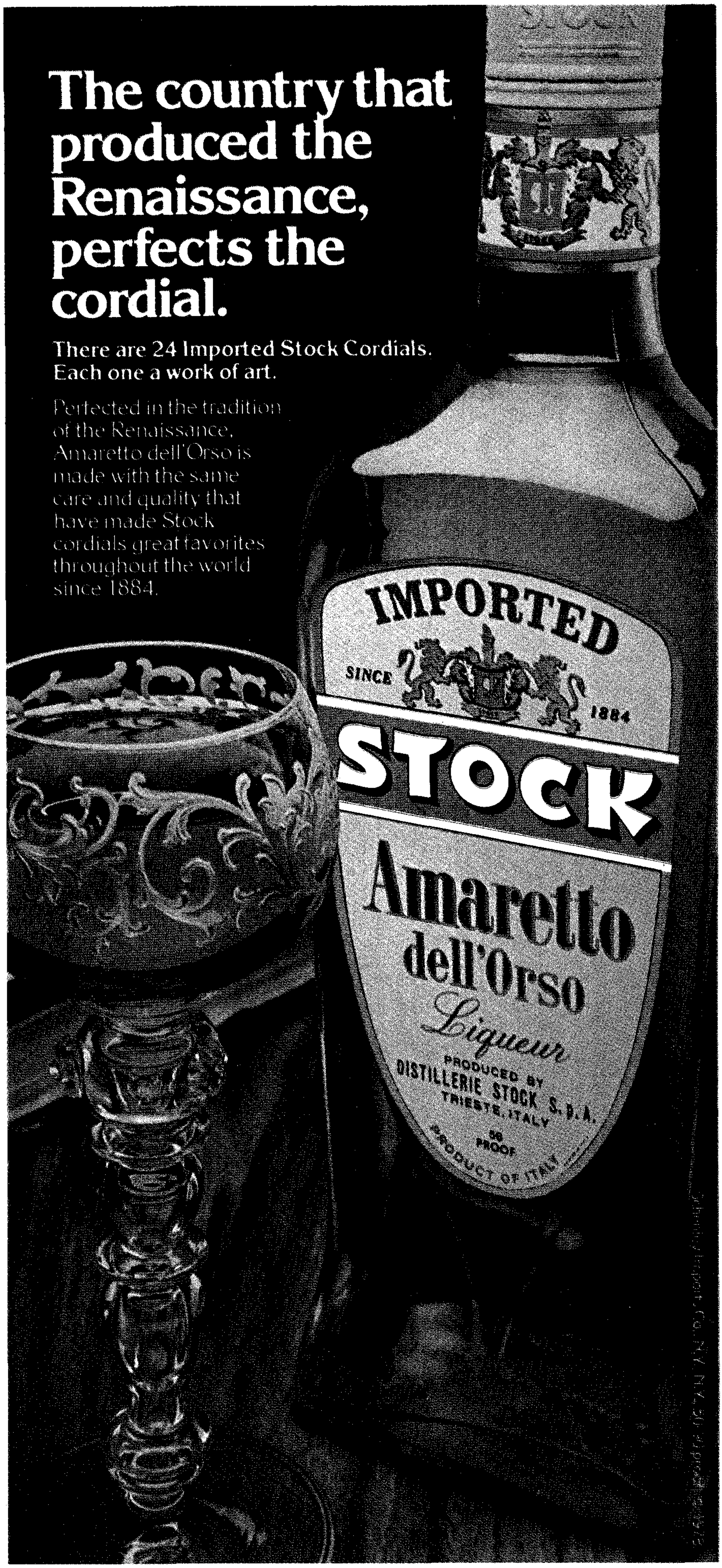
Smith & Wollensky

There is no Smith and there is no Wollensky, but the name—Smith & Wollensky—has an old-time ring that fits the nostalgic feel of the steakhouse installed in the vast barn that used to be Manny Wolf's. The architects have skillfully broken up that space, creating a measure of intimacy—especially in the wooden booths on the platform overlooking the dining room. Giant lobsters and mammoth pumpkins and beautiful fruit are heaped about—a handsome welcome. There are also bronze bears and female Graces, giant clocks, marble moldings—real relics, not the mock folk art ordered by the pound from restaurant supply houses.

The steaks are prime (heifer, not steer). The lobsters are as big as wire-haired terriers. The waiters in the classic steakhouse aprons are mostly jaunty and unjaded, rolling trolleys to and fro, smashing crustacean carcasses and slicing steaks with reasonable finesse. There is a written menu—simple, unexciting—plus daily specials listed on the blackboard. The house is often crowded. The faces are young and seem happy. The intentions here are admirable. But the performance is weak. The bread in its wicker-and-linen snuggery is excellent—I've never tasted a better salt stick than this one. The house terrine is a homey meat loaf, served with tiny gherkins and a dollop of sweet cranberry sauce. An excellent vinaigrette dresses very tough greens and the season's cellulose tomatoes on a handsome glass plate—still hot from the dishwasher. In a fit of advanced gourmandism one evening, we ordered a giant lobster to share and a steak to share. They arrived together, surf and turf—a totally uncivilized coupling to me. The steak went back to the kitchen, making room for a full attack on the lobster, overcooked and underbuttered. The steak returned, moist enough and rare, tender but tasteless. Another evening, a second steak was rare, as ordered, but tough with veins of gristle. And steak Wollensky—good but not great sirloin—might appeal to onion fetishists with its bed of onions sautéed with mushrooms and its mantle of fried onions. The beef stew features lots of meat in a humble sauce and overcooked vegetables cooked separately. The creamy cheesecake is so big, does anyone care that the pastry tastes raw? And once you can work your spoon into the frozen coffee mousse you may not mind the refrigerator taste. The chocolate cake is big, moist, filled with fresh coconut. But the house apple pie is just silly.

Sweepsteaks Day the steak was thick and narrow, tender, rare, moist, leaner than great prime. Thick cottage fries were hot and fresh, and the onions were decent enough—but the batter kept crumbling.

Smith & Wollensky, 201 East 49th Street, 753-1530. Monday through Thursday 11:30 a.m. to 11 p.m., Fridays to midnight, Saturdays 5 p.m. to midnight, Sundays 4 to 11 p.m. AE, CB, DC, MC. ▬



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HOME IS WHERE THE HEARTH IS

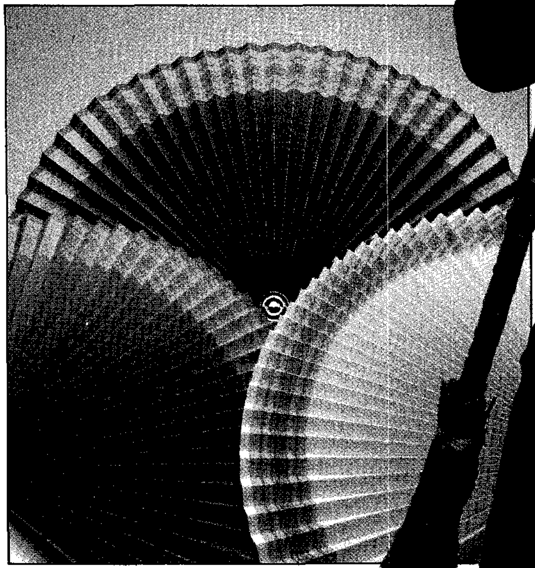
"... Ideas on fireplaces and accessories; tips on how to light a fire and not go up in smoke ..."

A co-op is only a co-op, but a flat with a fireplace is *home.* For those with a hearth to sweep and a mantel to dust, winter is the amiable season—a time of coziness, comfort, snugness, and well-being. Here, for those lucky New Yorkers, are some ideas about fireplaces, accessories, wood, and maintenance, plus tips on how to light a fire and not go up in smoke.

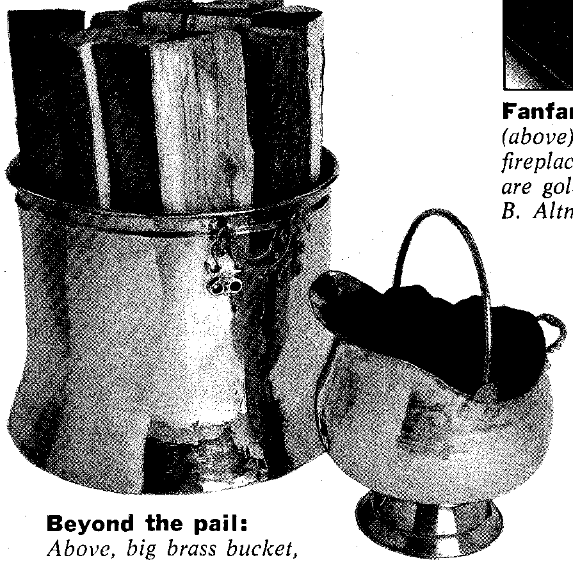
The Fireplace

Over half of the homes in the United States have fireplaces built according to a 200-year-old design, and they work remarkably inefficiently. (Indeed, all fireplaces do.) According to many estimates, only 10 percent of the fire's heat gets into a room; 90 percent goes up the chimney. You are not going to save much on your Con Ed bill by building a crackling fire. If what you want is heat, and you have a fireplace or chimney access (a penthouse apartment or a loft), look into buying a wood-burning stove. *They're* heat-efficient.

Fireplaces come three ways: the built-in, "classic" masonry fireplace, constructed with cement and firebrick; the prefabricated or pre-built fireplace, a metal firebox with chimney that is installed against an existing wall and then enclosed; or a freestanding fireplace, a metal construction that can be moved around like an appliance. "Fireplaces should have dampers [the valve or door that regulates the draft in the chimney], and the hearth should extend a minimum of sixteen inches into the room and eight inches on each side," says the National Fire Protection Association. "Prefab or factory-assembled chimneys and vents should bear the label of a nationally recognized testing laboratory."



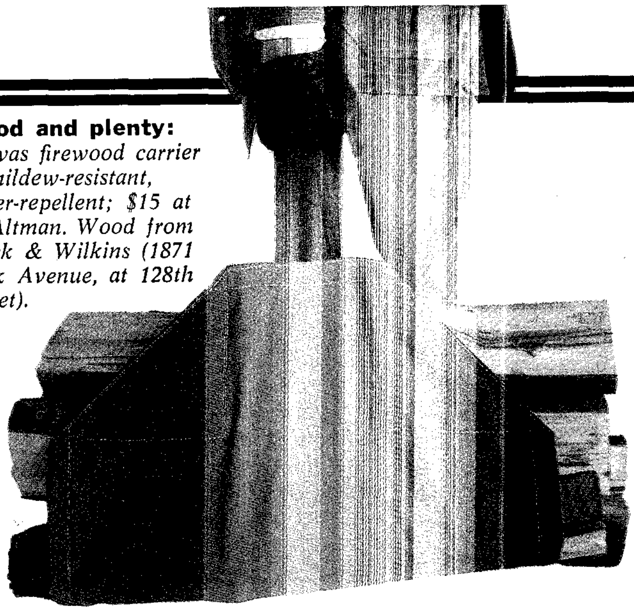
Fanfare: *Paper fans (above) decorate unlit fireplace; reverse sides are gold; $10 each at B. Altman.*



Beyond the pail: *Above, big brass bucket, handmade in Turkey, $350; copper coal scuttle, $95; at B. Altman.*

Clean sweep: *Expert Tom Risch (above) with antique brass bucket, $75 at Cherchez (864 Lexington, at 65th), and willow hearth broom, $14 at Howard Kaplan Antiques (35 East 10th).*

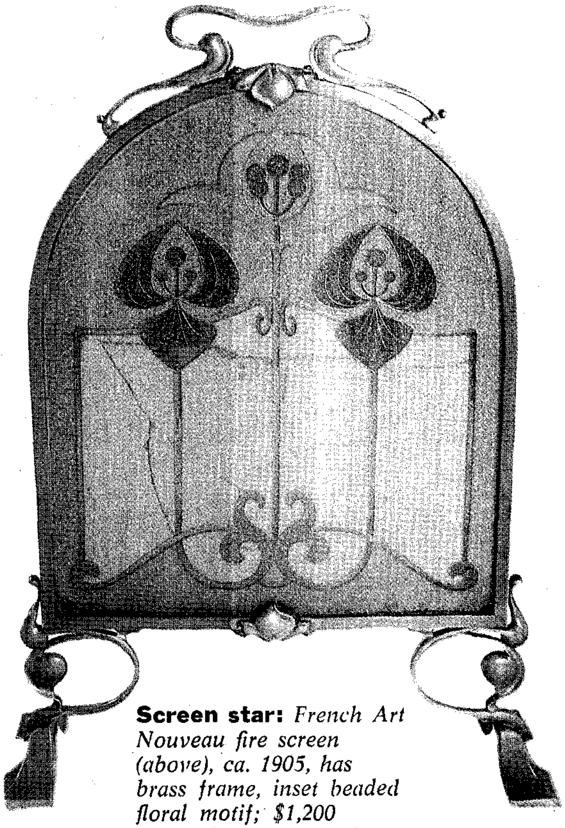
Photographed by Frank Spinelli



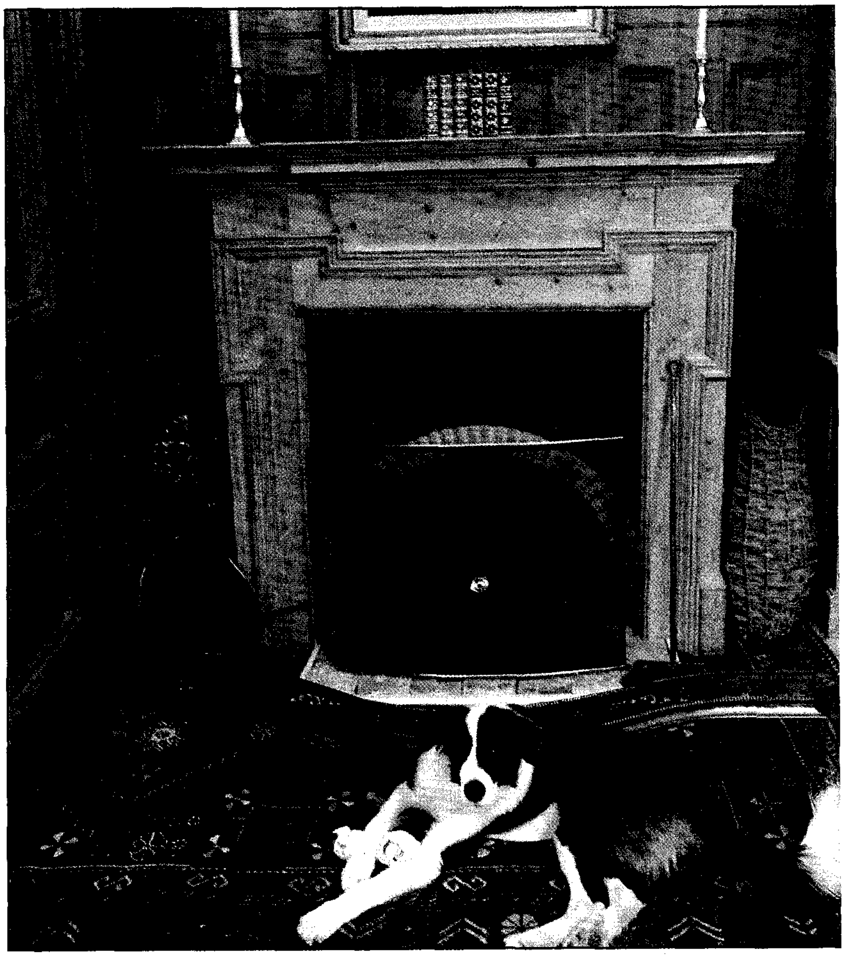
Wood and plenty: *Canvas firewood carrier is mildew-resistant, water-repellent; $15 at B. Altman. Wood from Clark & Wilkins (1871 Park Avenue, at 128th Street).*

Windbag: *Spanish-style bellows (right) is 23 inches long; $39 at William H. Jackson Company (3 East 47th Street).*

Twiggy: *Antique French grape picker's backpack basket (left), 39 inches long, holds kindling; $175 from Howard Kaplan.*



Screen star: *French Art Nouveau fire screen (above), ca. 1905, has brass frame, inset beaded floral motif; $1,200 (through decorators) from Newel Art Galleries (425 East 53rd Street).*



A room of one's own: *Traditional library at right—mantelpiece ($950), antique English-pine paneling, doors, windows, cornice-crown molding—can be custom-sized in England to your specifications; to order from Howard Kaplan. Black mesh fender screen, $120 from William H. Jackson Company. Antique polished-steel bow-front fender with holly motif, $400 from Edwin Jackson, Inc. (306 East 61st Street).*

"...The crack and roar of a chimney fire are fearsome. You may think a small volcano is erupting in your living room..."

Many people buy or rent an apartment without checking to see if the fireplace is operational and meets Building Code regulations. Bring in a fireplace specialist (see page 83) to check the fireplace before you lease or buy. And be sure it's clear who owns the mantelpiece. Many a co-op buyer has been unpleasantly surprised to find it among the missing when he takes title.

The Fire

Believe it or not, the romantic, nostalgic roaring fire is not necessarily the best. It will provide plenty of immediate heat in front of the fireplace, but will draw quantities of air from the room. A more modest fire with lots of red coals is far more efficient. A grate which holds the wood four and a half inches off a clean hearth will prevent smoke from backing into a room.

Glass doors are very effective in cutting down the amount of hot air that flows up the chimney, but they absorb a great deal of heat when they're closed. And they're ugly. Screens—necessary to control flying sparks—also minimize loss of heat up the chimney. Though they absorb the fire's heat, they let it re-radiate back into the room.

Heat exchangers (those inserted directly into the firebed, and also the jacketed firebox type) and radiant intensifiers help transfer warmth from the firebed into the room. The radiant intensifier, a two-level grate that directs radiant heat outward, is the easiest for the apartment dweller to use. The Texas Fireframe, developed by an Austin, Texas, physicist who got fed up with the inefficiency of the standard three-log fire, is a steel grate that holds logs apart and allows the burning surfaces to send more of their heat into the room. It comes in five sizes ($34.95 to $79.95, plus shipping) and is sold through the mail by the Texas Fireframe Company, P.O. Box 3435, Austin, Texas 78764. The medium-size grate will soon be in stock again for $35 in Bailey/Huebner at Henri Bendel.

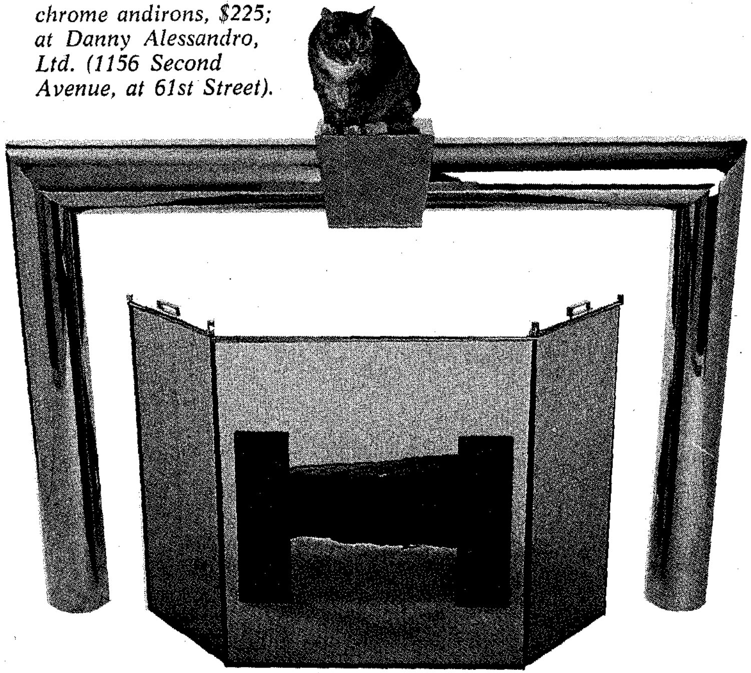
Chimney Sweeping

Burning a slightly larger or hotter fire than usual, or using a chimney that is clogged with creosote (an extremely flammable by-product of the burning of wood), can set off a chimney fire. So can a flaming piece of paper. Such a fire burns at over 3,000 degrees Fahrenheit, sucking in enormous quantities of air. The crack and roar are fearsome—you may think a small volcano is erupting in your living room. The National Fire Protection Association estimates that in 1975 this country had over 15,000 chimney fires, causing $23-million in damages.

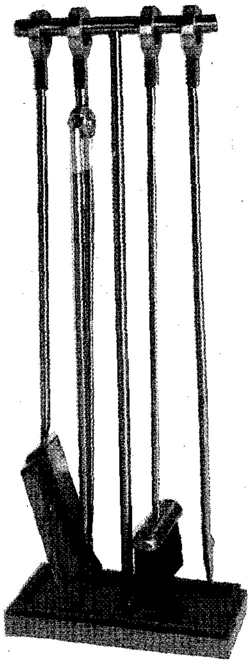
Don't cook in your fireplace, say the people who should know—chimney sweeps. "It's very dangerous," cautions Edward Peccecetti of Eastchester Maintenance. "Porous brick absorbs cooking grease, presenting a real fire hazard. It's quite a risk." The New York City Fire Department concurs.

To keep creosote buildup to a minimum, burn well-seasoned hardwood—wood that has been cut and allowed to dry for several months before you burn it. If you use green wood or soft coal for fuel, you must guard against the excessive accumulation of soot in your chimney flue. If you use man-made or "supermarket-style" logs, be sure to read the instructions very carefully. And never try to move, break up, or

The glory that is chrome: *Below, chrome mantelpiece with brass keystone, $2,500; black wire-mesh folding screen with chrome trim, $75; chrome andirons, $225; at Danny Alessandro, Ltd. (1156 Second Avenue, at 61st Street).*



Hearth tending: *Brushed-nickel tool set (right), also available in chrome or brass, is 32 inches tall; $700 from Edwin Jackson, Inc.*



"...Don't try to clean your chimney yourself. Anything could be clogging the flue, from trash to bird or animal wildlife..."

poke a burning log. As for soot removal, be careful about using chemical cleaners; the National Fire Prevention Association warns that some soot-removing compounds contain oxidizing agents and have been known to cause explosions.

For the free brochure *Heating With Wood,* send a business-size envelope to the Fireplace Institute, 111 East Wacker Drive, Chicago, Illinois 60601. It has good tips on wood, chimney care, and how to build a fire.

Should you clean your chimney yourself? No. Anything might be clogging the flue, from old trash to bird or animal wildlife. Bricks or a portion of the clay lining may have collapsed; the damper may be faulty. Every two or three years (more often if you use the fireplace every day), you'll need to shake hands with a chimney sweep.

Sweeping chimneys, space-age style, has been for several years the business of **August West Systems, Inc.,** of Westport, Connecticut. Thomas Risch and his partner, Dan Ogden, market a chimney-sweeping kit that they sell to other sweeps for $1,385. There's a special FlexiRod (a 54-inch Fiberglas rod with attached brushes), a SootSweeper Dust Collector, a chimney sweep's handbook, a smoke-chamber pole, 40 feet of nylon rope, a red tool caddy, round and square brushes, and a high-quality top hat. (But if you don't want to do it yourself—and you shouldn't—call one of the sweeps listed below.) Risch will send you, free, *For Whatever Soots You,* nine pages of information about chimneys, from efficient use to cleaning to safety guidelines. For the booklet or for information about August West Systems, Inc., write to Risch at 14 Wilton Road, Westport, Connecticut 06880, (203) 226-0754.

The fireplace cleaners listed below have been in business for many years.

Richard Bruno, 474 Piermont Avenue, Piermont, New York 10968, 831-2512 or (914) 359-5823. Bruno, who has been a sweep for twenty years, will come to your door with the kind of equipment Dick Van Dyke used in *Mary Poppins:* connecting rattan rods with a cup and wheel at the tip and a "bass" (natural fiber) brush on the front.

We've heard Bruno is hard to reach; be patient, he's busy. Bruno will do a site-survey estimate (written, if you like) for $35 in Westchester and Manhattan, $25 in Rockland County; that's deducted from the fee if you hire him. His prices run from $65 to $180 for cleaning one fireplace and flue; each chimney presents a different problem. He offers this tip: Never attempt to put out a prefab-log fire with water; use a wet terry-cloth towel or metal pot.

AAA-Chimney and Furnace Cleaning Company, 9-03 35th Avenue, Long Island City, 728-3720. The company, which has been in business since the thirties, will do a site survey for about $15; it's deductible from the cleaning fee. The method uses a vacuum and wire brushes; the charge is $55 for one chimney and one flue.

AA11-States Home Improvement Corporation, 7412 13th Avenue, Brooklyn, 238-8888. Arnold Mascali says his company will go anywhere in the five boroughs, and gives a free estimate. AA11 people have been chimney-sweeping since 1961. They use a vacuum and soft wire brushes; they charge $40 for one chimney and flue.

Eastchester Maintenance, 16B Edgewater Park, Bronx, 823-7649. The company has been cleaning chimneys for fifteen years; workers will give a site survey and written quotation for $20, and that is deductible from the cleaning fee. They use brushes (not wire) or vacuums, whichever seems to suit. In Manhattan, the charge is $35 and up for one chimney with one flue. Out of Manhattan, it's $45 or more. The charge depends on the problem.

Metropolitan Heat and Power Company, 820 Coney Island Avenue, Brooklyn, 941-7600. In business since 1949, the company will do on-site surveys in all boroughs for $20 to $50, depending on the location. Cleaning one chimney and one flue is $37 or more, depending on how much furniture has to be moved. The method? A vacuum and soft wire brushes.

Wood

Clark and Wilkins, 1871 Park Avenue, at 128th Street, 534-5110. Buy seasoned hardwood, says Michael Campisi, manager of the 108-year-old firm. Woods like maple, oak, ash, and beech throw off heat best. Woods like pine and willow burn quickly and easily. Standard-size logs are 16 inches long; 12-, 18-, and 24-inch sizes are also available. Each bag contains at least fourteen logs; if you order between four and nine bags, each bag will cost $6.75. Prices include delivery into your home. Holiday special: The interesting-smelling (grassy, smoky, fragrant) peat from the bogs of Ireland, compressed and shaped like bricks. One box of 28 bricks is $10.

Circle Ice and Cube Company, 491 Tenth Avenue, near 37th Street, LE 5-8864 (East Side), TR 3-7469 (West Side). Each bundle of eight or nine logs (split oak and ash, sixteen inches long) will cost you about $5, if you order at least two bundles. A bag of twelve to fifteen split-oak logs, eighteen inches long, will cost about $7.50. Prices include delivery; you can save money by picking the wood up yourself.

Casamassima and Sons, 407 East 50th Street, 355-3734. Seasoned hardwoods in varying lengths; cannel coal and kindling wood. Delivered, twelve logs—twelve or sixteen inches long—are $8. Deliveries only to the East Side, from the Twenties to the Nineties.

Kingsboro Coal and Wood Company, 174 Douglass Street, Brooklyn, TR 5-1271. Seasoned red oak and white ash from upstate New York. All wood is sprayed for red ants and termites. A bundle of nine to twelve split logs, sixteen inches long, is $3.50. There's a service charge of $5 for bringing logs up to your apartment; the minimum order is $35.

Accessories

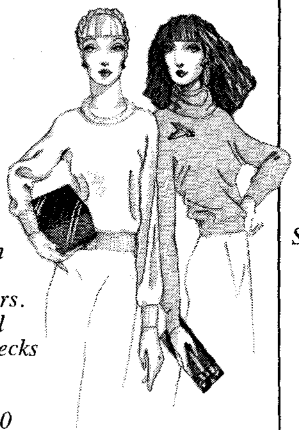
The prevailing look in accessories is, alas, your basic ugly traditional. There is a lot of bad design and poorly made merchandise around. Don't assume that what is gold and shiny is real brass. If you shop around you'll quickly come to appreciate why the antique items are so pricey. Below, some shops with a nice selection for your fireplace.

B. Altman & Company, Fifth Avenue at 34th Street, 679-7800, ext. 669. Screens, tool sets, coal scuttles, buckets, andirons, fenders, log holders and carriers, bellows, and grates (merchandise ranges from $40 to $300). The fireplace shop is on the fifth floor; beautiful Williamsburg reproductions are on the seventh floor. The selection, especially in the lower price ranges, is one of the best in town; the salespeople, though pleasant, are not as knowledgeable about what a fireplace owner needs as the specialty-shop people are.

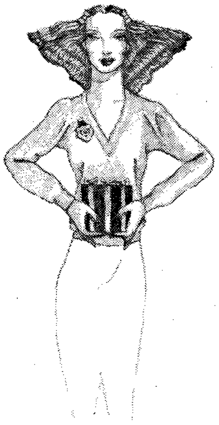
Danny Alessandro, Ltd., 1156 Second Avenue, at 61st Street, 421-1928. An extensive selection of antique and reproduction mantelpieces in marble, wood, limestone, and chrome ($1,000 and up). Alessandro also carries fenders, fire screens, andirons, and tool

New York's Greatest Sale!

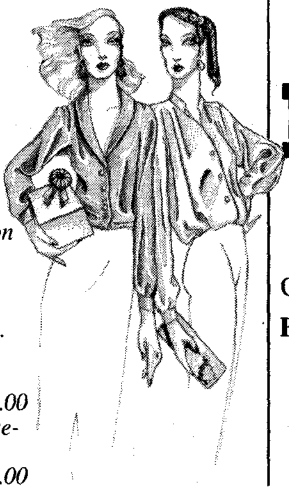
FOR YOUR GIFT LIST



Set the Spirit with sumptuously soft Fur blend sweaters. Turtlenecks, Cowl necks and Ring necks in many festive colors. Regularly $26-$40 Now all available at $14.99



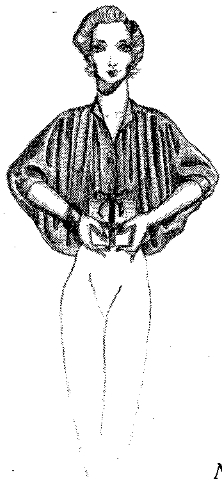
Cashmere sweaters for wintry days fashioned in Italy. Available in ten joyous colors in Turtleneck, Crew neck and V-neck styles. Sale $29.00



This Holiday season glimmering Silk crepe de chine Blouses make a dazzling statement. Tunic top- Regularly $92 now only ....$39.00 Shawl collar blouse- Regularly $78 Sale $39.00

The ultimate in Velvet . . . featuring a shawl collar blazer with the new Tulip wrap skirt. Also available with side-slit, slim skirt. In lustrous Amethyst, Chocolate and Ebony Black. Regularly $270 Sale.......$89.00 ►

Celebrate the Season with sophisticated pure Silk crepe de chine Dresses. Available in three glorious silhouettes. Regularly sell for $140, $170, $210 All only . . .$89.00 ►



A large collection of Blouses that are never out of season. Choose from spirited Crepe de chines, Georgettes, Jacquards and Satins. Regularly priced from $30-$44 Now only $19.99

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New Store

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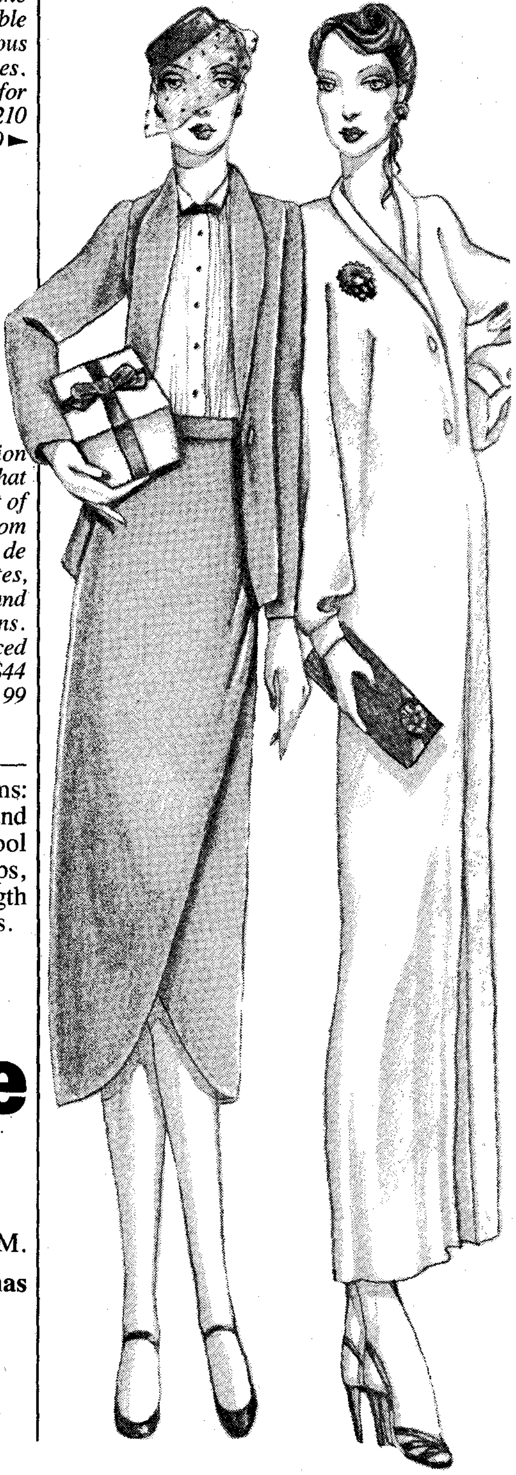


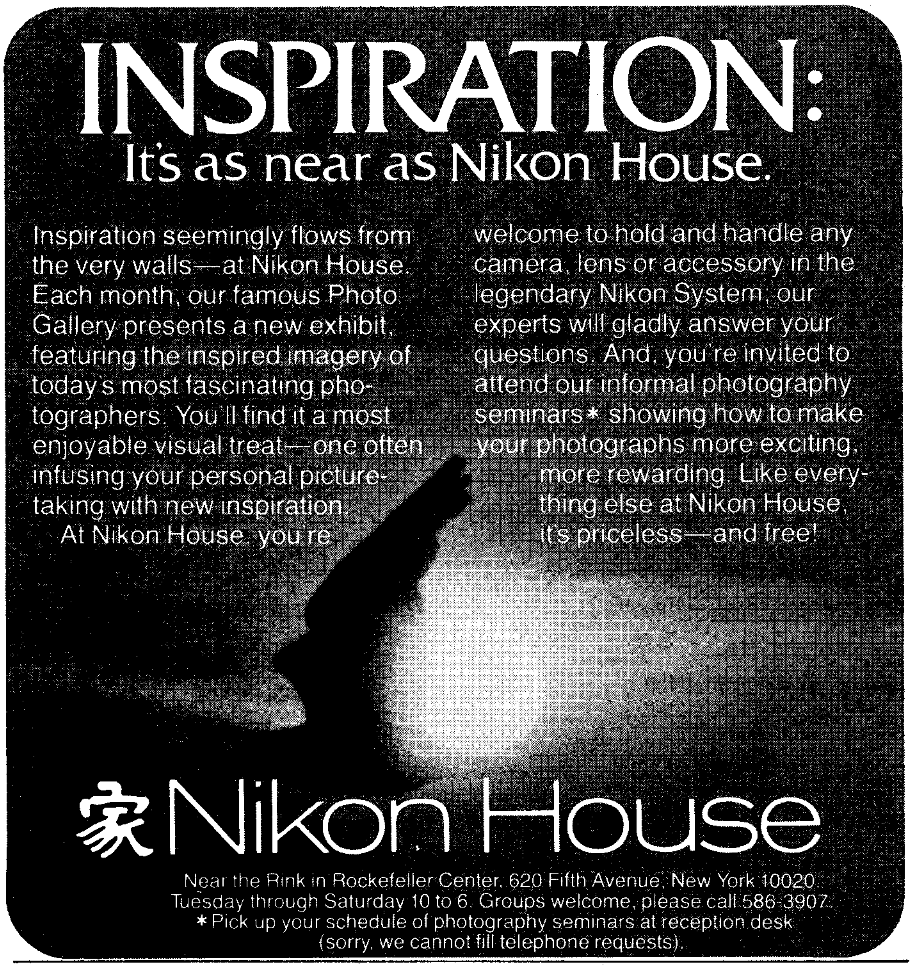
sets ($35 to $1,400). Particularly beautiful is an antique Louis XVI oxblood-marble mantelpiece ($2,400).

Paine & Chriscot, Inc., 1187 Second Avenue, near 62nd Street, 753-3320. Peg White was most informative about her stock of freestanding fireplaces and hardware. If you're interested in prefabs and wood-burning stoves, this is the place to go ($200 to $900). There are also fire screens, andirons, and tool sets ($88 to $300).

Newel Art Galleries, Inc., 425 East 53rd Street, 758-1970. Newel is one of the great natural resources of New York City. The owner, Bruce Newman, is a fountain of wonderful information, and he has had several real antique gems—some worth a king's ransom, like a French walnut Art Nouveau (circa 1904) mantelpiece ($7,500). Since a big part of his business is rental, items are in and out constantly. Newel has some fireplace accessories; the mantelpieces and ornamental fire screens ($180 to $7,500) are outstanding. Note: He sells only through architects and decorators.

Edwin Jackson, Inc., 306 East 61st Street (second floor), PL 9-8210. A treasure trove for fireplace accessories. Jackson (in business since 1879) has the city's most complete and tasteful selection of everything needed for the fireplace (antique and reproduction), and will also do custom work. The range of mantelpieces is awesome: a cast-sandstone imitation of a Louis XV design; marble mantels, chrome mantels, and English-deal (pine) unfinished mantels that are custom-finished (mantels are $875 to $1,800). Accessories ($15 to $1,200) include paper fans, tool sets (with and without stands), seat fenders, fenders, pots, bed warmers, trivets, grates, andirons, bellows, and small brushes. A great item for smaller fireplaces is a twelve-inch black wrought-iron grate for $25.

William H. Jackson Company, 3 East 47th Street, PL 3-9400. This two-level shop is a must stop for a complete selection of quality fireplace equipment. Helpful and very knowledgeable Harry Emmer, the man in charge, has been with the shop 61 years. "Our business is frankly a luxury business," Emmer says, "but what we sell is practical, too—especially with the energy shortage." He supplies customers all over the country, including the White House. Of special note is a black mesh fender screen with welded tubular-brass frame. It has a sort of wraparound shape that prevents sparks from flying out from the fireplace. The average-size screen (36 inches by 30 inches high) is about $120. Custom sizes are also available. It's a 45-year-old design that really works. ▬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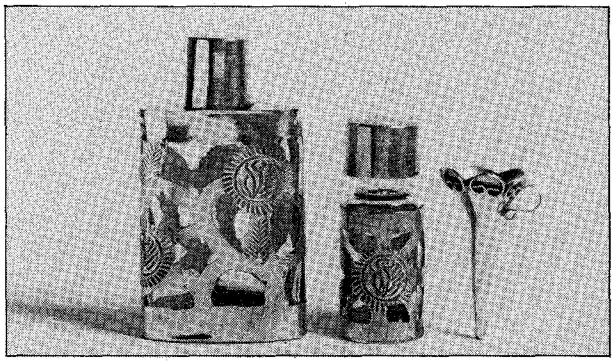
BEST BETS

Recommendations of events, places, and phenomena of particular interest this week

By Ellen Stern

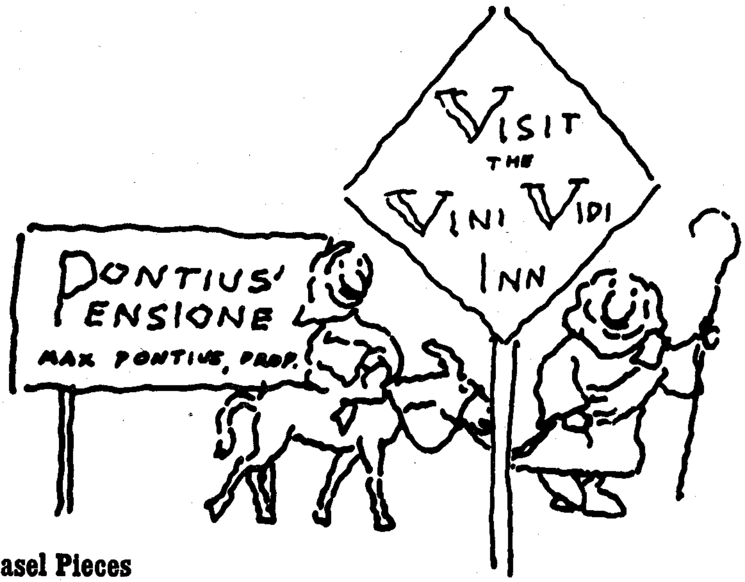
A Little Child Shall Bake Them

For little boys it will be a break with traditional role models; for little girls it will reinforce a role model they can rebel against later. Kids of both sexes will be instructed in the art of baking by Susan Brisk. They'll also get to prepare and partake of a real grown-up three-course dinner. It's a series of three classes—and the kids will not only love it, they'll learn to be better human beings, more kind and thoughtful and, possibly, of some use around the house.
COOKING WITH CLASS/*Starts January 2/$55/Susan Brisk/355-5021*



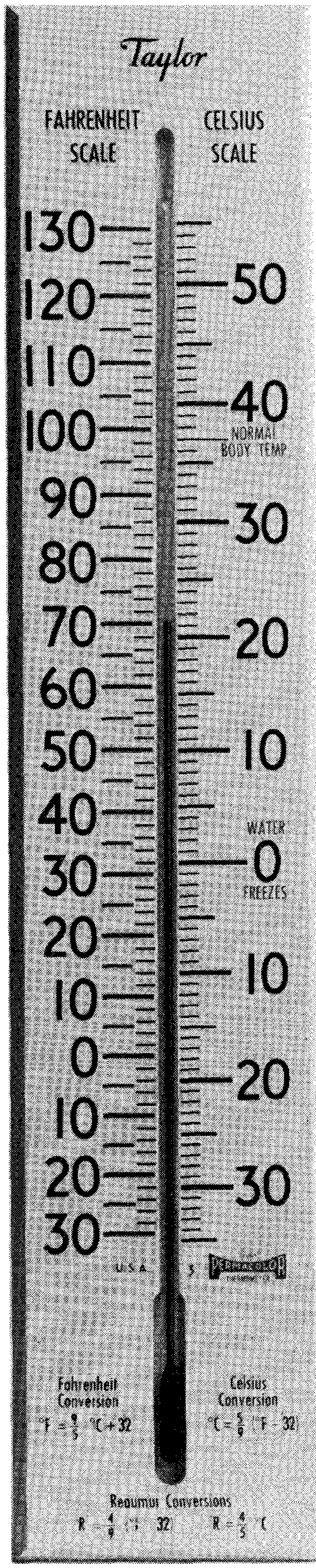
Cologne Stars

These Mexican perfume bottles, sterling on glass, are small and pocketable ($15 and $17). The sterling funnel, even smaller ($6.50), can be worn on a delicate chain.
ROOM SERVICE/*1239 First Avenue, near 67th Street*


VISIT THE VINI VIDI INN
PONTIUS' PENSIONE
MAX PONTIUS, PROP.

Six Easel Pieces

A true gift for us all is an artful six-part television special directed and produced by cartoonist R. O. Blechman. Maurice Sendak's overture is called "The Christmas Boy," after which come: a magnificently tender father-and-son chapter from Moss Hart's *Act One,* illustrated and animated with old and new-against-old photographs; a cartoon, "Toonerville Trolley"; Seymour Chwast's lavishly illustrated excerpt from Virginia Woolf's *Orlando;* the Christmas-morning excerpt from eleven-year-old Teddy Roosevelt's diary, illustrated by chas. b. slackman; a piece by James McMullan on a Christmas Day truce during World War I; and a brilliant burlesque, "No Room at the Inn" (above), by Blechman himself.
SIMPLE GIFTS/*December 17 at 8 p.m./Channel 13*


Taylor
FAHRENHEIT SCALE
CELSIUS SCALE
130
120
110
100
90
80
70
60
50
40
30
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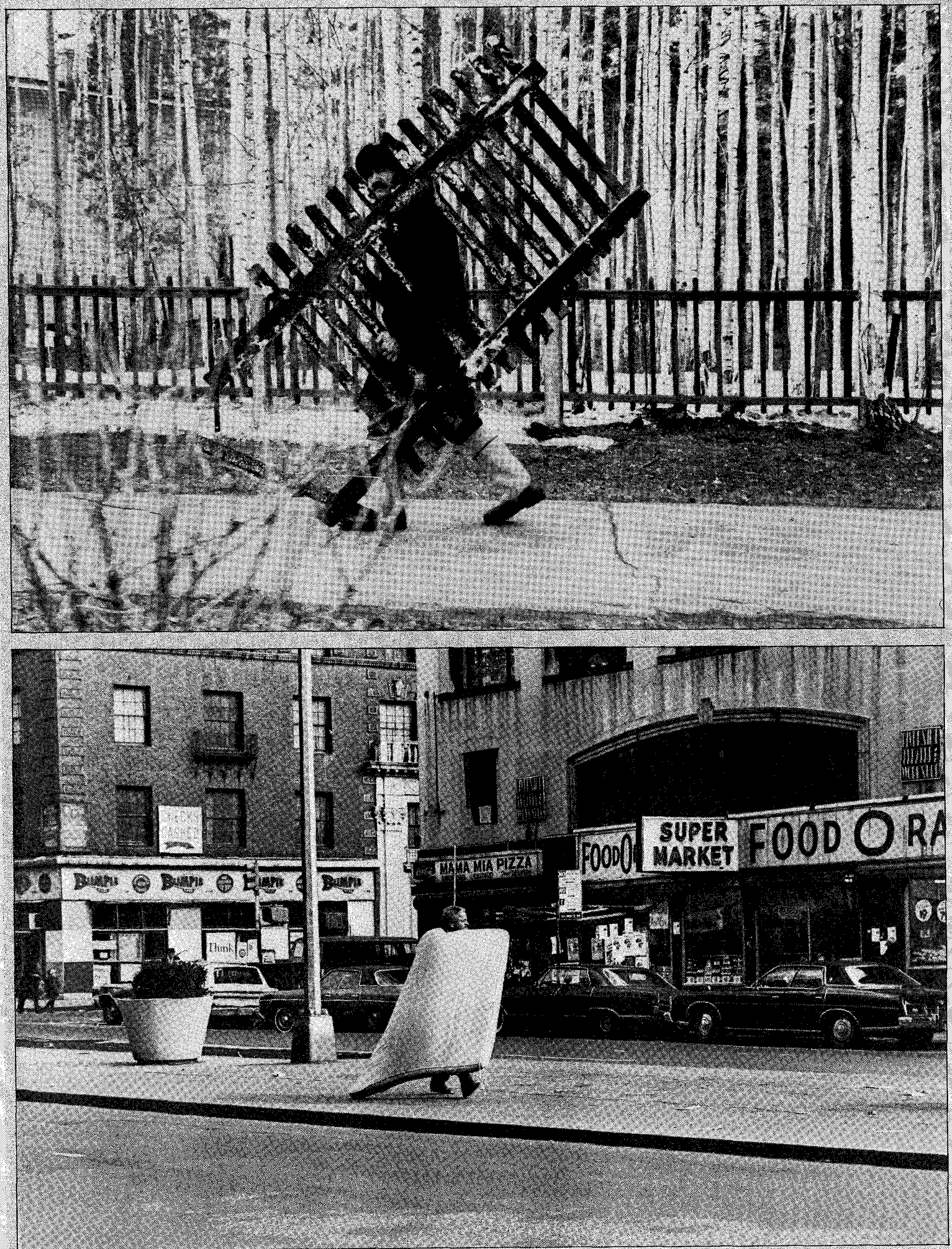
0
10
20
30
50
40
NORMAL BODY TEMP
30
20
10
WATER
0
FREEZES
10
20
30
U.S.A.
Fahrenheit Conversion
°F = 9/5 °C + 32
Celsius Conversion
°C = 5/9 (°F - 32)
Reaumur Conversions
R = 4/9 (°F - 32)
R = 4/5 °C

Teacher's Bet

This woody wall thermometer was made for classrooms. It's also nice for home rooms.
THERMOMETER/*Pottery Barn/$17*

Photos: top left, Bob Ghiraldini; right, Anthony Loew


MAMA MIA PIZZA
FOOD O
SUPER MARKET
FOOD O RA
Think

Carter, Burden
Serge Hambourg, photographer, gets carried away by people who carry things. So he shoots them.
PRET A PORTER/*Through December 16/French Institute-Alliance Française/22 East 60th Street*

Theater / John Simon

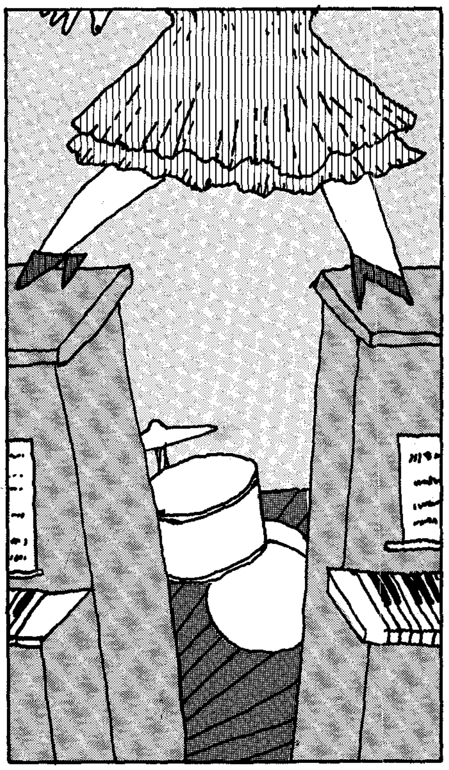
FUTILE FANDANGO

"...More could have been done with *Lady Needs a Change* in a dazzlingly imaginative production. Only Tyra Ferrell is marvelous..."

It was the Manhattan Theater Club that afforded us our first and fondest view of *Ain't Misbehavin';* so I returned to it for **A Lady Needs a Change** in the hope of something as stylish and charming. But how could it be that? The show is a potpourri of songs, mostly from Broadway and Hollywood musicals, for which Dorothy Fields wrote the lyrics. I should have realized that the lyricist's contribution to a show tune is secondary to the composer's: *prima la musica, dopo le parole* in this case. The unifying element of style, whose permutations, evolution, and ultimate consistency one might wish to explore and savor, comes chiefly from the music. If the lyricist were Brecht or even, at some distance, an Ira Gershwin, Larry Hart, or Stephen Sondheim, it might be otherwise; but Dorothy Fields's work is that of a decent craftsman, ranging from the pleasantly serviceable to the quite clever; the fact that she worked with some top-notch composers merely makes patent that the words are playing second fiddle even to tunes that—at least as Bill Gile has selected them—tend also to be less than great.

Occasionally the lyrics and melodies do combine into genuine delight, but only in a few very famous numbers, lumped together mostly at the end of the show into a hasty medley. Otherwise, forget about buried treasures; expect only a nice, tepid shower that you will forget as soon as it stops washing over you. Of course, more could have been done even with this material in a dazzlingly imaginative production; but just about the only idea Gile was able to squeeze onto the small bare platform of the MTC cabaret alongside the habitual two pianos is a way of expediting matters by having a number arise, as it were, from the one that went before. Thus X may be sitting with her face to the wall while Y is singing, then suddenly turn around and take over. Hardly a novel concept.

But couldn't choreography have come to the rescue? Yes, if it were by someone other than Graciela Daniele, whose work has always struck me as derivative and rather amateurish. Miss Daniele seems to specialize in working with performers who are not principally dancers, but I doubt whether that gives her license to choreograph like someone who is not really a choreographer. Here, moreover, the cramped space demands ingenuity above the line of duty.



Still, couldn't a marvelous cast have made the evening rewarding enough? Perhaps, but here only one performer is marvelous: Tyra Ferrell, an effervescent young black woman from Texas, who looks bright and sexy, sings and dances with joyous ease, and already possesses the kind of phrasing and timing that others spend years trying to acquire. Not bad, but disappointing, is Kelly Bishop. The sensational characterization she contributed to *A Chorus Line*—where, with the least expression and inflection, she could make the heart leap up or tears gush forth—must have been some kind of felicitous coming together of part and performer that will not be repeated. In *An Unmarried Woman* and *Piano Bar*, Miss Bishop was considerably less impressive; here she is trying for the type of upper-class, sophisticated, world-weary, older-woman smartness that can so easily—especially if you cannot convey enough class and have a big spot on your bodice—lapse into coarseness. And lapse, every so often, she does.

But at least Miss Bishop can still amuse, which is more than I can say for Patti Allison, a large package of gracelessness, or Carolyn Mignini, a small bundle of infuriating smugness, oozing wholly unwarranted self-satisfaction out of every attitudinizing pore. As for the men, Chip Garnett is a nice-looking young black who sings and dances with a remarkable lack of distinction, and makes faces that are not even expressive enough to be called mugging; Scott Robertson, who divides his time between performing and playing one of the two pianos, exudes every show-biz platitude that has been the timeworn stock-in-trade of all kinds of peripheral figures from rear-row chorus boys to gay-bar pianists. So that leaves only Tyra Ferrell to balance—almost—the evening's deficits.

Also on view at the Manhattan Theater Club is a very early play by Athol Fugard, **Nongogo.** Fugard has not only become South Africa's leading dramatist, he has also, as much as any man, made the world conscious of the horrors of apartheid. But good as some of Fugard's later work is, this piece of juvenilia is creaky, predictable, unconvincingly simplistic, and afflicted with a particularly awkward dramatic failing: overacceleration. This is the story of a former Johannesburg whore, now a prosperous shebeen keeper, who finds hope in a young tablecloth salesman, himself scarred by sexual assaults during a year in the mines. Together they will start an honest business, but the woman's jealous former pimp leaks the truth about her past to the young fellow, and everything goes from bad to good to awful at a ludicrous clip. As in ancient newsreels, where people seem to move in a funny little quickstep, the plot skips ahead from expected twist to unsurprising reversal. What, in more experienced hands, could have had the measured pace of

Illustration by Ben Chase

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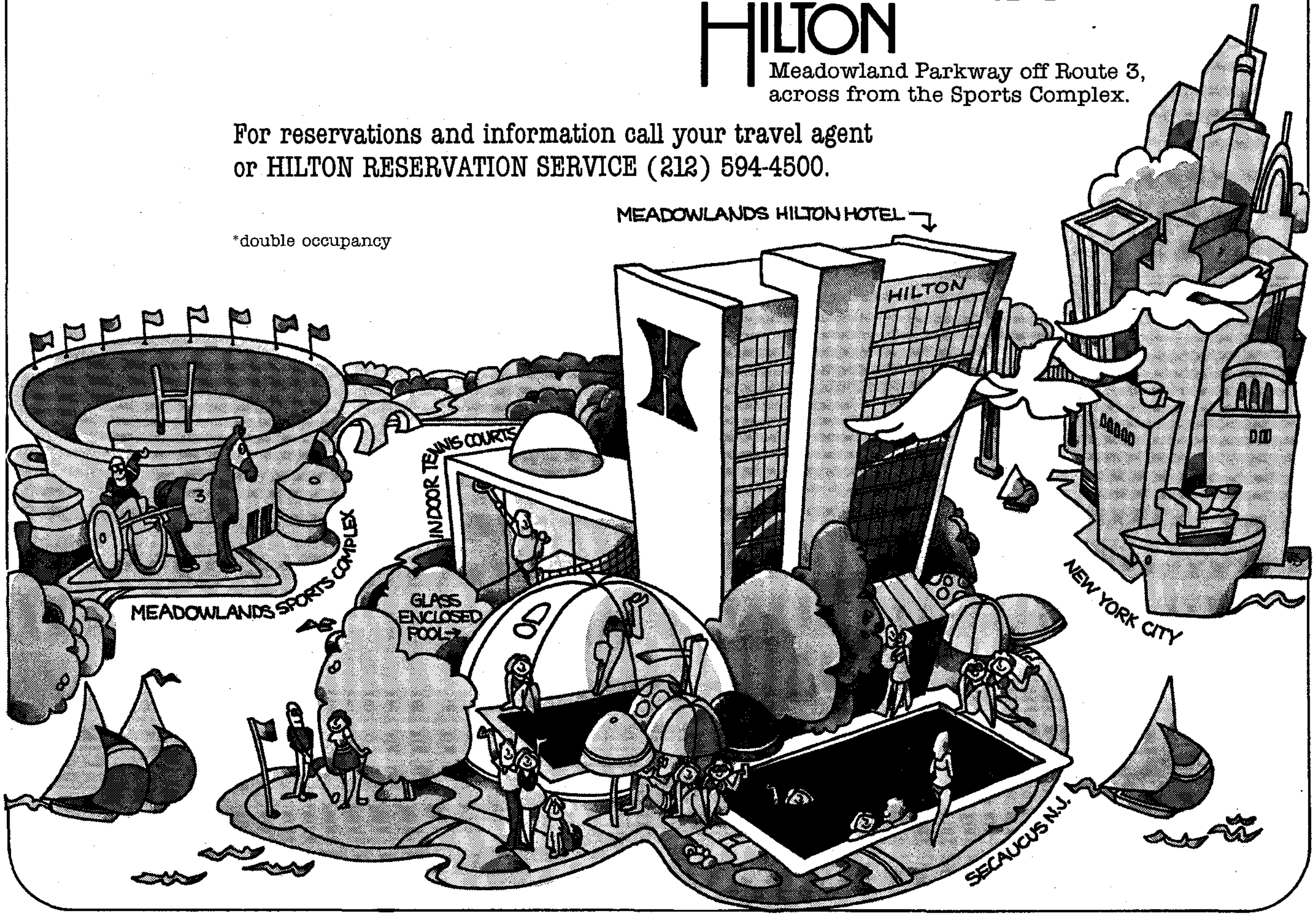
MEADOWLANDS HILTON HOTEL
HILTON
INDOOR TENNIS COURTS
MEADOWLANDS SPORTS COMPLEX
GLASS ENCLOSED POOL
NEW YORK CITY
SECAUCUS N.J.

the inevitable, displays only the tugging of a nervous puppeteer.

David Potts's set, Rachel Kurland's costumes, and Victor En Yu Tan's lighting do what is required, but Oz Scott's direction indicates rather than illuminates. Mary Alice plays this South African Marguerite Gautier well enough until the end, when she proves not quite up to the needed hysteria, and manages to be neither heartrending nor harrowing. The others maintain a level of bare adequacy, although Terry Alexander, as the hero, has a nice basic quality that lacks only a more fully developed technique.

Technique is what Emlyn Williams has in superabundance, but not always in the service of a dramatically viable cause. **The Playboy of the Weekend World** suffers, like its very title, from the strain of stretching thin, nontheatrical material to the limits of its and our endurance, proving that there are times when less is precisely that, and no more. Williams has taken a number of stories and a poem or two by Saki (H. H. Munro), fiddled around with them somewhat, added a minimum of biographical material about this British writer who died in World War I, and put it all on the stage as a "solo entertainment." Although Saki's stories can still be read in small doses with mild satisfaction, seldom has "solo entertainment" proved so low-keyed onstage.

Williams wears the blazer and white flannels of the Georgian or Edwardian house guest as one to the manor—or, at any rate, country house—born; he also possesses the dubious gift of being able to match the miniature witticisms and filigree jabs of the text with the precisely corresponding blasé tone and jaundiced eye. Yet Saki's is the kind of naughty wit that works tidily enough with the raw materials of its era for audiences of that era, but that cannot very often manage the journey from bygone timeliness to timelessness. It is all ever so civilized; it can make you smile a dozen times, and even laugh once or twice; but it belongs, if it is to be performed at all, in the parlor—preferably of a country house, on a long weekend.

The staging is credited to Peter Woodthorpe, an able actor, and, for all I know, a potentially interesting director. But Emlyn Williams is an old hand at these solo entertainments, and I can't imagine Woodthorpe doing anything except standing approvingly by. I, in his place, would have urged Williams to find a good nonsolo entertainment. ■

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Fashion / John Duka

FLOWERS BY THE FOOT

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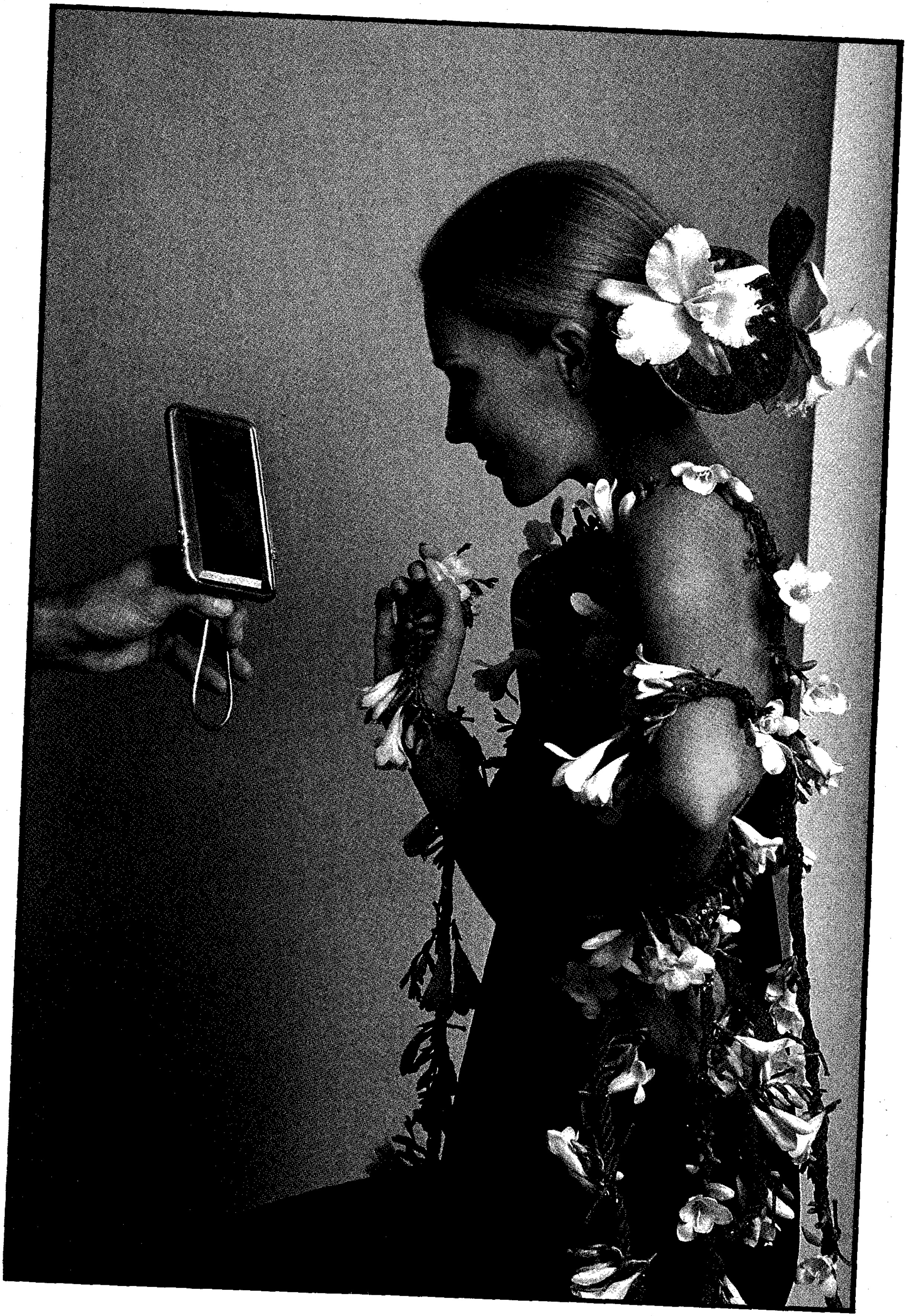
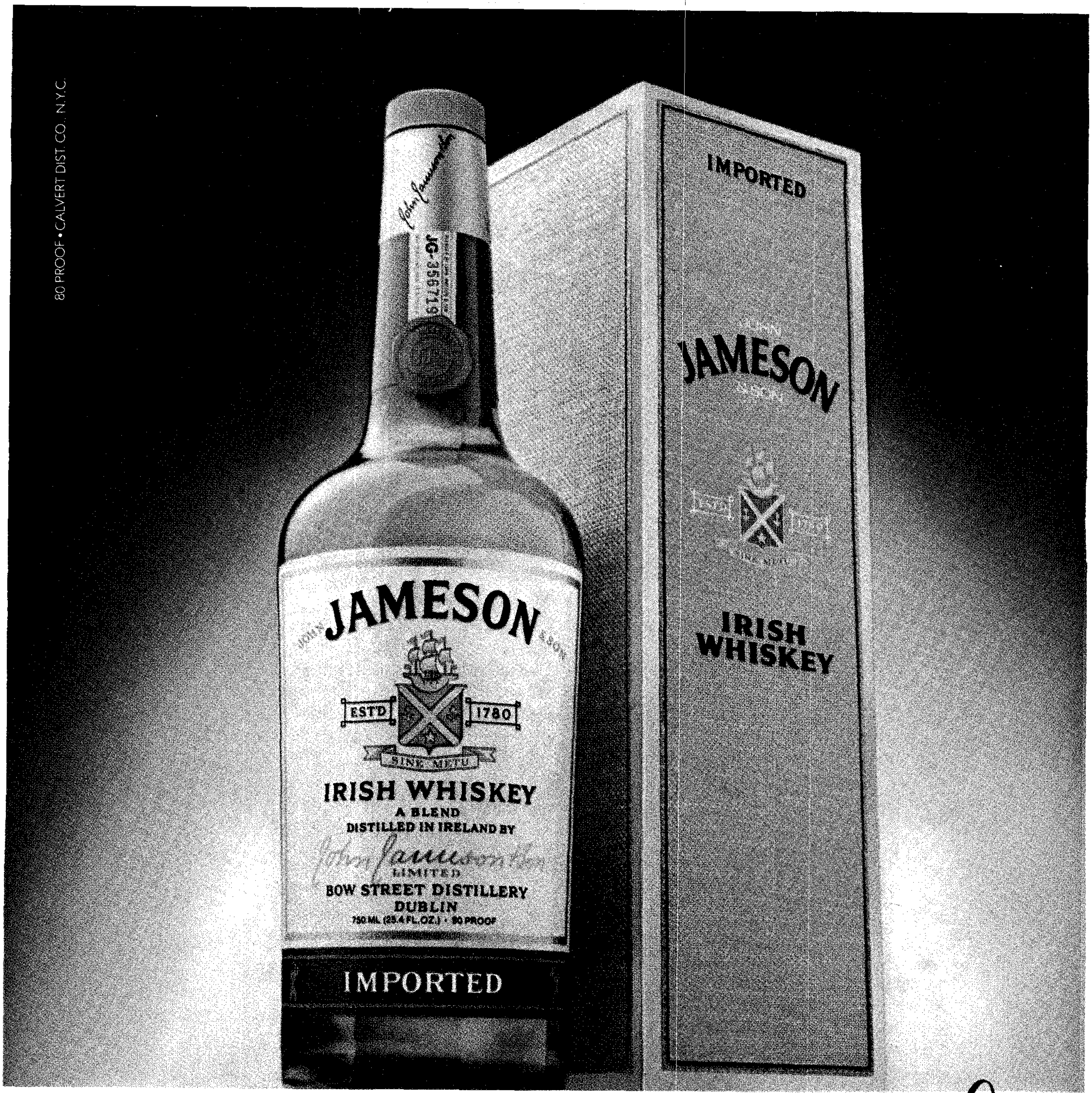


Right: *A fifteen-foot freesia boa ($150) and orchid-and-anthurium headpieces ($10 each). Oppido works with any flower you can think of, requires two days' notice. To order, call 838-0831. Silk sheath, $89 at Bloomingdale's.* ■

Photograph by Roberto Rabanne-Marthé; hair and makeup by Paul Hayes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Books / William F. Buckley Jr.

JUNGLE MUSIC

"...*The Coup* is not to be missed; it doesn't matter whether you read it from the beginning, or backward, or every other page..."

The Coup, *by John Updike. Knopf, $8.95.*

The piano people have taken to letting down a gauze curtain to prevent the judges from being influenced by the persona of the contestant. That way, you simply sit and listen, oblivious of musically extrinsic factors. If one did not know, and went through *The Coup,* it would I think drive the reader mad guessing the name of its author. Except that geniuses collaborate only on behalf of Medici, and they are dead, one would think that this novel was written by Antoine de St. Exupéry, to whom descriptions of the wind, the sand, and the stars were assigned; Lawrence Durrell (smells, sensuality); Gabriel García Márquez (tribal life); Mary Renault (exotic evocation); and Vladimir Nabokov (philological radiance). If one goes on to ask the question, Would one want to read a single novel composed by these writers, the answer is: John Updike proves that the answer is yes, *God* yes; *The Coup* is not to be missed, and it doesn't terribly matter whether you read it from the beginning, or backward, or every other page, though there are no bad pages in it, provided you go in recognizing that John Updike would rather describe than narrate. The muzzle velocity of some of the action in this novel validates the law of Zeno that an arrow shot at the wall opposite will never reach there for having forever to cut the intervening distance in halves. But one does not mind, because every verbal distraction is felicitous ("After the loss of Sheba [the girl], such a fall [the coup] followed as one segment of a telescope brings with it another, slightly smaller. No one to blow me, no one to bow to me. *Takbir!*"). Well, sometimes there is an admixture of verbal virtuosity and leg-pull, as when the protagonist, the mad black superliterate colonel, determined that his vast parched country shall perish from starvation rather than admit U.S. bubble gum, reproaches his lieutenant for not having shot up a bunch of vaguely irksome black and Arab tourists. He threatens the lieutenant with imperialism: "You will be Xed out by Exxon, engulfed by Gulf, crushed by the U.S., disenfranchised by France . . . ." Hmm.

In this book *everybody* is fluent, poetic. Styron's Nat Turner was illiterate by contrast with Updike's corporals. But there is rhythmic wit everywhere. The black attendant at the drugstore of the border town where Western technology is insinuated behind the colonel's back replies to the disguised dictator (the colonel travels everywhere anonymously) when asked if there is a soda fountain,

> "Such frills went out of modern use years ago when the minimum wage for soda jerks went sky high. You are living in the past, it seems. A machine that vends cans of soft drinks purrs in the rear of the store, next to the rack of plastic eggs holding gossamer panty hose. Take care, my friend, not to drop the pull-tab, once removed, back into the can. Several customers of mine have choked to death in that manner. We call it the Death of the Last Drop."

John Updike once said, on being reproached for having given up a formula so successful when he wrote *The Centaur,* that there is no point in reiterating a success (even as Thoreau abandoned his factory after consummating the definitive pencil). And so he rolls on with his experiments, playing this time with Africa, ideologues, racism. Does he harbor strategic political designs? On occasion he sounds as though he were Malcolm X avenging Evelyn Waugh's *Black Mischief.* Thus, attending a college in the Middle West before returning to Africa to take power, the protagonist lunches with his girl friend's father, who slugs a little whiskey and decides patronizingly to talk to the black foreigner as though he were fully grown . . .

> "Feelicks, if I'm not being too personal, what's your major going to be at McCarthy [College]?"
>
> "Freshmen are not required to declare, but I had thought Government, with a minor in French Literature."
>
> "French Literature, what the hell use would that be to your people?. . ."
>
> "In the strange climate of my native land, Mr. Cunningham, the literature the French brought us may transplant better than the political institutions. There is a dryness in Racine, a harshness in Villon, that suits our case."

There *is* a narrative—of a fanatic brought down by forces not so different from those he so eloquently and ingeniously despises, but forces which have a peculiar faculty for finding ways to feed people who would otherwise starve; and therefore, not altogether bad. What happens to the fictitious country of Kush after they get rid of the colonel is a vulgar fecundity, not to be confused with John Updike's, which is all mead.

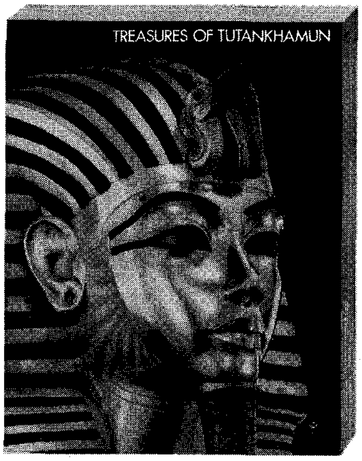
William F. Buckley Jr.'s *current book is* A Hymnal: The Controversial Arts. **Peter Blake** *is chairman of the Boston Architecture Center.* **Elliott Sirkin** *is co-editor of* Thou Swell, Thou Witty: The Life and Lyrics of Lorenz Hart.

Delirious New York, *by Rem Koolhaas. Oxford University Press, $35.*

I once wrote in this magazine that it might be a great idea if Manhattan were operated by Walt Disney Productions—an organization that had built the only successful New Towns in the United States since World War II,

Illustration by Jacqueline Chwast

"The one book to buy if you can only buy one..." –L. A. Times



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Disneyland and Walt Disney World. Now that Ed Koch has taken my advice and decided to turn this city into a vast tourist resort, *Delirious New York* might, conceivably, serve as a guidebook to the centerpiece of the city —Manhattan Island, the New Atlantis!

The architect Rem Koolhaas, who wrote this marvelously unintelligible Baedeker, absolutely worships New York. Oblivious to natives bemoaning the squalor, ugliness, violence, pollution, and general rottenness of the city, Koolhaas has opened our eyes to a panoply of absolutely staggering dimension, form, color, and vivid imagination. He has a wonderful sense of humor and a most perceptive eye.

There is one thing, however, that would keep *Delirious New York* from becoming the official guide to any city, especially one run by Walt Disney: It is the first X-rated architecture book.

The cover, just for starters, shows Manhattan's two most prominent phalluses—the Chrysler and the Empire State—in bed together, but not, apparently, all that much in love. On the bedside table there is this Miss Liberty lamp, and Chrysler is ogling her, while Empire State is rigidly jealous. Rockefeller Center is spying on them from a nearby closet.

Take two: We are now on pages 66 and 67. Chrysler and his friend seem to be a lot cozier, and there is this deflated and exhausted Goodyear blimp on the bed sheet between them. Rockefeller is not in sight at this moment.

Take three: On pages 198 and 199, the plot has thickened, to put it mildly. The bed has been replaced by all of Manhattan, which is now an air-mattress-type of bed floating in a sea of blue. In the drink are the three phalluses. Now Chrysler is chasing Rockefeller, while Empire State is about to drown in grief—or, anyway, in the general vicinity of Spuyten Duyvil. Madelon Vriesendorp, who did these paintings and who is Mrs. Koolhaas in what passes for Real Life, calls this scene "Freud Unlimited." So, you see, I am not making any of this up. . . .

What Koolhaas has done in this book is not *entirely* innovative. A lot of people—e.g., Robert Rauschenberg —have long told us about Manhattan's utterly chaotic and wonderful skyline and announced that Times Square was America's greatest work of art. But not until this book came along did we have all the facts, all the quotations, and all the beautiful images in one place.

There is an exhibition of all these fantasies, and many more, at the Guggenheim, until December 17. I wish it could be kept up on those rather Freudian walls forever. **—Peter Blake**

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Leading Lady: The World and Theatre of Katharine Cornell, *by Tad Mosel with Gertrude Macy. Atlantic–Little, Brown, $15.95.*

To Tallulah Bankhead, she may have been "that Christer." But the term "First Lady of the American Theater" was invented for her, and, to the public, she was always "Miss Cornell." Never a great actress, Katharine Cornell was a touching symbol of the "best" American aspirations in the years between the wars—the embodiment of respectable chic, serene good manners, and "serious" culture. The loyalty of her audiences was devout.

According to Tad Mosel, the author of this reverent biography, his life changed when he saw "Miss Cornell" as Shaw's Saint Joan in 1936. Mosel's vague, rhapsodic assessments of his idol's acting are transparently prejudiced. Yet, when you see Katharine Cornell in her most famous role in the 1955 television production of *The Barretts of Wimpole Street*, her allure is unquestionable. The famous brunette prettiness was gone by then, but the placid grande dame, dexterously fingering a lace handkerchief, hints at an earlier, more complex actress—the one who enjoyed her first great success as the nihilistic flapper of *The Green Hat* and subsequently played Juliet, Antigone, and Cleopatra.

Leading Lady describes Katharine Cornell's professional transformation intelligently and tiptoes around her private life, stressing her gentleness, loyalty, and tolerance instead of her (usually platonic) lesbianism. The tone is always genteel. But, in the end, this is a troubling, almost unsavory book. The portrait of Katharine Cornell's husband and director, Guthrie McClintic, continually poisons the atmosphere. Look carefully between the lines, and an endearing Guthrie McClintic emerges: a typical theatrical fallen angel, perverse and histrionic, but also vulnerable and kindhearted. Katharine Cornell loved him. But here the obsessive emphasis on McClintic's temper tantrums and homosexual promiscuity is as sour as a backstage vendetta.

This grim hostility may be the contribution of Tad Mosel's collaborator, Gertrude Macy. Miss Macy, referred to as Katharine Cornell's secretary, business consultant, and "protector," doesn't hesitate to describe the extreme hatred she felt for McClintic. There is no reason to doubt that both Tad Mosel and Gertrude Macy loved Katharine Cornell. But in *Leading Lady,* they use her tombstone to crucify the person dearest to her. My guess is that such malice would have broken Katharine Cornell's heart. —**Elliott Sirkin**

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PARADISE LOUSED

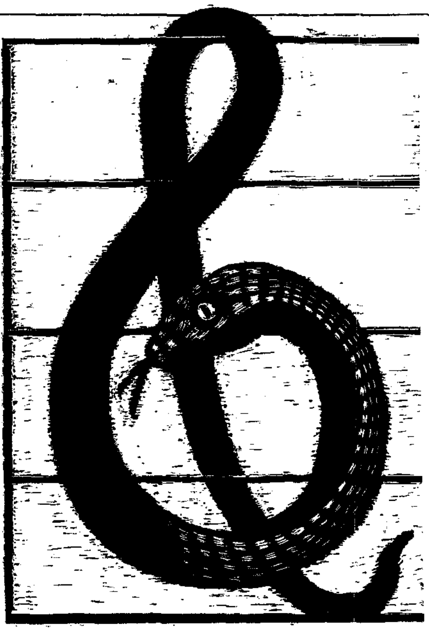
"... The new Penderecki opera is strong, original, eloquent, and flawed; the production by the Chicago Lyric was badly botched..."

When, in 1972, the Lyric Opera of Chicago decided to commission a new work for the American Bicentennial, the move seemed both sensible and inevitable. Nobody could have foreseen that the Bicentennial would end up a cultural fizzle. It's a safe guess that Carol Fox, then as now the head of the Chicago Lyric, assumed that her early announcement would start a parade in which the Metropolitan, New York City, Dallas, and San Francisco opera companies would then surely join.

Instead, Chicago and San Francisco had the parade to themselves: San Francisco with Andrew Imbrie's *Angle of Repose,* which came in on time (November 1976), and Chicago with Krzysztof Penderecki's **Paradise Lost,** which arrived a few days ago, two years late. I journeyed to Chicago to see the second performance of the scheduled five; I figured that by missing the hoopla of the dressy opening night I'd get a better idea of how deeply Chicago's new opera had sunk into the affections of the folks out there. The answer: not very; the Saturday-night audience, judged by the number of empty seats after intermission, seemed as impatient to get away from its ghastly-gorgeous opera house that night as I always am to get away from any part of Chicago.

The selection of Penderecki to write the new opera had not been a popular one in some circles. Chicago may have the largest Polish population outside Warsaw, but this cannot be learned from a reading of patrons' and directors' names on the Lyric Opera's roster. There is a neat piece of diplomatic double-talk in the article on *Paradise Lost* in the program booklet (written by a member of the Lyric Opera's publicity staff). Penderecki, in an interview, equates his being chosen for Chicago's Bicentennial project with the choice of Verdi by the Egyptian government to compose *Aïda* to open the Suez Canal. Correct me if I'm wrong, but I don't think there were as many Egyptian composers of international stature in Verdi's time as there are Americans in Penderecki's.

Well, that is so much water over the damn. The more important news is that Penderecki's new opera is strong, original, eloquent, and flawed; that it will enhance his artistic stature; that it is not nearly so stageworthy a work as Imbrie's *Angle of Repose* (if, in fact, the accident of Bicentennial origin is a basis for comparison, which I doubt); that it is up for production in Italy and Germany while Imbrie's opera gathers dust; and that the Chicago production was badly botched.



The opera is long—nearly three hours plus intermission; this still means that little of John Milton's mountainous disquisition could be included. Christopher Fry's libretto makes ingenious choices, and not always the easy ones. Perhaps a musical setting of more of Milton's high-flown satanic revelry might have been a surefire hit (well, maybe not in conservative Chicago); Fry has instead drawn his own simple, elegant dramatic poem from much of Milton's pastoral imagery, fashioning a powerful love story out of the Adam-and-Eve elements, set in meticulously calculated proportion against the blacker pages of the text. In Fry's libretto, John Milton himself comes on from time to time to initiate or motivate action; this gimmick is, as usual, a nuisance.

It is, on the whole, a sober, somewhat dark-hued setting that Fry has provided, and Penderecki has let the language of the text become his own. The earmarks of his style are all here: the grand, oratorical gesture compounded of the simplest elements; massive, blocky harmonies moving slowly, not so much resolving as colliding, often over heavy, organlike, long-held pedal points; melody that seems to ooze over vast time periods but mostly in very small intervals; huge orchestral sounds abruptly alternating with wisps of tone on an almost inaudible level. A few quotations appear—a snatch of *Lohengrin,* a Bach chorale, the "Dies Irae"—but I hardly think that this ranks the composer as an "eclectic." Much of Penderecki's score, as with many of his others, provides players with mere approximations, a shape of a note pattern without actual pitches, a rhythm without exact note values. It takes intelligence and a deep stylistic comprehension to make sense of this in performance; Bruno Bartoletti—who, as the Chicago Lyric's musical director, can be presumed adept in the romantic repertory that forms the bulk of its season—didn't come close to realizing in performance what I had read in the score.

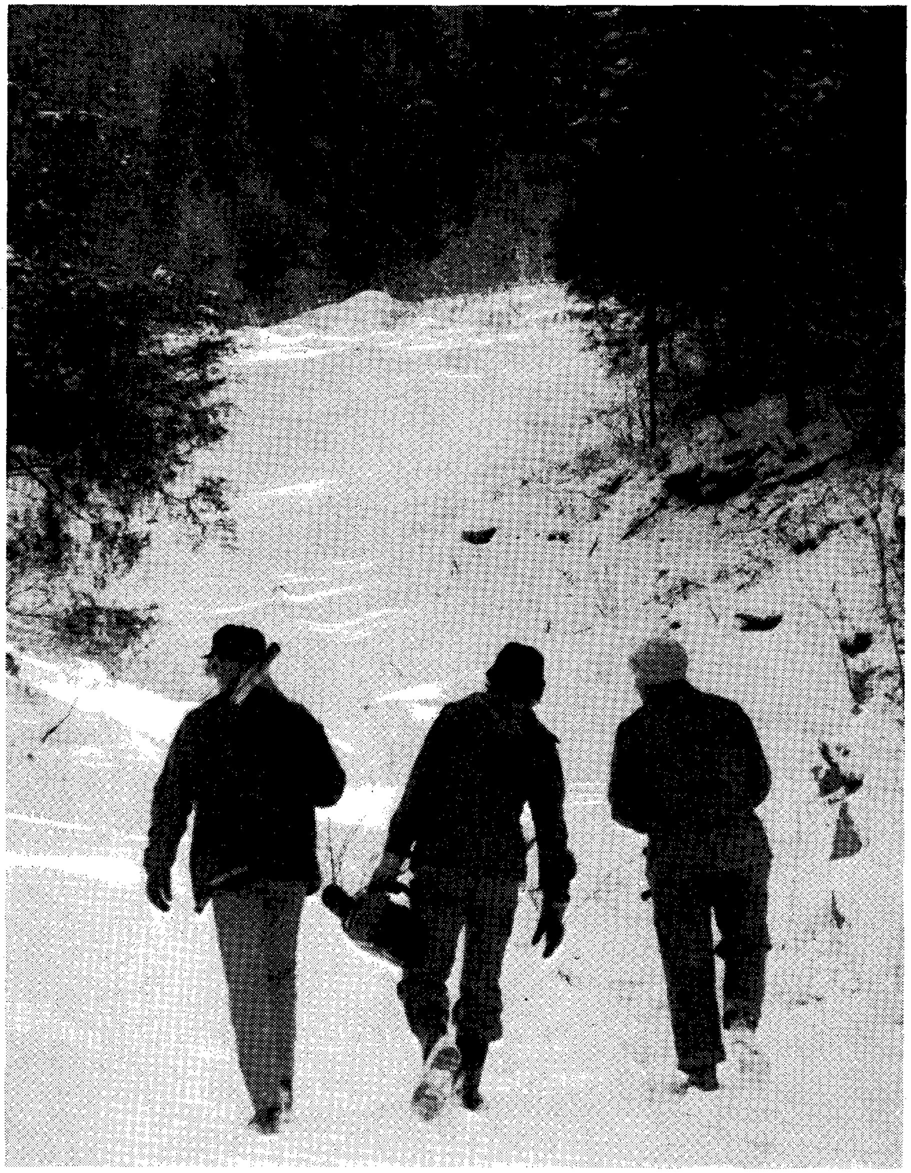
The aforementioned program article also sketches an outline by which one may intuit some of the history of *Paradise Lost* in the years from its commissioning to its fulfillment. (And then just under the wire, by the way; the date on the last page of the score is October 25, 1978.) Josef Svoboda was to design; Sam Wanamaker was to direct. There was some dropping out along the way; one Virginio Puecher later served as stage director until, just days before the premiere, "areas of disagreement" formed between him and Penderecki. Instead of Svoboda sets, one saw a few thrown-together stage pieces—a plastic half dome that went up and down in the center stage, some downstage platforms that made everybody upstage appear to be walking on his knees, and some rickety multi-leveled cages for chorus on both sides—for which the program listed no designer at all.

Illustration by Ellen Penn

Even so, and with an unknown assistant choreographer named Igal Perry listed as stage director for this monumental enterprise, *Paradise Lost* somehow got on the boards. All things considered, it was a decent enough performance: some good singing by the chorus and, within the limits set by the conductor's stylistic insecurity, some decent playing by the orchestra. The splendid old pro Arnold Moss spoke the words created for John Milton and for God. Among the singers, William Stone and, despite an announced case of bronchitis, Ellen Shade were a splendid pair of young lovers. There was a danced Adam and Eve, along with the singers; Dennis Wayne and Nancy Thuesen did some amusingly twisty stuff contrived by John Butler. Mr. Wayne's own company of dancers, called Dancers, also happened to be performing in town that night, and Mr. Wayne got some press out of the fact that he had to commute between the opera house and the Auditorium Theater in a borrowed ambulance.

For its spotty excellence, and its prevailing nobility of purpose and of tone, *Paradise Lost* does not strike me as a long-term fixture in the operatic firmament; it lacks the dazzling strength and sense of direction of Penderecki's *Devils of Loudun*,which, I think, *is* a masterpiece. I cannot help being baffled by the whole motivation behind bringing this kind of piece to Chicago. Carol Fox runs a strange operation—fabulously successful at times, like the worst Italian provincialism at other times. The point is, however, that Chicago Lyric is, almost literally, an Italian house, an American colony of La Scala. Its sets are built at La Scala, its casts and personnel are recruited there; there is a whole circle of minor, dull Italian operatic talents whom you'll find at La Scala and Chicago and nowhere else. There is some news value, I suppose, in the fact that now, for the first time, the exchange route has been reversed, and that *Paradise Lost* goes next month from Chicago to Milan.

I just don't think it's a work for either house. It failed in Chicago, partly because the designer (whoever the culprit may be) tried to combine suburban-steakhouse modernism with a traditional proscenium stage; both elements were wrong. True, Chicago, like La Scala, does attempt a safe, romantic modernism at times (*Grimes, Wozzeck*), but *Paradise Lost* certainly wasn't that. It was the wrong opera in the wrong house, and I found the whole experience sad and, I regret to say, howlingly funny. But then, the only way to cope with that city may very well be to keep laughing. ▬



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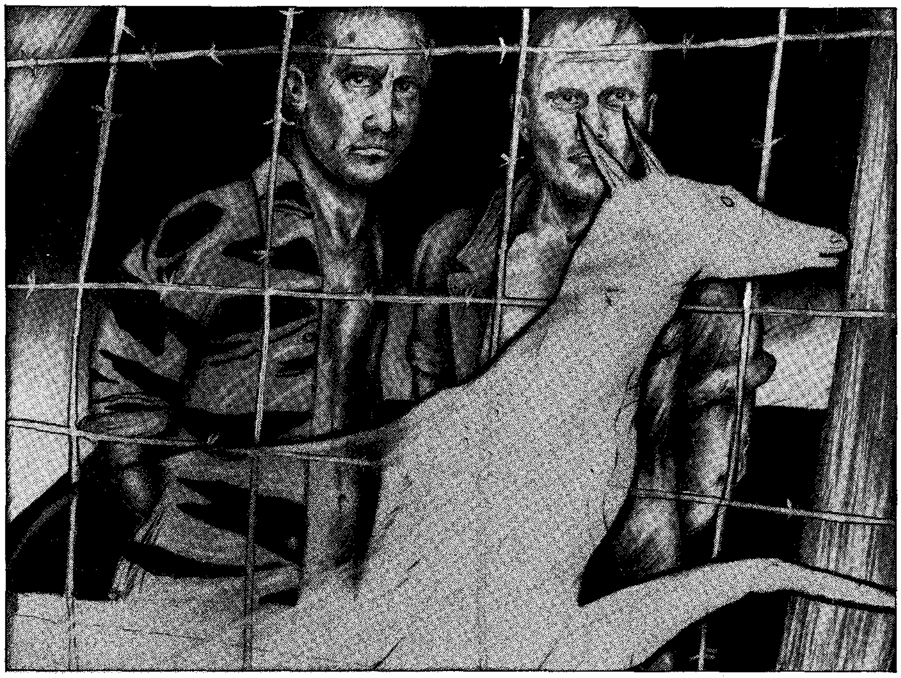
"... Filming 'correct' attitudes isn't hard; what counts is authenticity of experience, which *Deer Hunter* has by the ton ..."



Just when it seemed time to announce that the American cinema had died as an art form, **The Deer Hunter** arrives to restore a little hope. Directed by young Michael Cimino and written by Deric Washburn, this movie has qualities that we almost never see any more —range and power and breadth of experience, all fully sustained throughout three hours of film that leave us exhausted and fully satisfied by the end. Some of the scenes—especially the astonishing 50 minutes or so set in Vietnam—explore the outer reaches of pain and exhilaration with the kind of absolute physical authority I associate with *The Godfather. The Deer Hunter,* which will open its continuous run in February, is playing only one week at this time in order to qualify for Academy Awards and critics' prizes. It has my vote.

The movie is a full-scale portrait of a group of steelworkers of Russian descent who work, booze, and screw around together in a grimy town in the Pennsylvania Alleghenies. We see their buddy-buddy rituals and pleasures—especially hunting—and also their unacknowledged love for one another, some of which runs deeper than friendship. Briefly, we see their women friends and wives, who stay on the sidelines, prevented by small-town code from sharing the men's freedom to drink and swagger. It is the early seventies, and three of the friends—Michael (Robert De Niro), Nick (Christopher Walken), and Steven (John Savage)—go off to Vietnam, where they inevitably suffer the dislocating weirdness and uncontrolled savagery of the war. Nick becomes obsessed with risking death and flips out; Steven loses his legs; Michael, the strongest of the three, tries to keep the other two sane, and returns home to pull the community together.

This may not be the central story of America during Vietnam (how could there be a central story in that bewildering catastrophe?), but it is certainly a powerful and important one, and it has been made with great love for the men who fought in that war, even though they fought ignorantly, brutally, and with utmost damage to themselves and to the Vietnamese. Those viewers looking for political condemnation of the war, or for heroes who see the error of their ways and repent, will not find either in *The Deer Hunter.* This is fine with me. Putting the "correct" attitudes into a movie isn't so hard, especially now; what really counts is authenticity of experience, which this movie has by the ton.

For a man who has written only a couple of screenplays and directed only one previous movie (*Thunderbolt and Lightfoot,* with Clint Eastwood and Jeff Bridges), Michael Cimino shows remarkable self-assurance and talent. Cimino has obviously learned a lot from such directors as Coppola, Altman, and Scorsese, whose richly textured films have ruined us for the banal TV-style exposition of hack directors in which one point is made at a time and then emphasized with extreme close-ups. Even though his movie is an epic, Cimino keeps it loose and flukey in feeling and richly ambiguous in meaning. Aided by cinematographer Vilmos Zsigmond, he uses the wide screen for in-depth compositions featuring five or more people violently banging into one another while life flows free and easy around the sides and in the back. The movie is very grand visually, yet it never turns starchy or pompous. The sternly impressive shots of the steel town, for instance, with its belching black towers and permanently overcast skies, are broken up by the sight of De Niro's ridiculous white Cadillac—a car that has been purchased in order to be trashed—rattling down the dreary streets.

Cimino obviously believes that "ordinary" people are quite extraordinary under the surface. His casting of the aristocratic-looking theater actress Meryl Streep as a sweet, not very bright small-town beauty seems perverse and risky, but Cimino needed the radiance and grace of this actress to illuminate a basically inarticulate character. And the same is true of the others. Bearded and handsome, with the natural ease of a Renaissance prince, De Niro establishes the singularity and internal strength of Michael through a hundred shadings of irony, mockery, and courtly reserve. Michael will survive the inferno because his killer instinct is enlarged and ennobled by physical daring and wildness of spirit. At the end of a jubilant wedding ceremony he strips

Illustration by Sue Coe

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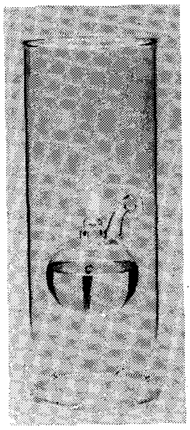

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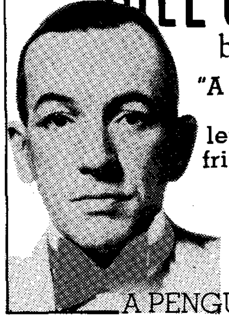

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stark naked and runs through the freezing town. De Niro's nakedness here is oddly stirring, like a nude in a painting that reveals touches of the divine in human form. To the role of Nick, the blond and graceful friend whom Michael loves with more ardor than he can easily admit, Christopher Walken brings his teasing, far-away quality—though in his big moments Walken is just as eerily intense as De Niro. And the late John Cazale, as wormy, malicious Stan, is beyond praise. Not one of the principal characters has much to say, yet the acting is so expressive they all seem like large-scale people.

After the early scenes of carousing and horsing around, Michael leads his friends into the mountains for deer hunting, and the mood turns solemn, almost sublime. Earlier Michael had explained to Nick that the deer must be taken with a single shot, and then we see him do just that. Despite the high-mountains mist and mysticism, the filmmakers' point is clear enough: America used to think of itself as the single-shot country, the country that has twice in this century sent troops to Europe and efficiently cleaned things up.

But not this time, not in Vietnam. Like a long-suppressed nightmare that suddenly returns, overwhelming the spirit, the Vietnam scenes bring back all the maddening confusions and cruelties of the war. The sequence begins with a North Vietnamese and Viet Cong attack on a village presumably controlled by the Americans and South Vietnamese; a North Vietnamese soldier calmly incinerates a family of villagers, and then Michael incinerates the soldier. Cimino stages it so rapidly that we are stunned, not quite sure who is doing what to whom—which is exactly the way American soldiers must have felt in the midst of a civil war.

In the scene that follows, the three friends and some other Americans and South Vietnamese have fallen into the hands of the Viet Cong, and each man is forced to hold a pistol loaded with a single bullet to his head and pull the trigger. This torture by Russian roulette presents a fearsome choice: If you don't play, you are thrown into a wooden cage suspended in the river below and you drown; if you do play, you may die or with luck survive—but don't count on it. I won't reveal how Michael and Nick beat the odds, but I must tell you that the scene itself, which is orchestrated with the terrifying blows and jeers of the VC officers, is about the most hair-raising ten minutes in the history of American movies, and that De Niro and Walken work themselves up to a pitch of exaltation

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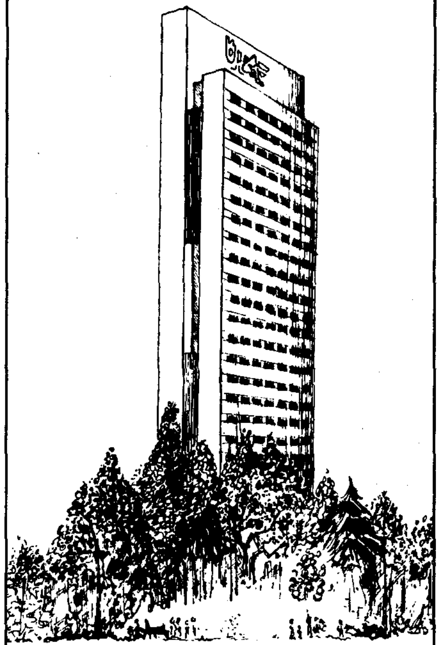

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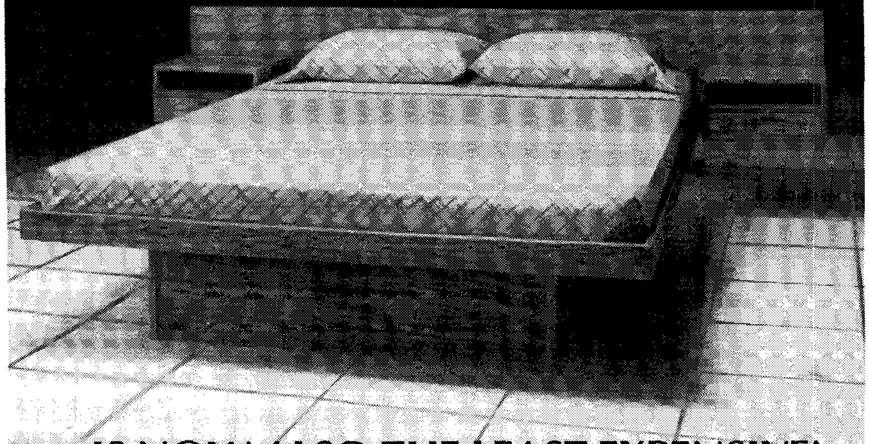

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—a wild happiness beyond terror—that is absolutely uncanny. And what follows is just as extraordinary: An attempted helicopter rescue over the river, with men hanging from the struts and then falling into the water below, and scenes of squalor and desperation in collapsing Saigon that equal the greatest pages of war reporting.

From that point on, Russian roulette dominates the film as an obsessively repeated action and an increasingly weighty metaphor. Hooked on the crazy high of beating the odds, Nick flips out (like so many Americans in Vietnam) and becomes a professional performer in a Saigon gambling den in which groups of death-enthralled Vietnamese, Frenchmen, and Americans lay money on the game as Nick and another player face each other and take turns with the pistols. Now, I can easily accept this as an account of one man's peculiar freak-out. (Michael Herr's *Dispatches*, the best book on the war so far, contains a number of stories about Americans who returned over and over to the same situation of extreme terror because it was the only thing that seemed real to them once they had beaten it the first time.) But Washburn and Cimino mean a lot more: They mean this crazy, self-annihilating game to stand for what all sides—American, Vietnamese, even French—have been doing in Vietnam. From the beginning, *The Deer Hunter* is mystical rather than political, but the movie gets a little trashy and melodramatic when Michael tries to bring Nick back to life by facing him at the roulette table and placing the gun against his own head. Washburn and Cimino push their conceits about will and chance and death so far that they finally become almost meaningless.

However, the scenes back home among the shattered community of friends are touching and true and not a bit sentimental. Cimino achieves one powerful effect after another without seducing or manipulating us, and if there are tears at the end, they are honestly earned. Yet I know this movie is going to be hated. Some will find the violence unendurable. Others will object to the glorification of De Niro's war hero, insisting that he should be portrayed as a psychopath. All arguable points, but remember this: Only so much can be accomplished in a single movie, and if a filmmaker illuminates the experience and attitudes of only one group in a large conflict, he has still accomplished a hell of a lot. *The Deer Hunter* will outlive whatever scorn is heaped on it. ■

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SALES & BARGAINS

BY LEONORE FLEISCHER

NOTES ON MARKDOWNS, MONEY-SAVERS, AND RIPOFFS

West Side chic—The three Charivari stores are holding their winter clearance before the holidays, with reductions of up to 50 percent for men and women. At Charivari Women the designers include Christian Aujard, Calvin Klein, Rafael, and others. Jackets, were $210–$310, now $100–$175; skirts, were $120–$160, now $65–$80; some slim skirts, were $44, now $28; coats are half off; some sweaters and vests are up to 75 percent off. Charivari Men offers Castelbajac quilted jackets and vests, were $250, now $125; Geoffrey Beene sport jackets, were $150, now $75; Martin Guy leather jackets, were $325–$400, now $199–$249; and more. Charivari Sport offers Icarus women's shirts, were $28–$38, now $17; Willi Wear sportswear at up to 50 percent off; wool-and-angora-blend sweaters, were $25, now $18; men's blazers, were $150–$195, now $79–$99. Checks accepted; no credit cards; all sales final. *Charivari Women, 2307 Broadway, near 84th St. (873-1424); Charivari Men, 2339 Broadway, at 85th St. (873-7242); Charivari Sport, 2345 Broadway, near 85th St. (799-8650); pre-Christmas hours: Mon.–Fri. 10:30 a.m.–8:30 p.m., Sat. 10 a.m.–7 p.m.; while stock lasts.*

Shawls—Some very pretty wool shawls are half price at Helga Howie: soft shawls in dark floral patterns, were $150, now $75; challis shawls, were $60, now $30. All are 4 ft. square. Also, Liberty of London printed wool-challis separates, skirts and tops in sizes 4–10, were $190 each, now $126. American Express, Master Charge, Visa, checks accepted; all sales final. *Helga Howie, 733 Madison Ave., at 64th St. (861-5155); Mon.–Fri. 10 a.m.–6 p.m., Sat. 10:30 a.m.–6 p.m.; while stock lasts.*

Christmas cards—Flair Printing promises your imprinted Christmas cards within one week, with a 20 percent discount to boot. There are 750 subjects to choose from, including Currier & Ives prints, with gold mats, usually $37 per 100 imprinted cards, now $29.60; Japanese print on textured silver, usually $42, now $33.60; Raphael's *Madonna of the Rose,* usually $78, now $62.40. These are all available for less without imprints. Minimum quantity 25, minimum sale $10. Checks accepted; no credit cards. *Flair Printing Corp., 8 West 45th St. (575-0088); Mon.–Fri. 8:45 a.m.–5:15 p.m.; through 12/29.*

Send suggestions for Sales & Bargains to Leonore Fleischer, New York *Magazine, 755 Second Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10017, a month before the sale. Do not phone.*

French fashions—Beautiful French clothes are going on sale here at discounts of 35–50 percent. Dorothée Bis designs: knit coats, were $460, now $230; flat-knit sweaters, were $79 and $94, now $38 and $47; plaid lumberjack shirts, were $92, now $46, and matching skirts, were $112, now $56; narrow wool-jersey skirts, were $98, now $49; pile-lined tent raincoats, were $385, now $260; a potpourri of matching socks, mitts, gloves, and hats, were $12–$24, now 30 percent off. Cygne separates in silk or wool are at half price, and one-of-a-kind pieces from other designers such as Issey Miyake are 35–50 percent off. Sizes 4—12. Checks accepted; no credit cards; all sales final. *Dianne B., 729 Madison Ave., at 64th St. (759-0988); 12/13, 10 a.m.–midnight, thereafter Mon.–Sat. 10 a.m.–6 p.m.; 12/13–1/31/79.*

Factory sale—Here's an opportunity to buy snakeskin wallets and stationery items and personalized sweaters direct from the manufacturers. Men's classic wallets, brown or black, retail $24, here $14; credit-card billfolds, retail $30, here $18; women's 7-in. clutches, in rust or black, retail $42, here $24; combination checkbook covers and pocket secretaries, here $20; zippered address agendas, $22 small, $40 large, etc. Signit Designs acrylic sweaters: for men, retail $45, here $25; for women, retail $40, here $20. Checks accepted; no credit cards; all sales final. *Esrob Designs, 842 Ave. of the Americas, near 30th St., fourth floor (532-6966); Thurs.–Sat. 10 a.m.–3 p.m.; 12/14–16, 21–23 only.*

Plastic fantastic—Really beautiful and expensive acrylic and Lucite furniture and accessories are going on sale here at way below wholesale, most of them discontinued and one-of-a-kind or prototypes—except the accessories, of which there are hundreds. These things are sold at I. Magnin and Neiman-Marcus and the best New York stores. Examples: "marble" acrylic dining table, with two leaves, retail $1,600, here $575; four matching chairs, retail $1,120, here $400; handsome wastebaskets in many styles and colors, including mirrored, retail $18–$42, here $8–$15; tissue boxes, toothbrush mugs, cigarette boxes, powder boxes, and many, many other accessories, $4.75–$15; also framed abstracts, $150. Checks accepted; no credit cards; delivery additional; all sales final. *Art-Lite Products, Ltd., 137 East 25th St., eighth floor (889-7771); Fri.–Sun. 10 a.m.–5 p.m.; 12/15–17 only.*

Designer sale—Four young designers are offering their designs direct at around wholesale prices for five days only. Many things are one-of-a-kind, and all fit women sizes P, S, and M (M is 12). Angelo offers kimonos made of old scarves, many of them silk, retail $60, here $30; Spandex pants, retail $35, here $20. Jean Mercier has old tuxedo shirts, some unworn, at $8; tuxedo jackets in boys' sizes for little women, $10–$15; formal trousers, $10. Susi Martin offers mat-jersey disco dresses, retail $75–$100, here $10–$20; Mylar glitter tops, skirts, and pants, retail $60–$66 apiece, here $20–$25; raw-silk or angora skirts, retail $76, here $35, and matching angora cowl tops, retail $72, here $33. Joan Fagin has panne-velvet pants and skirts, $10 and $15; jersey tops and skirts, $15; silk-tweed blazers and pants, retail $90–$140, here $35–$60; Thai-silk separates, retail $45–$95, here $22.50–$42.50; wool-crêpe separates, now $25–$40; wool-jersey dresses, now $15–$35; and more. No credit cards or checks; cash-and-carry only; all sales final. *Rosemadder, 24 West 39th St., fifth floor (391-1625); Wed.–Fri. noon–7 p.m., Sat. 10 a.m.–5 p.m., Sun. noon–5 p.m.; 12/13–17 only.*

Gold—In time for Christmas, this upstairs boutique is marking down its already low prices for one- and few-of-a-kind gold and precious-stone jewelry. The only things not on sale are diamond-stud earrings and special orders. The markdown is 10 percent for purchases of up to $1,000, 15 percent for $1,100–$1,500, and 20 percent if you spend over $1,500. Also, a mixed stock of one-of-a-kind pieces is being discounted at a flat 25 percent, including all ivory-and-fourteen-karat-gold pieces and all Mathey-Tissot watches. No charge for sizing rings or bracelets. Master Charge, Visa, checks accepted; refunds or exchanges possible. *Edna Nelkin and Goldie Blum, 790 Madison Ave., at 67th St., Room 205 (249-0681); Tues.–Sat. 10 a.m.–4 p.m.; through 12/29.*

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New York Classified is a weekly feature. All classified ads accepted at the discretion of the publisher. Rates: 1 time ad $3.30/word; 2 consecutive ads $2.75/word; 3 cons. ads $2.60/word; 4 cons. ads $2.50/word; 13 ads per year $2.50/word; 26 ads per year $2.45/word; 51 ads per year $2.40/word. Min. ad 10 words. POB #'s, NYM Box #'s, Tel. #'s—2 words each; Abbreviations, ZIP Codes—1 word each. Extra $5 for NYM Box #'s. Classified Display available at $192/inch. Complete rate card available. Check/M.O. must accompany copy & be received by closing (every Tues. by 1 p.m. for following Mon.) Phone orders accepted with Master Charge/BankAmericard only. Classified Dept., New York Magazine, 755 Second Ave., N.Y., N.Y. 10017. (212)986-5894. Reply to NYM Box Numbers at same address.

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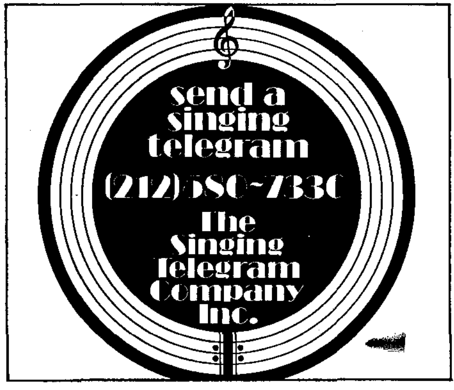

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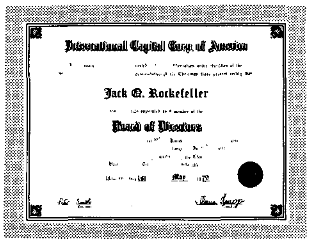
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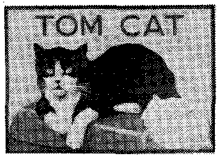

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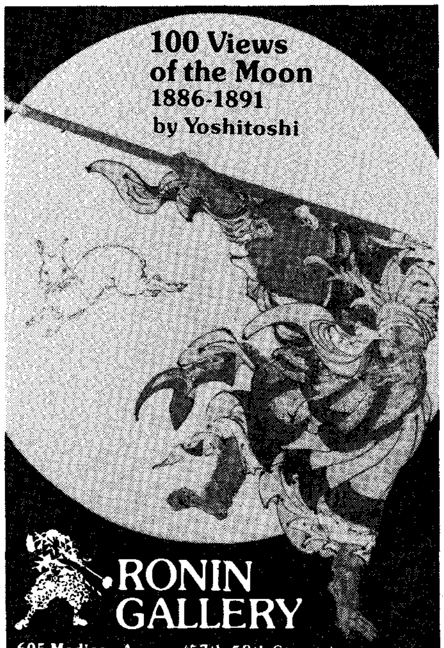

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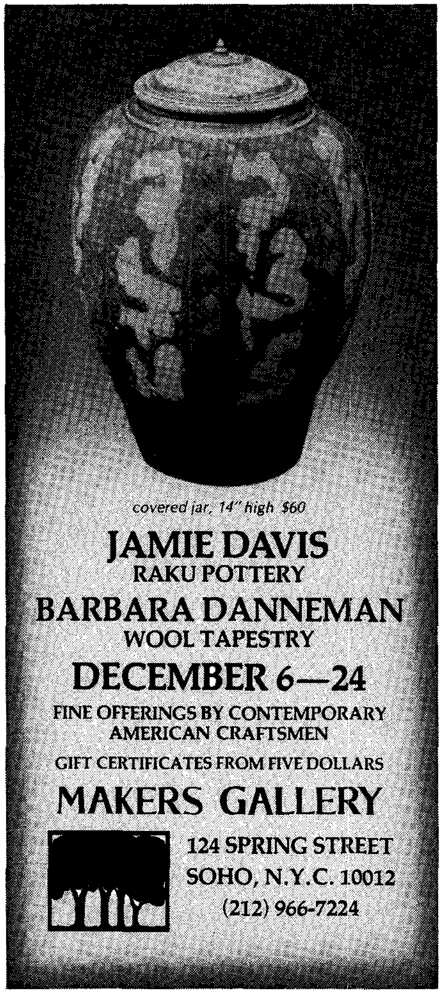

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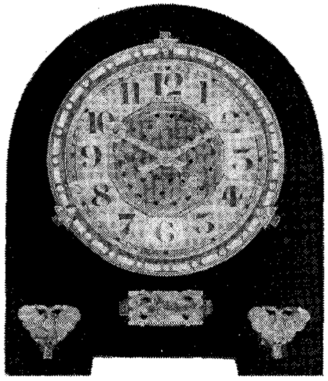

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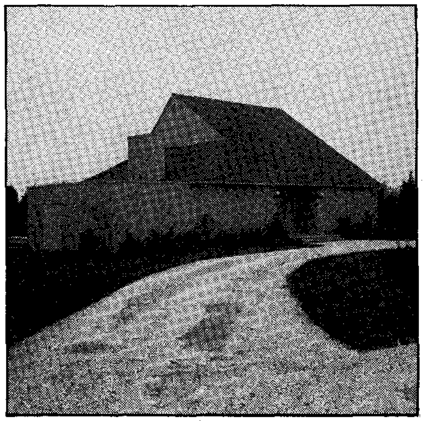

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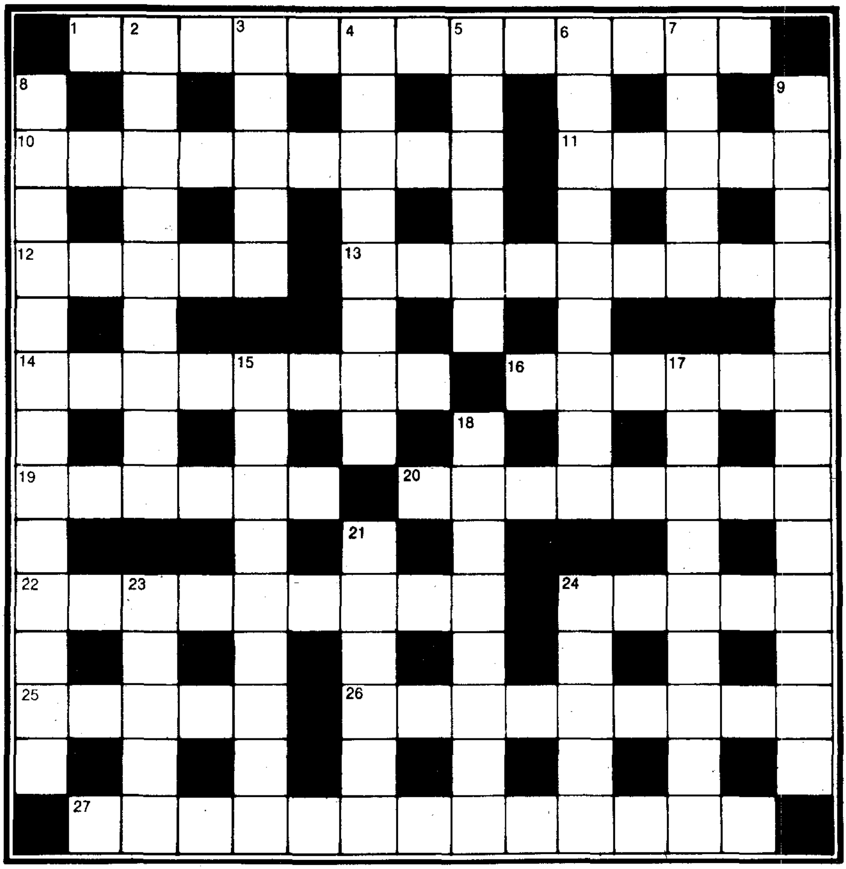

Solution to last issue's puzzle:

C	H	A	N	G	E	L	E	S	S					F
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Clues

ACROSS

1 Red-carpet treatment isn't given to one who hasn't got a bean! (7-6)

10 Perfect in a moral sense; regarded as square by the French! What a blessed situation! (4, 5)

11 It's rubbish to have an alternative word for revolver. (5)

12 Ebenezer started by taking to his couch, then declined. (5)

13 Slipped around there—slipped all over the place, in fact. (9)

14 Measure the fish? Nonsensical! (8)

16 Stroke spoiled by mice running among us! (6)

19 We dons must form a union to get presents! (6)

20 Bracelet in a box? (8)

22 Borzoi, perhaps, is just the creature to devour and chase. (4-5)

24 A hilt broken by a heavy stick. (5)

25 Make this mine to settle. (5)

26 An eternity before April began once for Mao and his comrades? (4, 5)

27 Have a possibly heated discussion about former money expressions! (8, 5)

DOWN

2 Unfriendly fop acted deliberately in this. (4, 5)

3 Steer after being caught by cowboy. (5)

4 Passing by pigs in lane running wild. (8)

5 Go out again when about to die. (2-4)

6 Diner thrown out without hesitation—what a blow! (5, 4)

7 "------ these enchanted woods you who dare" (Meredith). (5)

8 Dimension of the yard, but not the length? (5, 4, 4)

9 Very emotional card game in Venice? (6, 2, 5)

15 Valley chapel perhaps not interested in much ritual? (3, 6)

17 Nobleman ran into Eastern Communist and gave tit for tat! (9)

18 The tantalising exhibition supporters make of themselves when the Cup is won? (3, 5)

21 Makes nothing shoot up in Ireland. (6)

23 Long delayed and unspecified quantity of plant juice. (5)

24 The dance of oblivion? (5).

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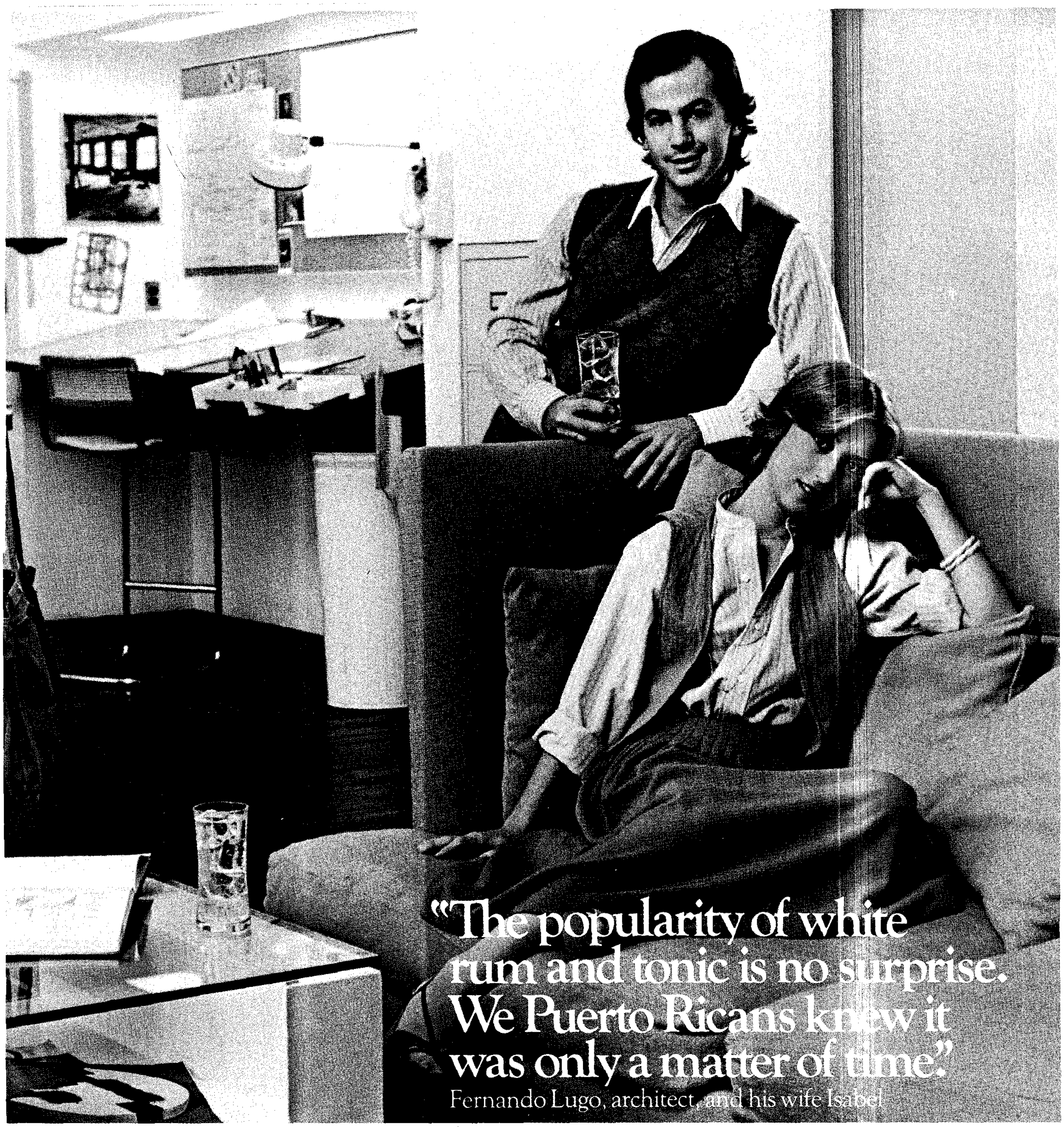
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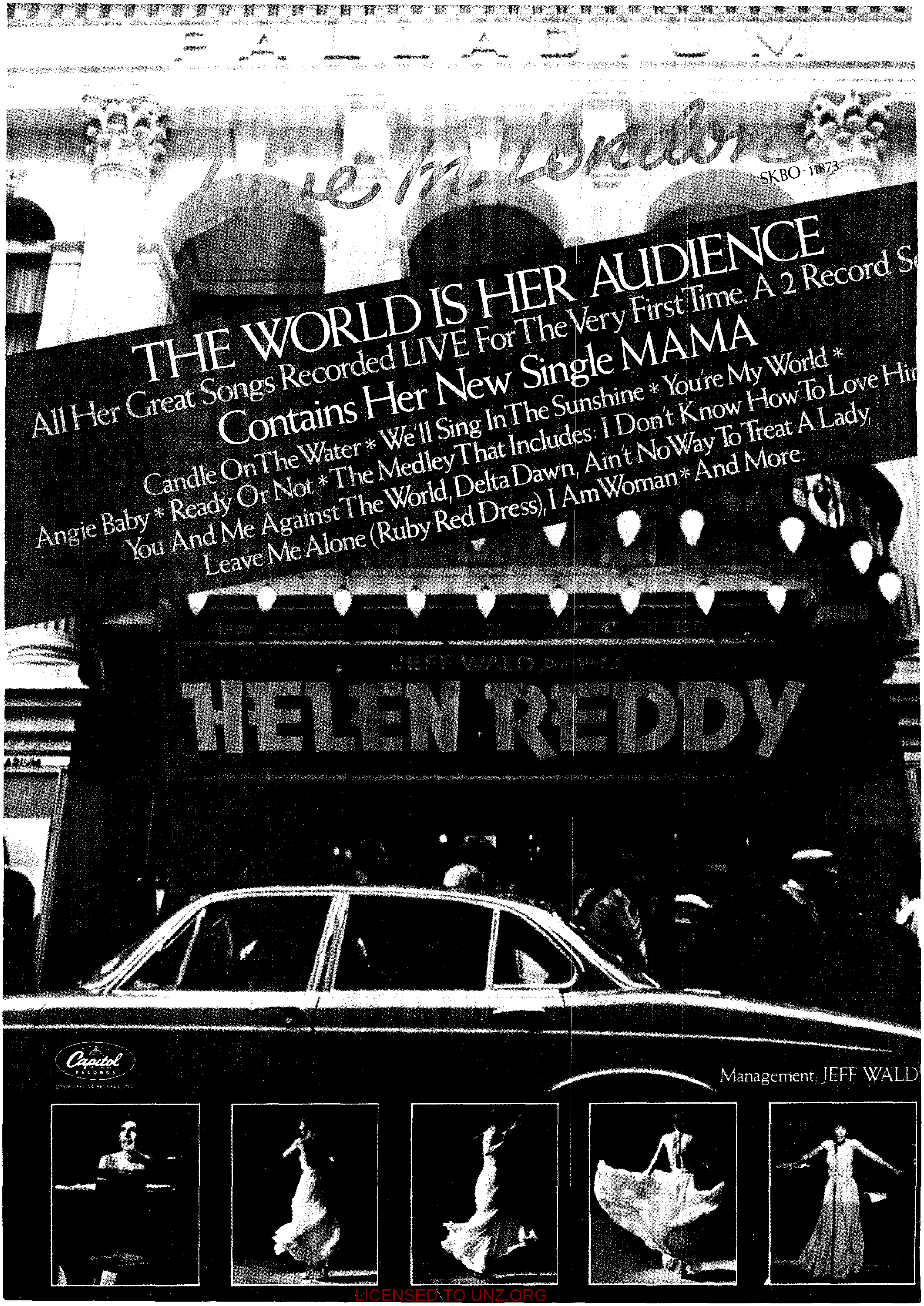
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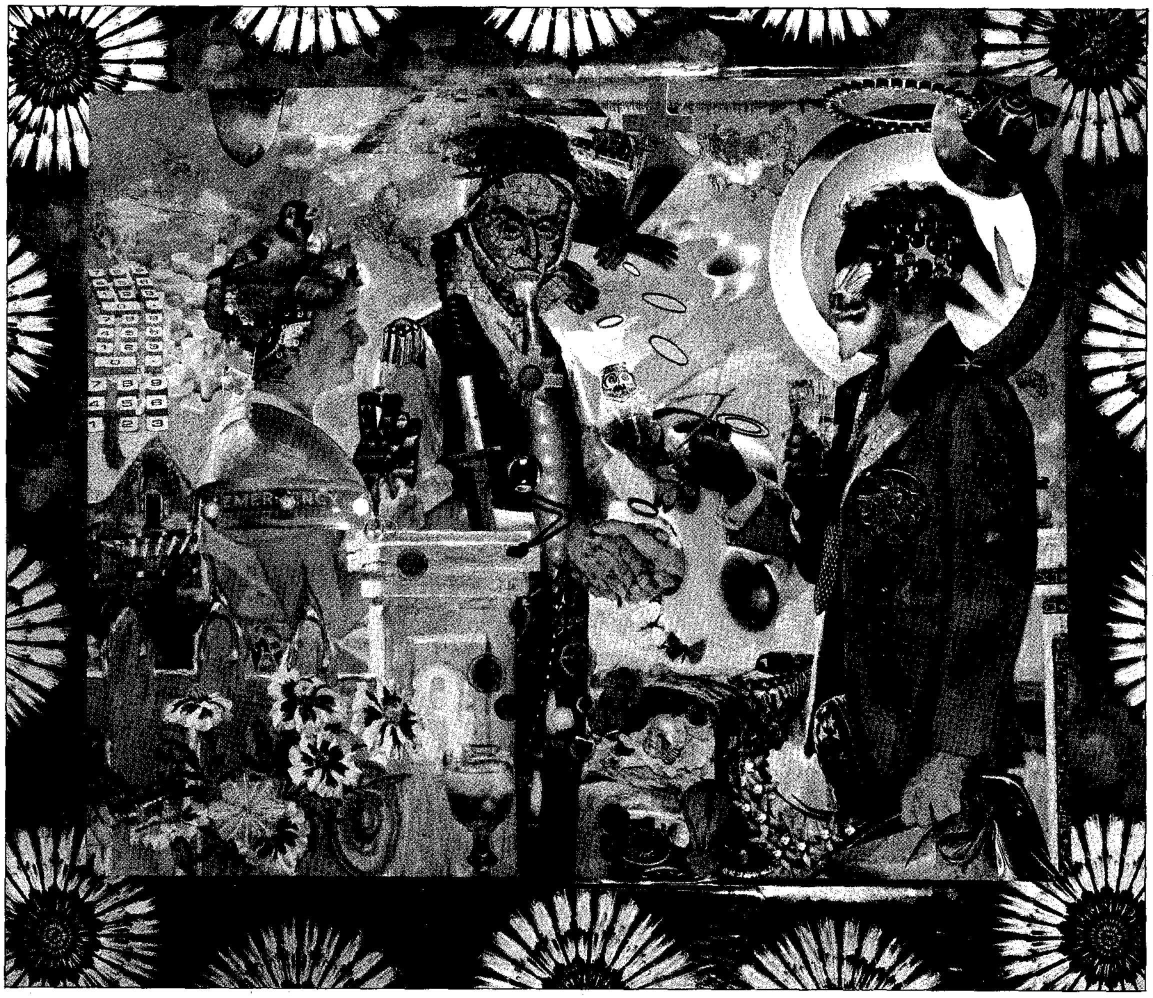
HOW TO STUFF A WILD STOCKING

"... This year the galleries are teeming with the fantasy, glamour, and fun we surely have a right to expect of the holidays..."



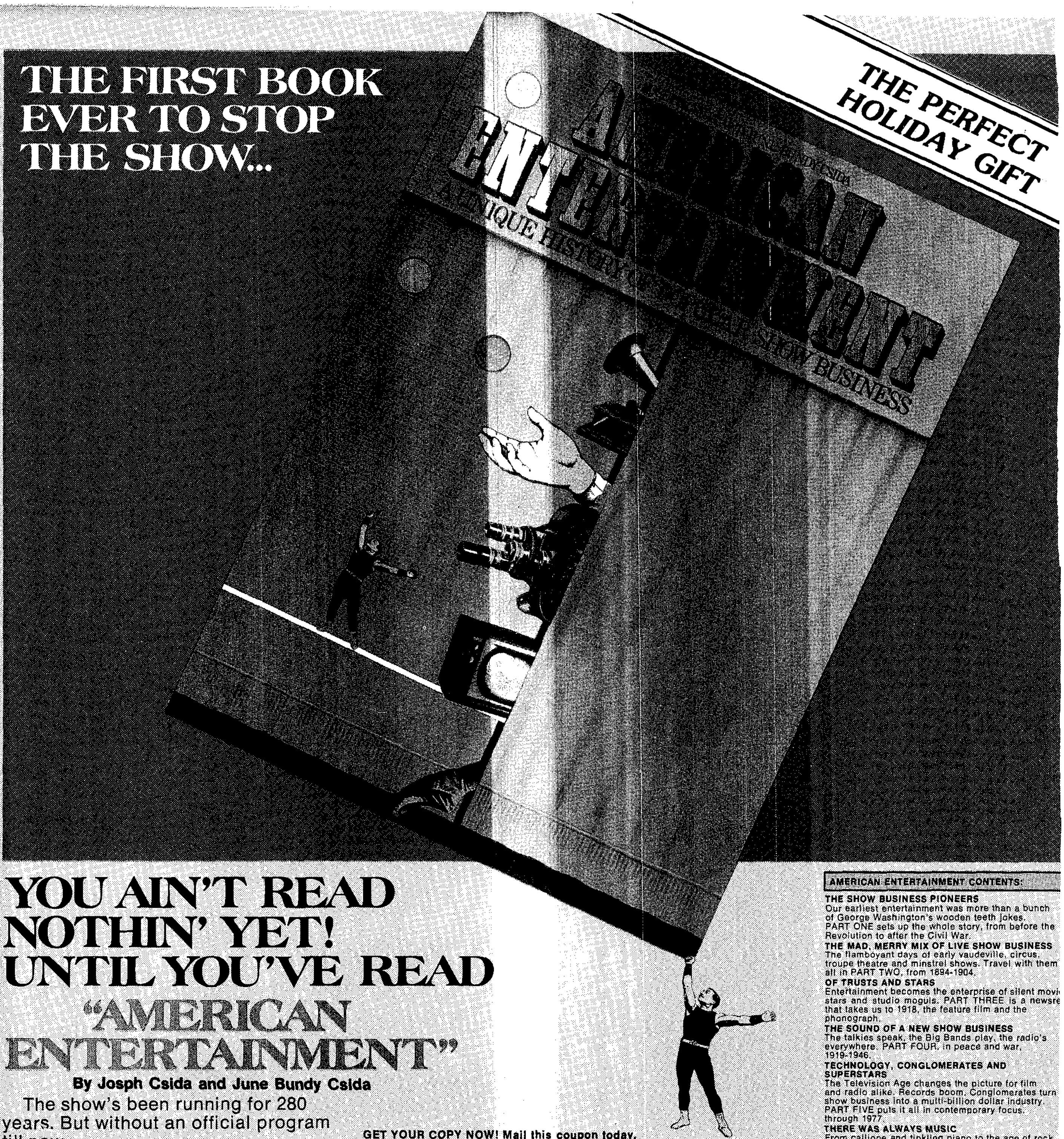
Jess folks: The Leavetaking *(1972), a paste-up by Jess, 28½ by 33½ inches, at the Odyssia Gallery.*

At this time of year I think often of the chapter in E. M. Forster's *Howards End* where Margaret and old Mrs. Wilcox go Christmas shopping. "The city seemed Satanic, the narrower streets oppressing like the galleries of a mine. No harm was done by the fog to trade, for it lay high, and the lighted windows of the shops were thronged with customers.It was rather a darkening of the spirit which fell back upon itself, to find a more grievous darkness within."

If the commercial merriment on Fifth Avenue seems like empty calories to you, try the galleries. They are usually at a peak of activity about now, but I can't remember a year when they have teemed with so much of the fantasy, glamour, and fun we surely have a right to expect of the holidays.

Opposite Tiffany's and a block from F. A. O. Schwarz, the Odyssia Gallery (730 Fifth Avenue, at 57th Street) has a rare show of "paste-ups" and "salvages" by the legendary (I've been using that word a lot lately, but no other fits) California artist **Jess**, who doesn't divulge his last name and is the object of an ever growing and perfervid cult. His works are like dreams that have been somehow detained and then elaborated to huge proportions incorporating swarms of minute detail. It's more fabulous than anything at Schwarz's or Tiffany's and excites acquisitive lusts of a sort no glittering Fifth Avenue emporium could slake.

One of the myths about Jess, who is 55 and seldom leaves the gingerbread house in San Francisco's Mission District which he has long shared with the poet Robert Duncan, is that he works slowly and therefore produces a small body of work. Obviously this work does demand a great deal of time, both to create and to experience, and Duncan has written: "Jess's art is not primarily a visionary art, for, though the vision is there, it is the ground of a searching and researching work." And the time it takes to experience one of these incredibly complex yet also monumental works is the equivalent of accompanying the artist on a little of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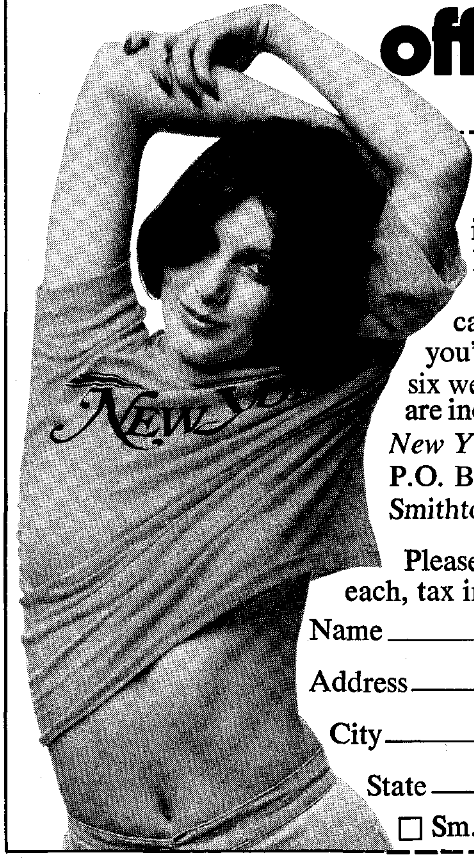
the trip through time that produced the work.

The "salvages" are old, discarded paintings of his (and sometimes of others) which he has taken up again and turned into things rich and strange. "Paste-ups" is his more modest term for collage. One of the most extraordinary is *On the Way to Rose Mountain,* built up out of a number of jigsaw puzzles partially superimposed on one another, which has the humor, horror, and romance of a Victorian decoupage screen.

Words are sometimes incorporated into the paste-ups, and the titles also say a lot about the nature of the work: *The Unentitled Graces* and *The Virtue of Incertitude Perplexing the Vice of Definition,* for instance. In another paste-up of the Wheel of Fortune (from a series on the tarot), the following printed message issues from the mouth of an Assyrian lion presiding over a sort of carnival roulette wheel: "It is a heterogeneous company, and the picture is at first confusing, both as to motion and sound. As one becomes accustomed to the scene, new details present themselves."

A skateboard would be a help in viewing the Metropolitan's **Splendor of Dresden** show, but the direction frowns on them. So wear sensible shoes. This is one of those fabled hoards of "treasures" that from time immemorial have brought out the bourgeois on Sunday strolls (midweek it isn't all that crowded, though).

Among the sumptuous objects designed to keep a drowsy Saxon emperor awake, but which worked less well on me, are, of course, true masterpieces, sometimes hard to spot amid the wearying magnificence. There are Bellotto's crystalline views of Dresden; there is Rembrandt's *Samson Proposing the Riddle at the Wedding Feast,* as well his very odd painting of Jupiter abducting a squalling, urinating brat of a Ganymede. There are Titian's *Portrait of a Lady in White,* Vermeer's *Girl at a Window,* a roomful of Caspar David Friedrich and his contemporaries, and best of all, perhaps, Adam Elsheimer's tiny, unforgettable painting *Jupiter and Mercury in the House of Philemon and Baucis.* After seeing an engraving of it, Goethe wrote: "His [Jupiter's] eyes fall on a woodcut hanging on the wall, where he sees represented one of his amorous escapades, carried out with the help of Mercury. If such a feature is not worth more than a whole warehouse of antique chamber-pots, then I will give up all thinking, composing of poetry, all aspiration, and writing." I couldn't agree more. ▬



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NEW YORK MAGAZINE COMPETITION

COMPETITION NUMBER 338

BY MARY ANN MADDEN

MILVAGO TEPHROSIAN PELMATOGRAM CHIRK
HOMOTHERM DENDROPHAGOUS SUCKEREL
PUPPY FRAKTUR RAKI

Above, ten words in search of a poem. Competitors are invited to compose a six-line stanza, rhyming ABBABA and using each of these words in any form.

Above, a hideous competition idea. Competitors are invited to suggest a competition so difficult, boring, or recondite as to preclude entries. (Unfair to use previously set comps, thank you.)

Results of Competition 335, in which you were asked for titles and brief plot summaries for anachronistic TV programs.

Report: A marvelous group. A few repeats: SIX IS ENOUGH *(Henry VIII).* MY THREE HUNS. MONDAY NIGHT COLOSSEUM—Saints vs. Lions. MESOPOTAMIAN SQUARES. FEUDAL FAMILY FEUD. Sample titles from which you may infer the quality of this large and funny assortment: STONEHENGE 2-NITE. I REMEMBER JOCASTA. WELCOME BACK, SOCRATES. DUELING FOR DUCATS. LEAVE IT TO BRUTUS. SCHUBERT'S ALLEY. WHAT'S MY FATE? AMOS AND GANDHI. TELL ME, DR. EHRLICH. MY LITTLE OEDIPUS. BACHELOR PONTIFF. KING EDWARD VIII SHOW. WALPURGIS NIGHT LIVE. MY MOTHER THE CHARIOT. THE PAPAL CHASE. MR. WASHINGTON GOES TO SMITH. GOOD MORNING GAUL. INTERVIEW OF THE AGES. KUBLA KHAN AND OLLIE. BORGIA CELEBRITY ROAST. SPQR QUIZ. 60 MINUETS. MR. ALCHEMIST. CHARIOT LIV, QUO VADIS? OH, HELL. CHARLIE'S COLONISTS. MEET THE AMANUENSIS. MARCUS WELBY M.D., BCE. A DOLL'S PLACE IS IN THE HOUSE. THE LOVE ARK. MATCH GAME B.C. ONE DEITY AT A TIME. ELECTION NIGHT 220 B.C. MARY MAGDALEN, MARY MAGDALEN. BEAT THE SUNDIAL. SO YOU WANT TO LEAD A BAND OF BRIGANDS? I MARRIED JOB. ULYSSES IN MIDTOWN. ON THE ROAD WITH THE JOADS. And LIVE FROM CAESAR'S PALACE. I loved them all. (Last of the series.)

First Prizes of two-year subscriptions to "New York" to:

OZZIE AND HEROD. Comedy. Herod has Ricky and two of his friends beheaded. Dave gets mad and threatens to run away to Gaul. Ozzie is bewildered and can't decide which cardigan to wear while sitting around the domus.
Russ Rubin, Wayzata, Minn.

DID HITLER DIRECT THE OUTLAW? Series based on recently uncovered letters suggesting Hitler disposed of Howard Hughes in 1943 in order to adopt his identity. Part I shows Hitler's early interest in directing movies. Little Eva persuades him to keep his attention on invasion plans.
Ms. Moglie Smith, Glencoe, Ill.

CHILDREN'S CRUSADE. Telethon. Help outfit Jerry's kids for the Holy Wars.
Bonnie Wall, Dellwood, Mo.

Runner-up Prizes of one-year subscriptions to "New York" to:

NAME THAT TOOL. Game. Cro-Magnons vs. Neanderthals.
Alan Levine, Massapequa, N.Y.

MY THREE SUN KINGS. Comedy. Louis is livid when Tramp digs up the garden at Versailles.
Charles M. Robins, Devon, Pa.

CENTURION BILKUS. Comedy. When Bilkus gets a hot tip on a chariot race, he tries to squeeze some money out of his legion so he can make a bet.
Richard Fried, Brooklyn

GEOFFREY CHAUCER'S ROCK CONCERT. The Wyfe of Bath ("Spanish Splash"), Reeve Brothers ("So Was Hir Joly Wistle Wel Y-Wet"), Troilus and Cressida ("Can I Get a Witness?").
Lisa Raphael, Brooklyn

And Honorable Mention to:

IMPALING WITH VLAD. Cooking Instruction. Tonight Vlad puts up Blood Pudding.
Stephen Calamari, NYC

ROSENKRANTZ & GUILDENSTERN, ATTORNEYS AT LAW. Crime drama. Gravediggers uncover new clues. Next week: plea bargaining for the Prince of Denmark.
Monica Petrucelli, Lyndhurst, N.J.

THE 20,000-BLOCK PYRAMID. Host Leon Sphinx guides contestants in moving tenton granite blocks using ropes (30 years).
David Buckley, Palos Heights, Ill.

BONAPARTE'S ISLAND. Comedy. Bonaparte discovers an abandoned ship, and, with Count de Montholon's help, repairs it for an escape. Gen. Bertrand and his wife "Poopsie" accidentally spill the plan to Lowe.
Tony R. Pirtle, Sullivan, Ind.

PAPYRUS PLACE. Educational. Learn to count from I to X. See why the earth is the center of the universe. Try to get water from a rock. Make an idol.
L. Penn, Nyack, N.Y.

THE COURTSHIP OF OEDIPUS'S FATHER. Premiere. In this episode, Oedipus kills his father.
Janet Greenberg, NYC

ROUTES. Part 3. Vasco Da Gama decides his crew needs lessons in grooming, with predictable results. Magellen locks himself in the hold.
Elsie Angell, Greenville, R.I.

MY DARLING CLEMENCEAU. Mme C. is in a dither when Georges calls to tell her that the Wilsons are staying for dinner after all.
Robert M. Shaffer, NYC

MAKE ROOM FOR MOSES. Moses supposes his toeses are roses (but Moses supposes erroneously).
Neil and Lois Nyren, NYC

STOREFRONT SHEPHERDS. Zebulon and Jacob become prime suspects in the theft of Laban's flock. Esau invents a slingshot ballistics test.
Toni Marco, Brooklyn

THE MACNEIL-LEHRER-MOSES REPORT. Tonight examines the Red Sea. Possible guests: Pharoah, Henry Kissinger.
Jack Paul, Brooklyn

WELCOME BACK, COTTA. Marcus Aurelius returns from the war with Mithridates to find himself charged with embezzlement.
Mrs. Catherine A. Lynch, Hollis, N.Y.

ME AND MY BIG NOSE. Comedy. Cyrano wants to change careers, but Roxanne dissuades him. Several nose jokes from Christian (e.g., *"Voila la Concorde!"*) enliven the proceedings.
Walter Bossert, Chatham, N.J.

ADAM 1. Crime Drama. A nude woman eats fruit from a private tree; a young man beats his brother.
Chris Meyer, Jackson Heights, N.Y.

TUT AT FIFTEEN. When the court astrologer misreads his birthdate, Tut thinks he is dying and orders a simple funeral.
Lewis Terman, South Salem, N.Y.

WE INTERRUPT THIS INQUISITION. Bishop Torquemada hosts as celebrities decide the fate of commoners. Panel: E. Scrooge, M. de Sade, Attila, and J. Crawford. A Chuck Barris production.
R. B. Elsberry, Wilton, Conn.
similarly: Ilene McGrath, Leonia, N.J.; Kevin Denton, Pawling, N.Y.

THE KRAFFT-EBING FAMILY KITCHEN. That versatile chef demonstrates imaginative things to do with cheese.
Bonita Friedman, El Toro, Calif.

FATHER KNOWS BESS. Sir Walter Raleigh's children get into palace mischief while their father is measured for a new cape.
Becky Boardman, Wayne, N.J.

LOVE THAT MARQUIS. A merry mix-up ensues when de Sade absentmindedly makes a date with both Mistress Dominique and little Justine for the country-club dance.
Justine Friedman, Laguna Hills, Calif.

LEAVE IT TO BEOWULF. Hrothgar calls an interior decorator to redo his mead hall, Heorot. The fun begins when a passing fen monster is mistaken for the decorator by a nearsighted mead maid.
Alex Vaughn, Old Lyme, Conn.

OF ALL PEOPLE. Discussion: Suicide and depression among chefs is discussed by Dr. Paracelsus. Today's guest: Vatel.
Bill Hadley, Reno, Nev.

MARTY. In episode one, young Luther (David Soul), despondent over another dateless Saturday night, decides to reform the church.
Arthur Schwartz, Forest Hills, N.Y.

ADAM'S VICTORY GARDEN. Serial. Episode one in the history of the Winesap family.
Henry Morgan, Truro, Mass.

MY MOTHER THE CZAR. Catherine the Great is fatally injured while tending to one of her horses. (Last show of the series.)
Edward Meyer, Jackson Heights, N.Y.

LET'S BARTER. Game. And they brought their cattle unto Joseph, and Joseph gave them bread in exchange for horses.
Esther Greenwald, NYC

WELCOME BACK, ABELARD. When some Sorbonne students burn a witch as a prank, Abbie and Heloise team up to teach them a lesson.
Lynne B. Denton, Holmes, N.Y.

STVDIO I. Live dramatic presentations. Tonight: *The Aenead* by Virgil.
Max Zucker, Brooklyn

THE YOUNG AND THE PESTILENT. Serial. The undertaker forecloses on Bors's shop; Hildegarde takes up with a traveling flagellant.
Alexis Greenwald, NYC

BEN FRANKLIN'S MEMORY LANE. Documentary. This week: the gladiators.
C. M. McKee, Shelter Island Heights, N.Y.

MORK AND ELEANOR. In this episode, Eleanor Roosevelt tries to calm the nation.
David E. Carter, Ashland, Ky.

BOW JEST. Pilot. Roland and Oliver, rivals for fair Elaine of Roncevaux, engage in an archery contest. They are unaware that a sly villein yclept Ganelon has warped all their arrows.
Msgr. A. V. McLees, St. Albans, N.Y.

YOU STAKE YOUR LIFE. The irrepressible Torquemada quizzes contestants who must answer correctly—or else. Say the secret word and a Duc will come down from Avignon with dispensations.
Norton Bramesco, NYC
sp. ment.: Marilyn Crystal, Scarsdale, N.Y.; Alan Gibofsky M.D., NYC; Richard P. Monley, Birmingham, Mich.

LXXVII VIA SUNSET. Drama. Kookie Hirsutus vows revenge on the thieves who stripped his chariot after joyriding around the seven hills.
D. L. Kaslove, Norwalk, Conn.

PANHANDLING IN ARCADY. Film classic. A merry god, piping in the woods, gets roughed up by a band of dryads.
Marion Geller, NYC

ONE CENTURY AT A TIME. Comedy. Methuselah tries to take his own life, Lamech forgets how to beget, and Enoch tries to get a job selling sandals.
Jolene Zyzanski, Framingham, Mass.

DEFACE THE NATION. Series. Goths and Jutes pillage and plunder another fifth-century country. Moderator: Jack Palance.
Allyn I. Freeman, Los Angeles, Calif.
similarly: Miles Klein, E. Brunswick, N.J.

I'M ROBESPIERRE . . . HE'S LOUIS. Musical numbers include "Heads, You Lose!" "Looking Out for Number XVI" and "Three Into Gaul Won't Go."
Tim Hanley, NYC

PEAT MOSS COMPANY. Children. Pepin the Short shows the kids how to barbecue a Frank.
Francine Elkind, Forest Hills, N.Y.

THE LUDDITES. Ned smashes a machine.
L. Soth, Northfield, Minn.

THE JOY OF SECTS. Second episode of the Tower of Babel story.
Physics Bldg., SUNY, Albany, N.Y.

ALEXANDER AT 16. Alex's dad, Phil of Macedonia, tries to help when Alex is faced with a dilemma—whether to push south and destroy the Medes and Persians or to drive north and crush the Scythians.
Patricia Dinsmore, Pawling, N.Y.
similarly: Stewart Angell, Greenville, R.I.; Steve Brody, Clearwater, Fla.

Contest rules: One entry should be sent to Competition Number 338, *New York* Magazine, 755 Second Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10017. It must be received by December 22. Editor's decisions are final and all entries become the property of *New York*. First-prize winners will receive two-year subscriptions to *New York*, and runners-up will receive one-year subscriptions. Results and winners' names will appear in the issue of January 29. Out-of-town postmarks are given three days' grace. **Postcards only.**

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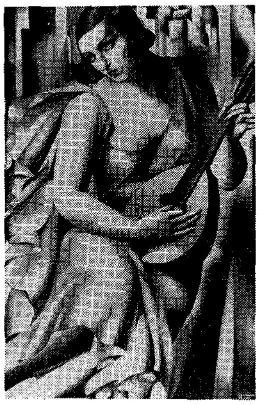

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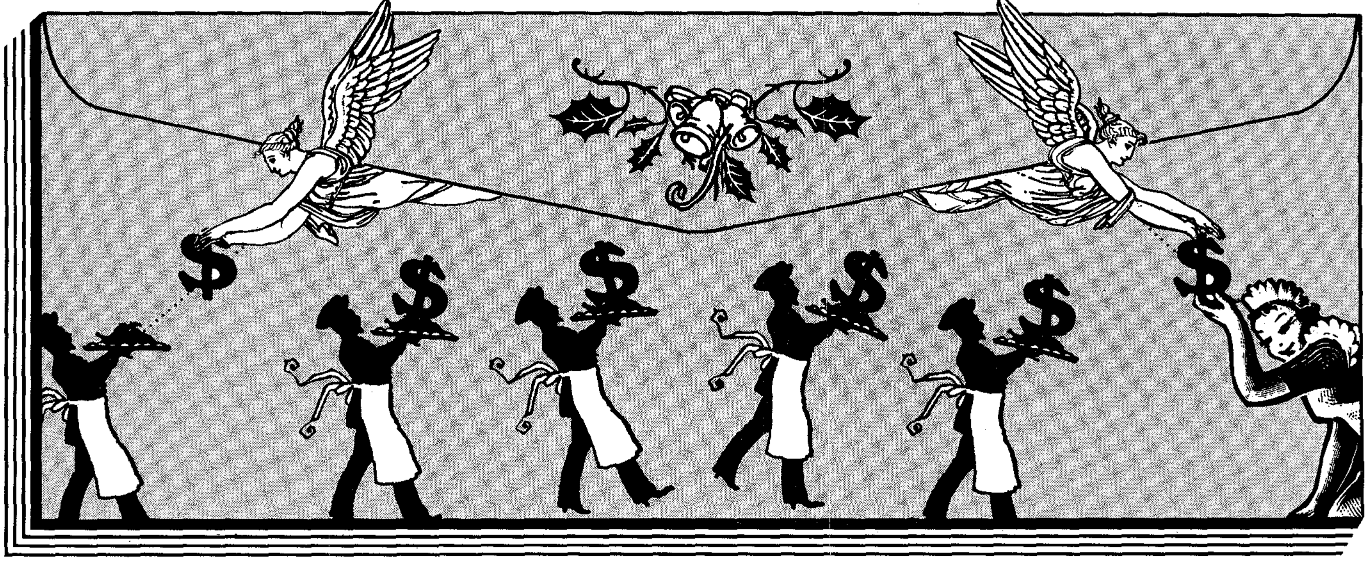
Page of Lists / Ruth J. Katz

A GUIDE TO HOLIDAY TIPPING

"...After almost 200 interviews with doormen, supers, managing agents, and tippers themselves, we know the going rates..."



It's that time of year again, and the message re tipping is clear: Good cheer equals cold cash. But what's appropriate? Who knows? Well then, what do people really give? After almost 200 interviews with doormen, supers, managing agents, and tippers themselves, we know. Here are what seem to be the going rates:

1. Supers: In co-ops and elegant high rises in the posh neighborhoods (Central Park South, Fifth Avenue, Sutton Place, some Village areas, and some buildings on Central Park West), standard fare is $50 to $60. In rental buildings with doormen in less than the poshest neighborhoods, $25 to $40—rarely less, unless the super's a real dud. In locked-front-door buildings with live-in supers and no doormen, our sources said they give anywhere from $15 to $25 (on the West Side, $5 less). Brownstone tenants are home-free if they live in an owner-occupied building where the owner does most of the maintenance. If the owner employs a super, or if there is a live-down-the-block super, most people tip at least $10, East or West Side. (If you live in a snazzy East Side townhouse with only two tenants, tip more.) Loft dwellers tip along brownstone guidelines, giving more if they own a loft in a co-op building.

2. Maintenance personnel: This includes the handymen whom you probably tip during the year—and who generally make more than doormen. The customary Christmas tip is $10 to $50. That's $40 to $50 for a well-maintained co-op, $25 for an East Side rental, $10 to $15 for a single studio dweller in a high rise, East or West Side.

3. Doormen: On the East Side, $15 to $30; on the West Side, $10 to $25. If you're a family of four, constantly going in and out, and the doorman holds your deliveries and watches the carriages and tricycles, tip on the high side. If you're single and undemanding, you can get away with $10, East or West Side. Don't tip all your doormen the same amount. If you have a favorite, reward him. A very few tenants give as much as $50, but this is truly rare.

4. Hall men, elevator operators: If they do as much for you as your doorman, tip the same. Don't worry about the staff's comparing notes. They'll only do it if you stiff them all. Just never give *anyone* less than $5.

5. Maids, butlers, houseboys, chauffeurs: The average is one week's pay, more (perhaps two weeks' worth) and a personal gift if he or she is "practically a member of the family after 27 years." If domestic help is getting two weeks' vacation pay, though, most employers will give a smaller Christmas tip.

6. Cleaning woman/man: One week's pay.

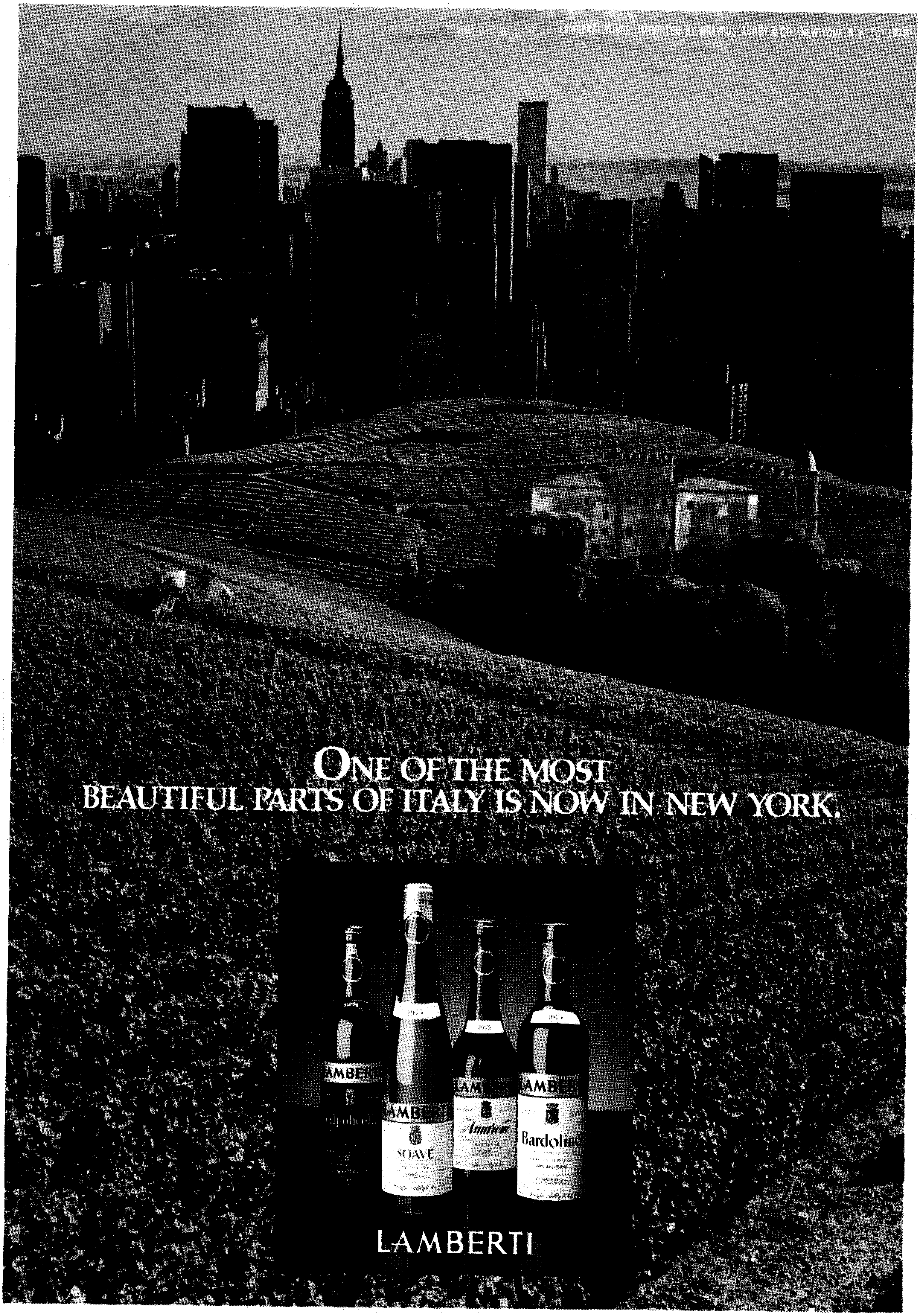
7. Garage attendants: The way the garage manipulates you at this season is tantamount to extortion. Everyone who contributes to the "fund" is listed on a blackboard, by name and amount. In theory this keeps the fund collector honest. In practice, this intimidates you into giving what you might not ordinarily give. You are, however, helpless, because your car is important and you don't want it dented or abused. If you take it out daily, be prepared to fork over $75 to $100, or else be prepared to find your car buried behind six cars with dead batteries just when you need it to get to the airport in a hurry. Give less if you use your car rarely, but never under $50, unless you tip year-round.

8. Newspaper delivery: $5. It's not the newsboy's fault there was an 88-day strike.

9. Mailmen and other deliverers (cleaners, drugstore, butcher, supermarket, liquor, laundry, etc.): For those who come often and are regulars (that means you know them by name), at least $5, and more if they are particularly helpful.

10. Beauty-parlor staff: And now, the good news. Since every trip, the year round, is laced with tips, consider giving a personal gift to your favorite staffer if you're a weekly customer. But, says Robert Molinari, a veteran at Cinandre, "It's definitely not expected." ■

Illustration by Leavenworth Jackson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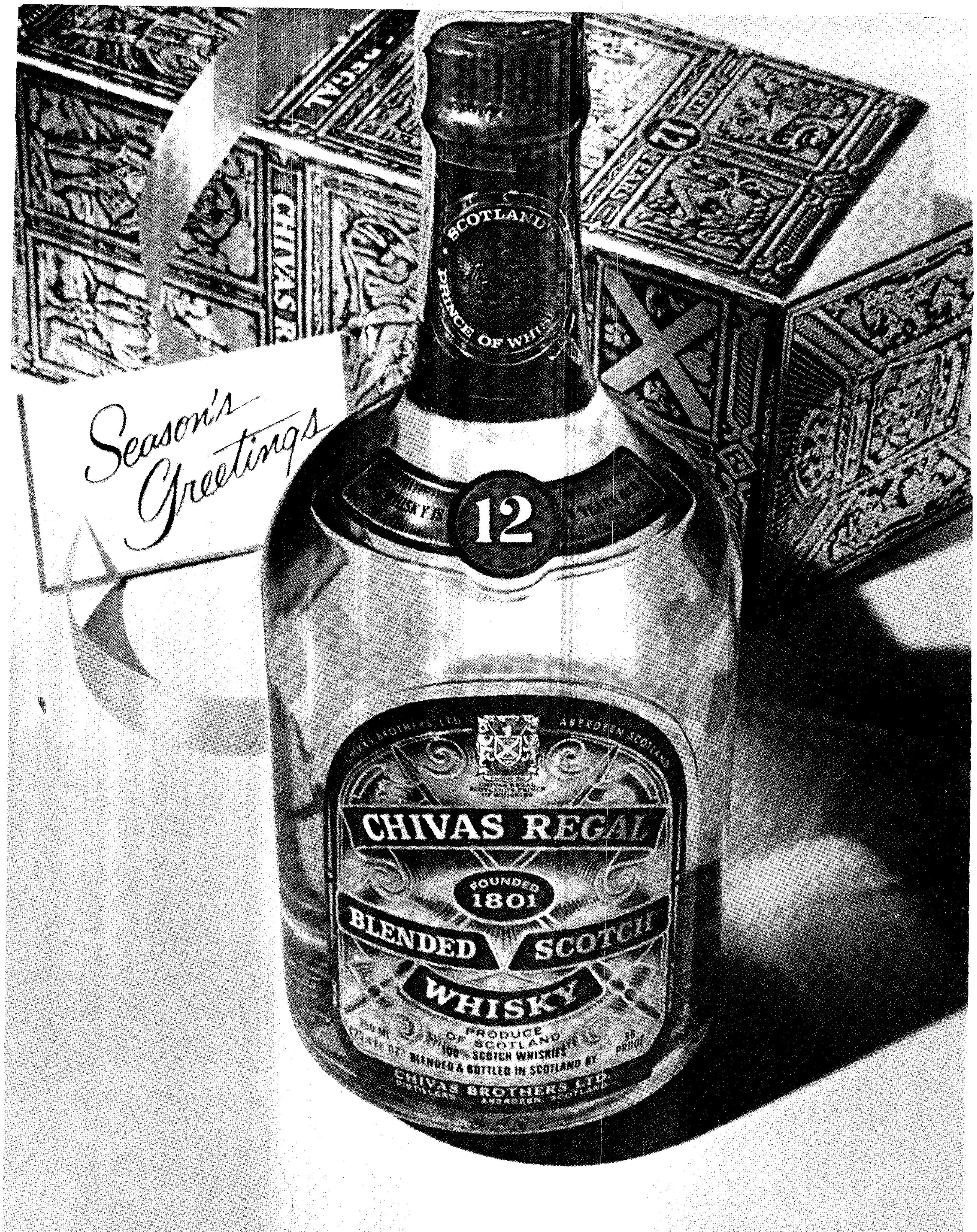
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